

SCREENLAND[★]

The Smart Screen Magazine

October

15c

In Canada

Carole Lombard

ADVANCE COPY

Garbo Really Talks in Exclusive Interview!

Carole Lombard's Real Life Story

ALABAMA GIRL WITH PERFECT TEETH SAYS:

**"Only Listerine Tooth Paste for me...
it keeps teeth so white and lustrous"**



You're looking at Miss Josephine Kidd of Birmingham, Ala., who came to New York on a flying visit but stayed to pursue a successful career as a photographer's and artist's model. Her fine, white teeth—perfect, if you please—won her first job for her.

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REGULAR LARGE SIZE **25¢** DOUBLE SIZE **40¢**

THE YEAR'S OUTSTANDING ROMANTIC COMEDY!

It happened in Mexico when two fugitive young lovers went over the border and then found out that they couldn't get back! You'll roar with laughter at the fast-moving series of amusing difficulties that almost wrecked their motor trailer and their constantly interrupted romance!



HARRY M. GOETZ presents

an Edward Small production

**BARBARA
STANWYCK**

in

RED SALUTE

with

ROBERT YOUNG

HARDIE ALBRIGHT • RUTH DONNELLY
CLIFF EDWARDS • GORDON JONES
PAUL STANTON

A Reliance Picture

Directed by
SIDNEY LANFIELD

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

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What Every Girl Can Learn From Joan Crawford

In the next issue we will give you a story about this famous star which should be read by every girl and woman who has hoped and dreamed and planned for success! The admiration of every American with ambitions, Joan Crawford has fought her way from obscurity to fabulous success; and her struggle and achievement contain a message for everyone with ideals and aspirations.

Many stories have been written about Joan; but we sincerely believe that this one—to appear in the November issue of SCREENLAND, on sale September 25—is the most important of all, because it will help the army of Crawford admirers to understand, and perhaps in some measure to emulate, their idol's great success, in life and in work.

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Triple-Threat Picture. Miriam Hopkins, Edward G. Robinson, and Joel McCrea in "Barbary Coast." In Demand. Nelson Eddy. By Request. Joan Crawford. Sing, Darn You, Sing. A Gay Kay. A Masterful Muni. To the Babies. Girl in a Garden. Josephine Hutchinson. Irishman at Ease. Pat O'Brien. Costume-Crazy. Newcomer. Come-Backs. The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

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Cover Portrait of Carole Lombard by Charles Sheldon

Greta **GARBO**
Fredric **MARCH**



Anna Karenina

"ALL THAT I KNOW... I KNOW BY LOVE ALONE"

The heart of a man called to the heart of a woman. "We love", it said, "and love is all." Heart answered heart. With eyes open to what she was leaving forever behind her, she went where love called...to dark despair or unimaginable bliss. It is a drama of deep, human emotions, of man and woman gripped by circumstance, moved by forces bigger than they—a great drama, portrayed by players of genius and produced with the



fidelity, insight and skill which made "David Copperfield" an unforgettable experience.

**FREDDIE
BARTHOLÓMEW**

(You remember him as "David Copperfield")

with MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
MAY ROBSON • BASIL RATHBONE

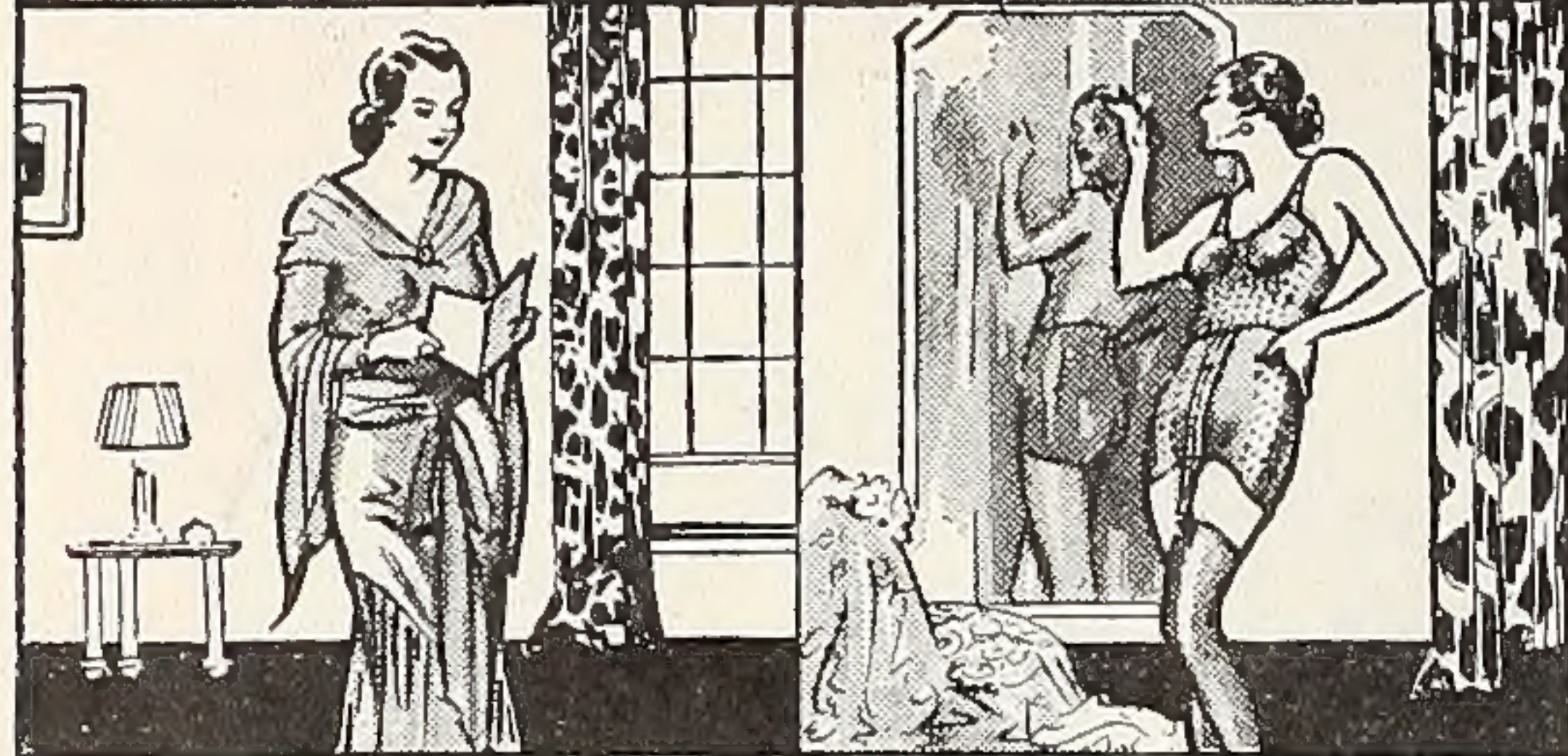
CLARENCE BROWN'S
Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture... Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
...at our expense!

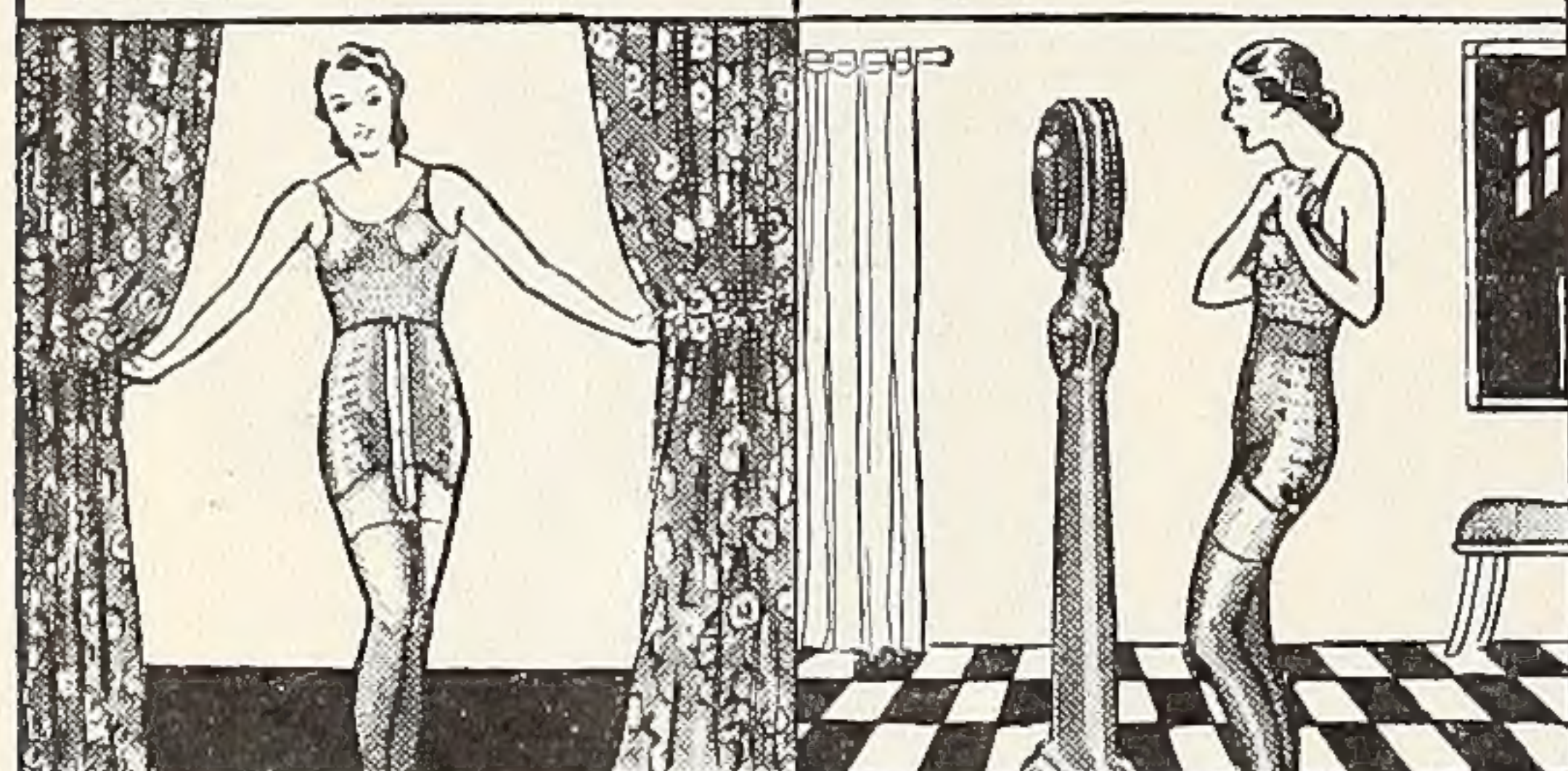
"I have
REDUCED
MY HIPS
9 INCHES"

...writes Miss Healy.



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...and sent for FREE
folder."

"They allowed me to
wear their Perforated
Girdle for 10 days on
trial."



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action did it...the fat
seemed to have melted
away."

"In a very short time
I had reduced my hips
9 INCHES and, my
weight 20 pounds."

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3 INCHES IN **10 DAYS**
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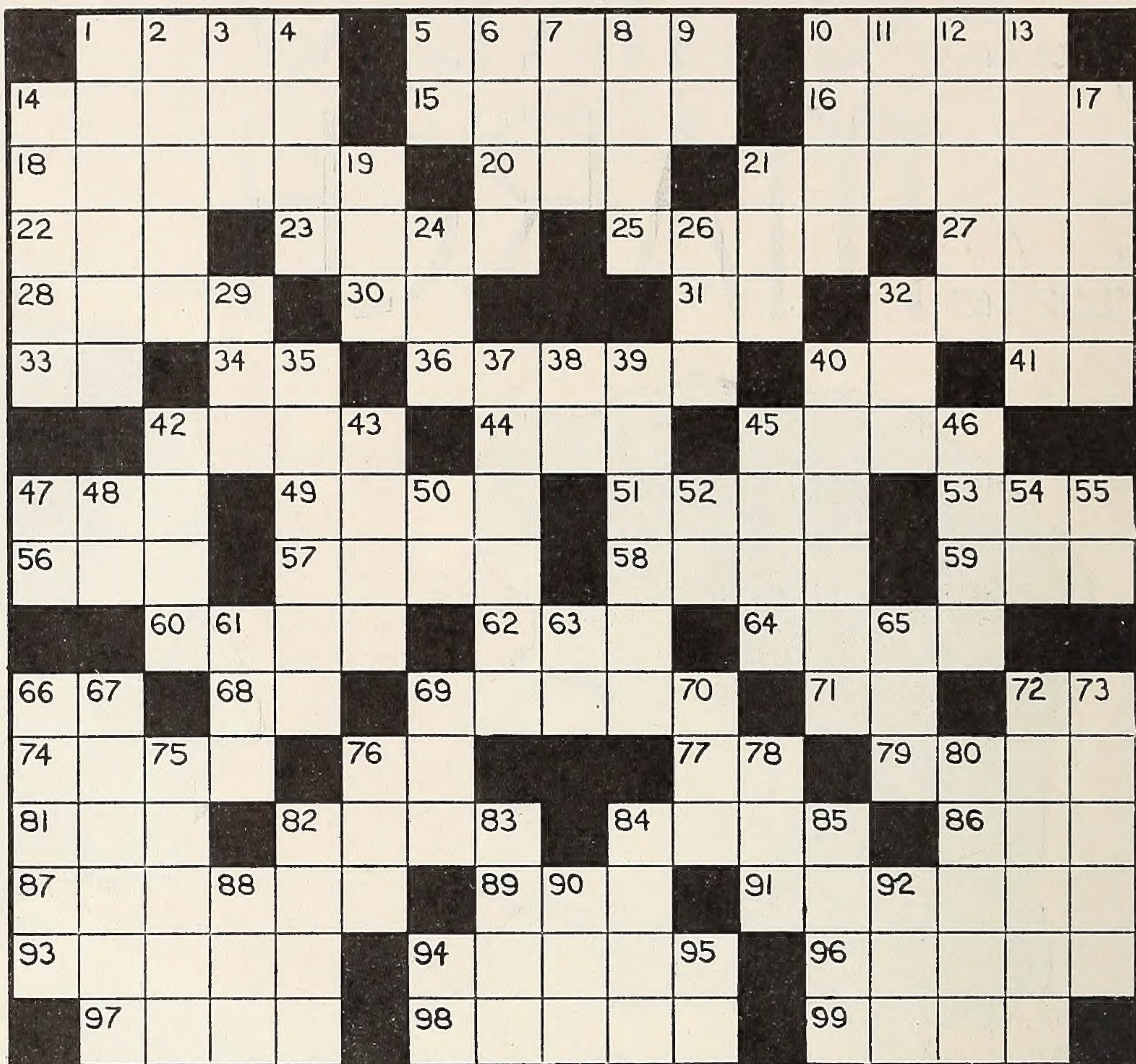
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SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. Virginia Cherrill's "Ex."
5. Residence
10. Blonde star of "Reckless"
14. Light boat
15. Fine fabric
16. Frequently
18. Projecting windows
20. Born
21. To gossip
22. Decay
23. Ingenue in "Music In The Air"
25. "Came the—"
27. Donkey
28. Exclamation of grief
30. Accomplish
31. Word forbidden to Yes-Men
32. Horse's gait
33. The, in French version
34. Pronoun, slang for sex appeal
36. Actress featured in "Woman In Red"
40. To proceed
41. Canadian province (abbrev.)
42. Monkeys
44. Bebe Daniels' husband
45. Glide along, as a stream
47. What the hero puts around the heroine
49. Horse's hair
51. Featured actor in "Grand Old Girl"
53. Priest's vestment
56. Mrs. Joel McCrea
57. Dock
58. End of a prayer
59. Former Co-Star of Bill Powell ("Thin Man")
60. Traded for money
62. Wise old bird
64. Prepare for publication
66. Compass point (abbrev.)
68. Of, in French
69. Bend the knees
71. Near
72. Exclamation
74. Prong
76. Pa's wife
77. Exclamation
79. Dirty water
81. According to
82. Leading lady, "George White's 1935 Scandals"
84. Cut with sword
86. Reverence
87. What stars do when they're "through"
89. By way of
91. Brothers Frank and Ralph
93. Vestige
94. Copper coin
96. Fortune Tellers

97. Winter vehicle
98. Featured actress in "Les Miserables"
99. Group of animals

DOWN

1. Bill Powell's "Ex."
2. Ingenue in "Lady Tubbs"
3. Fish eggs
4. Cry out
5. Ruby Keeler's husband and co-star
6. Crooning star of "Mississippi"
7. An
8. Act
9. Printer's measure
10. Co-star of "No More Ladies"
11. Newt
12. Oil from rose petals
13. He sang love songs to "Naughty Marietta"
14. Semi-precious stone
17. Where birds live
19. Woebegone
21. A pair
24. Negative
26. Mrs. Leslie Fenton
29. Small drink
32. Also
35. "Curly Top"
37. Exotic leading lady from Tasmania
38. Exist
39. To take in breath
40. She's famous for gold-digging rôles ("In Caliente")
42. Lady thief in "Black Sheep"
43. Remarked
45. To escape
46. Mickey Mouse's pa
47. Public notice (abbrev.)
48. Note of the scale
50. Compass point (abbrev.)
52. Part of to be
54. Behold!
55. Near
61. Short poem
63. You and I
65. Possessive pronoun
66. Begin
67. Actress in "Alias Mary Dow"
69. Woman lead in "Living On Velvet"
70. Piece of land
72. Star of "Scarlet Pimpernel"
73. Uncloses
75. Native
76. She's "Goin' to Town"
78. A bad actor
80. Type of beer
82. Dancing co-star of Ginger Rogers
83. Always
84. Drooped
85. Nonsense!
88. What you skate on
90. An ex-wife of John Gilbert
92. Female sandpiper
94. Paid (abbrev.)
95. Biblical pronoun

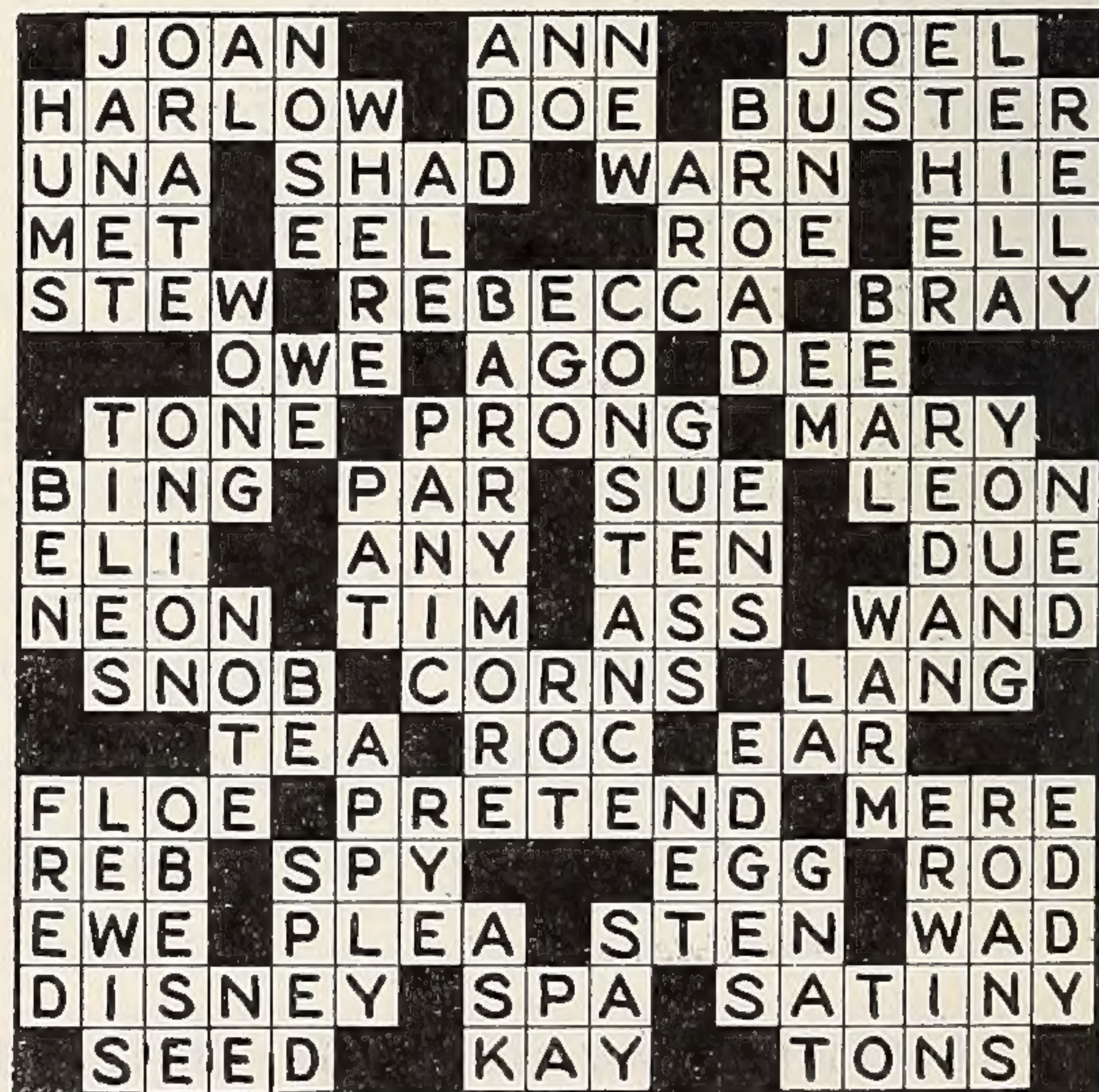
Answer

to

Last

Month's

Puzzle



"PAGE MISS GLORY"

...and you'll find magical
Marion Davies in her first
picture for Warner Bros.
—her finest for anybody!



Look who's Marion's new screen sweetheart... Yessir, it's Dick Powell! And when he sings to Marion he does things to her—and you!

SHE'S back, boys and girls! Back with that glamorous gleam in her eye... that laughing lilt in her voice... that merry, magical something that makes her the favorite of millions.

Of course you read the headlines a few months ago about Marion Davies' new producing alliance with Warner Bros., famous makers of "G-Men," and other great hits. Well, 'Page Miss Glory' is the first result of that union—and it's everything you'd expect from such a thrilling combination of screen talent!

It's from the stage hit that made Broadway's White Way gay—a delirious story of Hollywood's 'Composite Beauty' who rose from a chambermaid to a national institution overnight...

It has a 12-star cast that makes you chuckle with anticipation just to read the names...

It has hit-maker Mervyn LeRoy's direction, and Warren & Dubin's famous song, 'Page Miss Glory'...

It has 'Picture-of-the-Month' written all over it!



Don't think you're dreaming! All these celebrated stars really are in the cast of Marion's first Cosmopolitan production for Warners:—Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, Mary Astor, Allen Jenkins, Lyle Talbot, Patsy Kelly, and a dozen others.





IT HAS ROMANCE!

Lovely Lyda Roberti with "Double Trouble"—her song with Jack Oakie and Henry Wadsworth

IT HAS BEAUTY!



Pretty
Wendy
Barrie



IT HAS "MAMA AND PAPA"

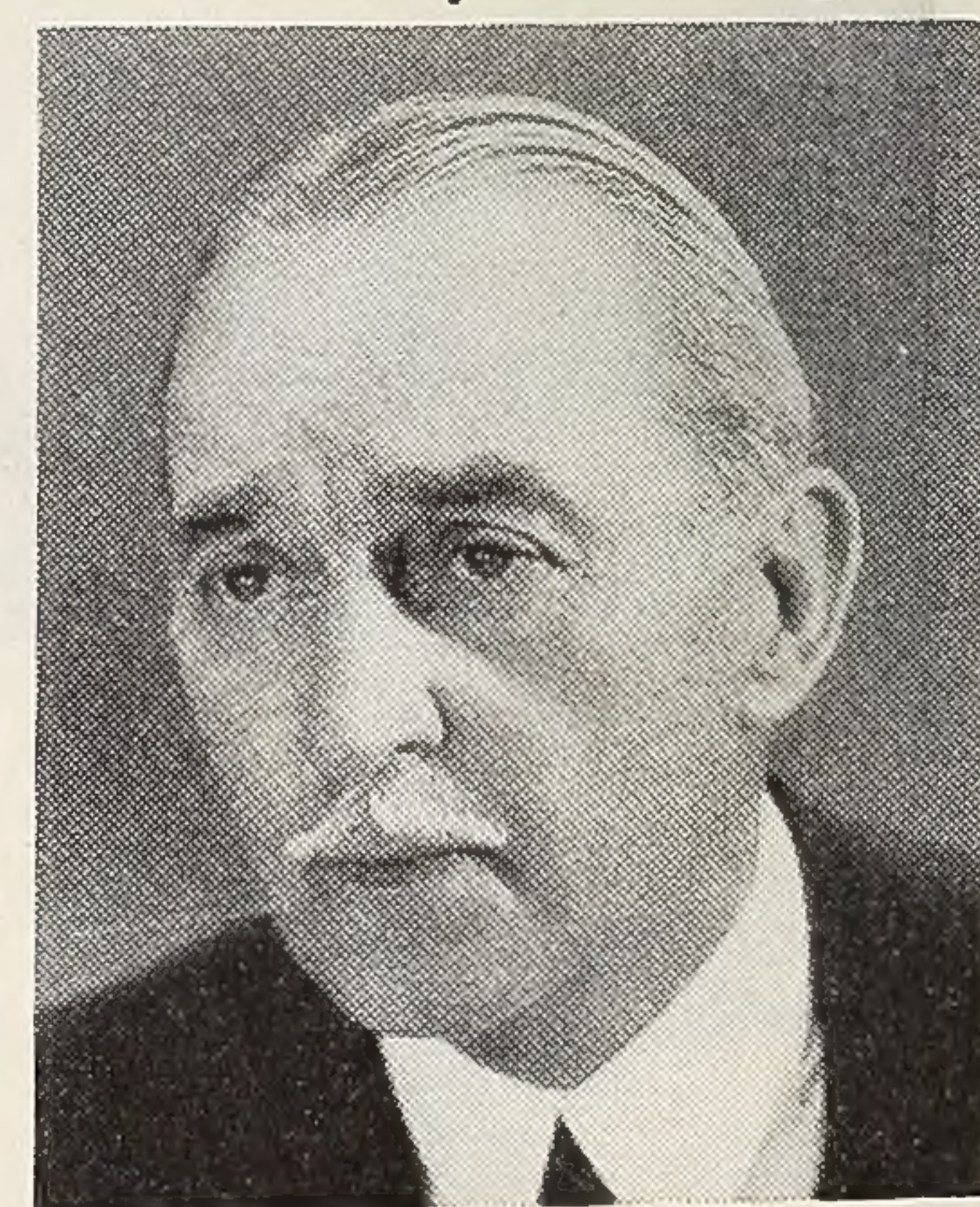
Otherwise Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, at their best



IT HAS AMOS (AND ANDY)

IT HAS DRAMA!

Sir Guy Standing



IT HAS BING CROSBY!

Singing the hit song, "I Wished on the Moon"



IT HAS COMEDY!

Just another term
for Jack Oakie



IT HAS ETHEL MERMAN!

Warbling "It's the
Animal in Me"

IT HAS BURNS AND ALLEN!

Need We Say More?



Inside the Stars' Homes



A prima donna entertains! Above and right, lovely Jeanette presides at one of her famous after-theatre suppers.

Jeanette MacDonald's after-theatre suppers are events in Hollywood! The song-bird tells you her hospitality secrets

By Betty Boone



JEANETTE MACDONALD has a beautiful Monterey house in Brentwood. The lawn, shaded by gray-green olive trees, is enclosed in a white picket fence which has electrically controlled gates to be opened only from the house. But there's a "little gate" beside a row of scarlet-flowering eucalyptus that leads up the flagstoned walk to the door.

At the right of the entrance hall with its knotty pine walls, is the dining-room, and here Jeanette, in violet satin hostess pajamas, greeted me gaily.

"At last I've found a table to fit my tablecloth!" she exulted, indicating the soft linen on which the after-theatre collation was set. "I bought it several years ago in Chicago and have never been able to use it before. I'm crazy about linens and simply can't resist them. I never stop to think where I'll be able to use them. I have an adorable organdy cloth with delicate lace inserts—I use silk

rayon undercloths in any color that appeals to me and it's all 'too-too' for words. But the organdy napkins are horrible to use!

"Tonight we're having Napolitan Spaghetti, Chicken *a la King*, vegetable salad, devilled eggs and sandwiches. Sounds very hearty, doesn't it? But this just isn't a woman's meal. Spaghetti is a favorite dish of mine and men always like it. They usually hate salads. I like to serve my spaghetti with the sauce separate, either a mushroom sauce, or tomato, or just drawn butter."

Napolitan Spaghetti

Boil $\frac{3}{4}$ pound of spaghetti in boiling, salted water to which has been added one onion stuck with 2 whole cloves and 1 tablespoon butter; drain and place in a saucepan with 1 cup tomato sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped boiled tongue, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated Parmesan cheese (*Continued on page 86*)

Salutes and Snubs



Beauty No. 1: Irene Dunne. First lady to bring a lovely voice as well as beauty to the screen. Is lovely Irene, since "Roberta," still foremost?

The first six letters receive prizes of \$5.00 each

WANTS SCIENTIFIC SCENARISTS

The world is going scientific. On every side one can see the great advances of science. Why not, then, have more pictures dealing with inventions, discoveries, medical cures, and planetary adventures? These pictures could not only deal with present-day knowledge, but also with imagined future accomplishments. Give us something different!

William W. Anderson,
550 Prospect Ave., S. E.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

MORE GRACE THAN MOORE?

Irene Dunne's singing in "Roberta" was beautiful to "see" as well as hear. The beauty of Miss Dunne's voice is enhanced by her beautiful facial expression as she sings—there are none of the strained and wrinkled expressions all too common among singers. She can even out-grace Moore!

Elmer H. Mayer,
6814 Fifth Ave.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

HE HATES THE HORRORS

I'm conducting a one-man boycott against horror pictures. Months ago I saw "The Thin Man;" last week I saw "The Bride of Frankenstein" and "The Werewolf of London." Comparison convinces me that a mystery movie may be absorbing and entertaining without an aftermath of goose pimples and jittery nerves.

Hoke Wynn,
West Bay Annex,
Jacksonville, Fla.

IN PRAISE OF A SONG-BIRD

Bravo, Grace Moore! Your splendid singing and excellent acting in "Love Me

Special—this month!
Battle of the singing
beauties! Speak your
mind about movies
and win a prize



"Forever" tops those of "One Night of Love." I thought that impossible, but no. Thanks to the technicians responsible for recording your glorious voice for the screen.

Milly Buranitz
329-59th St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

PRETTY GOOD PICKING

My selections for the best pictures of the season:

Best comedy: "Doubting Thomas;" Best Historical: "Richelieu;" Best Drama: "Black Fury;" Best Musical: "Naughty Marietta;" Best Mystery: "The Mystery of Edwin Drood;" Best Classic: "David Copperfield;" Best Children's: "Dinky;" Best Nonsense: "Nitwits."

Paul Boller,
218 Massey Ave.,
Watertown, N. Y.

THE CALL TO TECHNICOLORS

For the second time in my life, movies have spoiled me. First with the innovation of Talkies—now with "Becky Sharp." The color process takes the former ghost-like shadows of the screen and transfigures them into flesh and blood beings.

Imogene Bing,
604 E. Rich St.,
Columbus, Ohio.

RANDY ON THE HIGH ROAD

I believe Randolph Scott is the handsomest and most delightful man on the screen. When he first started his career about three years ago, his acting wasn't exceptionally good. Yet in his recent pictures I thought he was marvelous. Here's to you, Randolph! You've a grand future.

Bill Carden,
721 Ross St.,
Santa Ana, Calif.

HUMANIZING MARLENE

Marlene Dietrich is a colorful personality and a good actress. And now that von Sternberg is no longer her *Svengali*, why



Beauty No. 2: Grace Moore. Since "One Night of Love" Miss Moore has rivalled Miss Dunne's supremacy. Will "Love Me Forever" insure her vocal supremacy?

can't her new director remake her into something less arty—and give her to us in a more vibrant yet downright human rôle?

Leah Stephens,
42 Linda Ave.,
Oakland, Calif.

HOPES OF A BOYER FAN

Charles Boyer certainly is growing to be a screen favorite, as a lover, hero, and comedian. In "Break of Hearts" he won many new fans to his fine talents. I hope he will always remain a screen favorite.

Barbara Allen,
26 North Walcott,
Salt Lake City, Utah

SAW A DREAM DESCENDING!

I sat through "Reckless" twice just to see Rosalind Russell descend the steps in her bridal attire—she looked like one of the inspirational visions that you often read and dream about. Please let us see her more often and in more important rôles.

J. Chosa,
820 East Mason St.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Here's where you readers tell what *you* think about films and film stars! Everything interesting and important concerning players, pictures, trends and ideas comes up for discussion.

Whether it's a Salute or a Snub that is on your mind, send it along. Your thoughts may be worth money to you—\$5.00 in cash if your letter is judged among the six best for the month. So hurry along with your letter. Make it brief—fifty words is the maximum—and let it say simply what you think. It's the thought, the idea, not the fancy presentation that counts with the judges in naming the winning letters.

Mail letters to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

SCREENLAND Honor Page

THERE'S nothing like the excitement of "discovering" a new screen personality! You sit in a darkened theatre hoping for the best, but not too optimistic. You've heard of these "great new finds," these "sensational foreign newcomers" before—and this one had better be good! "This one" is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new wh te hope, Luise Rainer, pronounced "Ry-ner." She makes her first appearance in the entertaining "Escapade" as the quietly charming companion to an old countess, in the longest introductory scene ever played by a new Hollywood heroine; and before that scene is over, the audience is hers, to have and to hold as long as she can be as original, as quaint, as demurely devilish as that! *La* Rainer has her Bergner moments, but she is very much herself most of the time; and we want to go on record as predicting a remarkable future for her, if she keeps her head and holds our hearts as she does in her début.

To the Loveliest New Girl on our Screens, Luise Rainer, who Makes our "Escapade" with her an Adventure of Sheer Delight



Elfin? Demure? Delicious? Impish? Just what is Luise Rainer's particular charm? Whatever it is, she has it in abundance.

Actress of many moods, the new star can be as gently wistful as an April day—and as alluring as a soft Summer night.



Only Rainer could play this new style artist's model, opposite William Powell in "Escapade," so provocatively.



The Editor's Page.

Advance Report on the Most Important Preview in Motion Picture History!

HERE'S something BIG!

The most important preview in screen history has just been held, and I want you to be among the first to know about it. "A preview?" you say. "What's so wonderful about that?" Wait! This is not just another picture showing—but the preview of the year; of any year; of all the years since "The Great Train Robbery" first awakened amusement-seekers to the existence of a strange, exciting new entertainment called "The Movies." Millions of feet of celluloid have unwound since then; and there have been certain high spots: Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance," for instance; Chaplin's "The Kid;" Cecil DeMille's "King of Kings;" and more recently, the first all-talking picture, "The Jazz Singer." If you are, as I am, movie-mad, cinema-conscious, picture-crazy, call it what you will, you have regarded each of these films as a memorable experience, rather than a pleasant way to "kill an evening." So you will understand me when I tell you that I have just had a rather glorious adventure watching a new motion picture unfold in a bare, businesslike projection-room—an adventure shared with a mere handful of insiders, but to be shared, eventually, by all of you who love pictures.

This occasion was a secret and exclusive preview of Max Reinhardt's screen production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," produced by Warner Brothers—the same producers who gambled on talkies,

Stars in their own right, Joe E. Brown and James Cagney, gladly become members of the cast in Max Reinhardt's mighty motion picture of Shakespeare's fantasy. Right, Joe Brown as FLUTE, Cagney as BOTTOM.



Will "A Midsummer Night's Dream" start a Shakespearean cycle? Looks that way! Left, Ross Alexander as DEMETRIUS, with Olivia de Havilland.



"A Midsummer Night's Dream" has been previewed only to a select few; but already it is the talk of Hollywood. Read about it here. Above, Olivia de Havilland and Dick Powell as HERMIA and LYSANDER; left, Mickey Rooney as PUCK.

and won. This time they are taking a greater gamble—on Art. I hope they win again; and I think they will, because thanks to their acumen in lavish casting, to Reinhardt's supervision, and to one Will Shakespeare, they have not only attained Art, but They Got Entertainment!

To say I was thrilled with "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is the height of under-statement. It is an incredible, eery adventure in pure fantasy: a dream of dazzling beauty, a rowdy circus, an enchanting spectacle, a robust, earthy riot. Imagine a cast in which such stars as Cagney, Dick Powell, and Joe Brown are among those present; in which the most exquisite newcomer in years, Olivia de Havilland, is introduced quietly, in character rather than close-ups; imagine, in other words, Hollywood bowing to Shakespeare, and you have some idea of this picture.

Yes—now we come to Shakespeare. Don't duck! And you won't, if you were at the Century of Progress in Chicago last summer and saw the clever company present "The Dream" to delighted audiences; or if you were among those who crowded the Hollywood Bowl to watch Reinhardt's open-air spectacle. But just in case you happen to be a Shakespeare snooter, let me assure you that, with all due respect to Messrs. Noel Coward, Kaufman, and other illustrious authors of our movies, Shakespeare, too, could write for pictures. And I'm cheering for a Shakespearean Cycle with Warners, as usual, leading the way.

Delight Evans

GARBO

SCREENLAND proudly presents the first, only, and exclusive Garbo feature story in years! Greta talks frankly and eagerly about her plans and ambitions. Every word is true—and straight from the heart of Garbo herself

Garbo's latest studio portrait, left. Below, Greta as she arrived in Sweden on her present vacation from motion pictures.

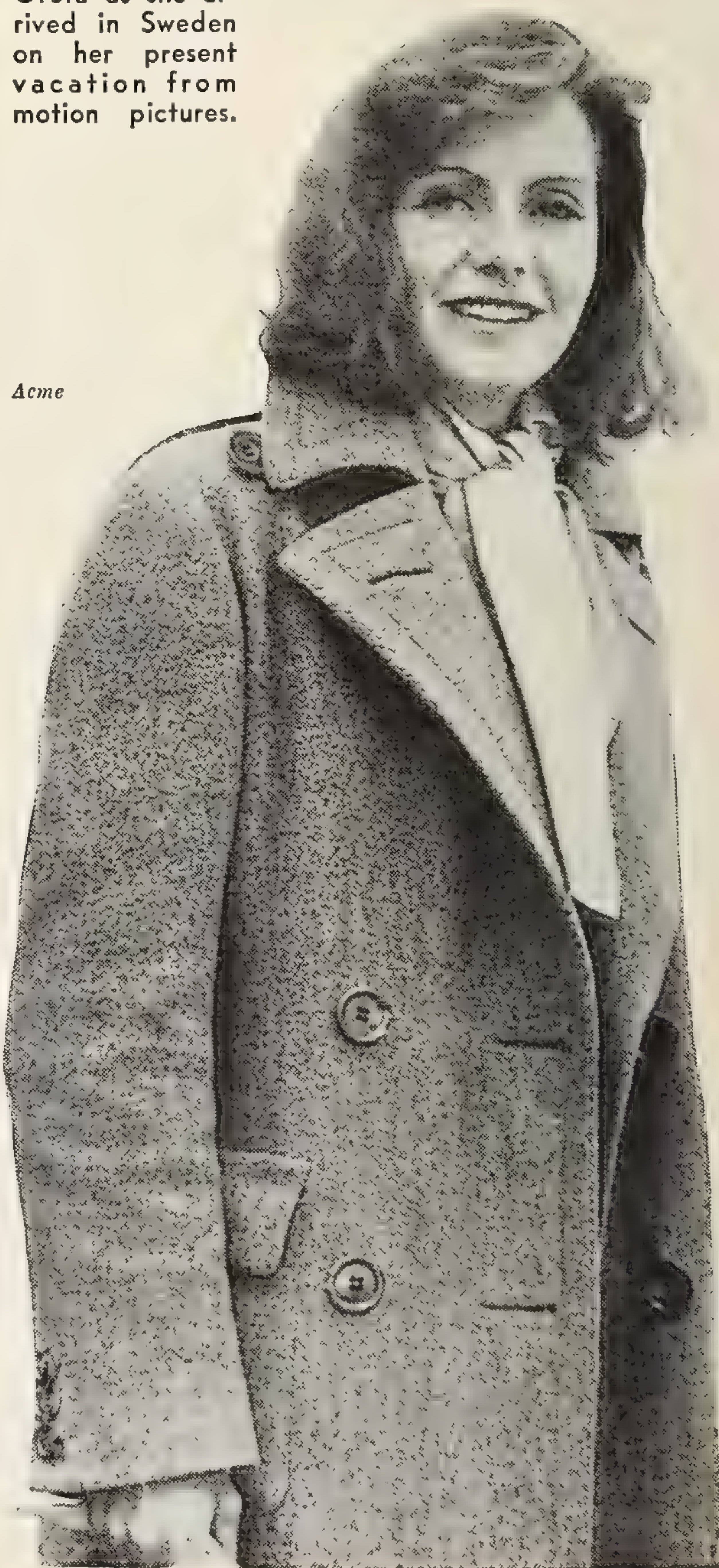
Acme



WE SAT in the stately restaurant of Stockholm's most exclusive hotel, looking out over the famous bay where the tiny green islands make a necklace across the blue waters. We were waiting for Greta Garbo, home again at last, spending her vacation in her native land where the streets were decked with flags for her and the people ran cheering beside her car.

"Here she comes!"

Every head in the room was turned as Garbo entered, a radiant laughing figure walking between the tables like a princess, graciously acknowledging the admiring greetings, giving a little cry of pleasure as she saw the great bunch of her favorite crimson roses with which the *maitre* had decorated her table. A vivid vital woman brimming



REALLY TALKS!

By Hettie Grimstead

with the joy of life, her happiness reflected in her shining eyes and the gaiety of her perfect smile. This Hollywood's baffling star of the strange disguises and the cynical silence!

"Is it really—it can't be Garbo!"

My Swedish friend laughed.

"You thought she was stern and unapproachable? Perhaps she is in America but now she is at home in Sweden so it is different. Come. I will present you."

Two wide sea-blue eyes looked up at me. Sun-tanned fingers clasped mine in friendly fashion.

"But of course," said Garbo, "I shall be delighted. Won't you sit down?"

I took the chair beside her, conscious of her faint perfume like a shy spring breeze. She was dressed entirely in smoke-grey, a tailored flannel sports suit over a soft silk shirt, low-heeled grey suede shoes, a grey and white peasant scarf twisted round her throat. Her lovely hair hung in a golden cascade on her shoulders but curling down on her forehead too instead of being swept back in the familiar screen style.

Her meal was a generous Swedish repast with soup and pickled herrings and savoury meats and cold vegetable dishes arranged in fanciful shapes. "You see I do not diet," she laughed. "I am afraid it would make me bad-tempered to go without my dinner!"

She talked quite frankly about her plans and ambitions, eager—even anxious—that I should understand her finer feelings.

"Nothing I have ever done on the screen has come up to the standard I have set for myself," she said. "In every part I have seen some mistake I have made, some shortcoming, some moment when the film has fallen into the commonplace. The critics have praised, perhaps, but that does not matter to me. Please do not think me egotistical. I am only being honest and I must satisfy myself before I can feel content. I have not done so yet."

"But surely 'Queen Christina' pleased you?"

"On the contrary, I was bitterly disappointed in it. I had hoped for so much from that film! I wanted it to be a saga of my native land so that all the world should see a page of our glorious history. But I could only do what I was allowed to do." She shook her head sadly. "The spirit which pervaded that film was not genuinely Swedish."

Though she knows she cannot realize it yet awhile, her cherished dream is to head her own producing unit with which she can make the pictures that would please her sensitive artistic conscience. Particularly does she want to play a woman of the people, not "glamorous Garbo" but a simple creature of homespun, human and lowly, working out the tangled pattern of her unnoticed life just as thousands of women are plodding every day all over the world.

"So much I must strive for," Garbo said, half smiling half sighing. "Yes, I find Hollywood supremely interesting, but my life there is enormously exacting for I have to give myself so closely to my work every day and then in my leisure I must read and study constantly. It is



Wide World

The Swedish Sphinx speaks, and her words are recorded in this exclusive SCREENLAND feature. Read what Greta thinks about her pictures, her future. Share her hopes and her dreams.

necessary if I am to achieve and not stagnate. That is why I refuse invitations and spend so much time secluded in my own home. You have heard I am eccentric, eh? That is not true. I love life as any other woman—the beauty and the color and the music of it all strike my heart. But I am too busy for pleasure every evening and in any case I prefer my few friends whom I can trust to a large circle of acquaintances, so many of whom are usually self-seeking."

Garbo admits that she does not greatly care for parties

Garbo breaks her long silence! Read every word of this amazing, first-hand meeting. You will know Garbo as she really is for the first time

and dances in any case. True daughter of the Vikings, she finds her enjoyment in the open air with the sports she learnt in her childhood. She swims superbly and almost every day during her vacation she visited the archipelago just outside Stockholm with a party of friends, bathing from the sheltered island coves, skimming on sand-skis across the stretches of golden-brown shore, sailing a tiny wherry with the hands of the expert yachtswoman. In her trim white swimming-suit or her grey flannel trousers and knitted sweater, Garbo could forget she was a film star for a few brief hours.

To recapture that illusion from time to time, she has bought the private estate about which so many contradictory rumors have been spread.

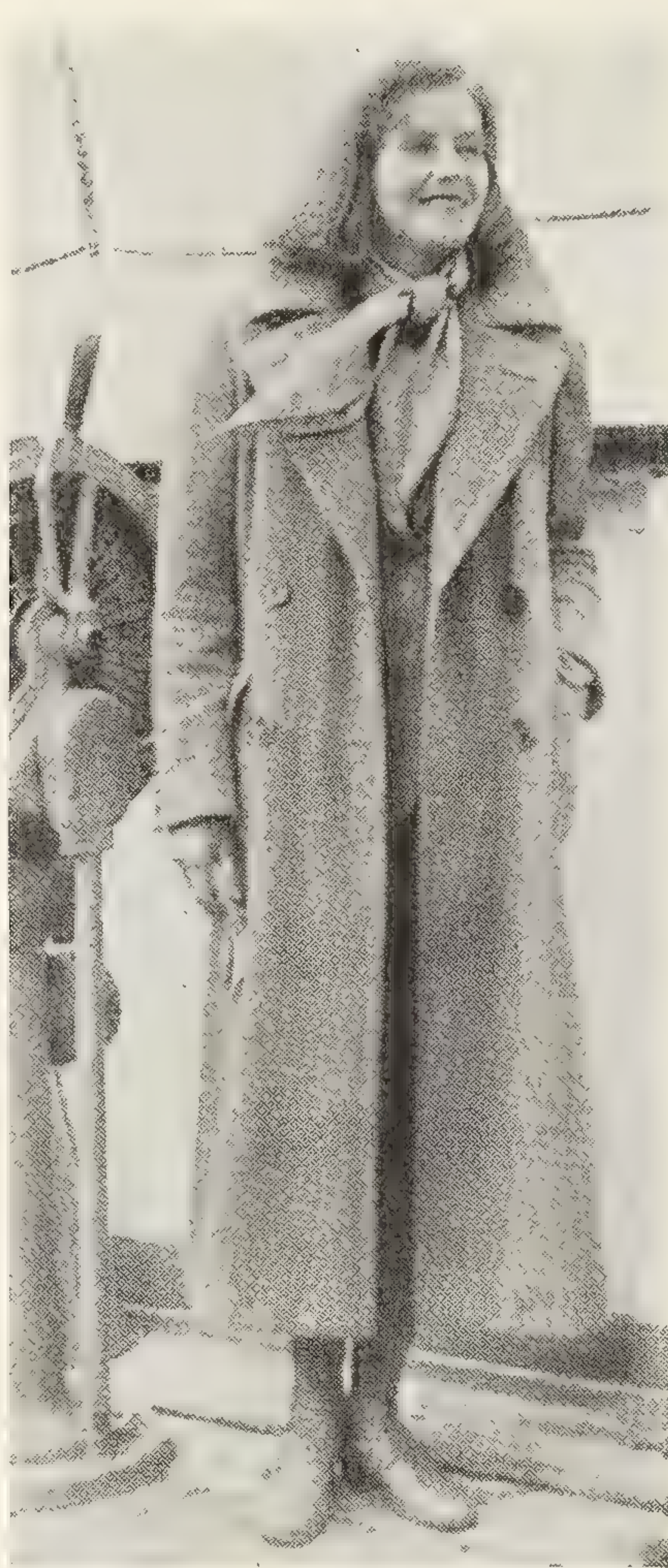
"It is not for picture-making," she assured me. "It is for rest, a place where I can find a little peace and quiet living simply with nature. To return to nature is the most precious experience I know. Nothing else is so clean and pure and so soothing to the spirit as nature."

When I asked her about the work of her fellow stars, a guarded expression crept into her eyes.

"My judgment of others is very weak," she deprecated. "And I would not presume to analyze and criticize them as I do myself."

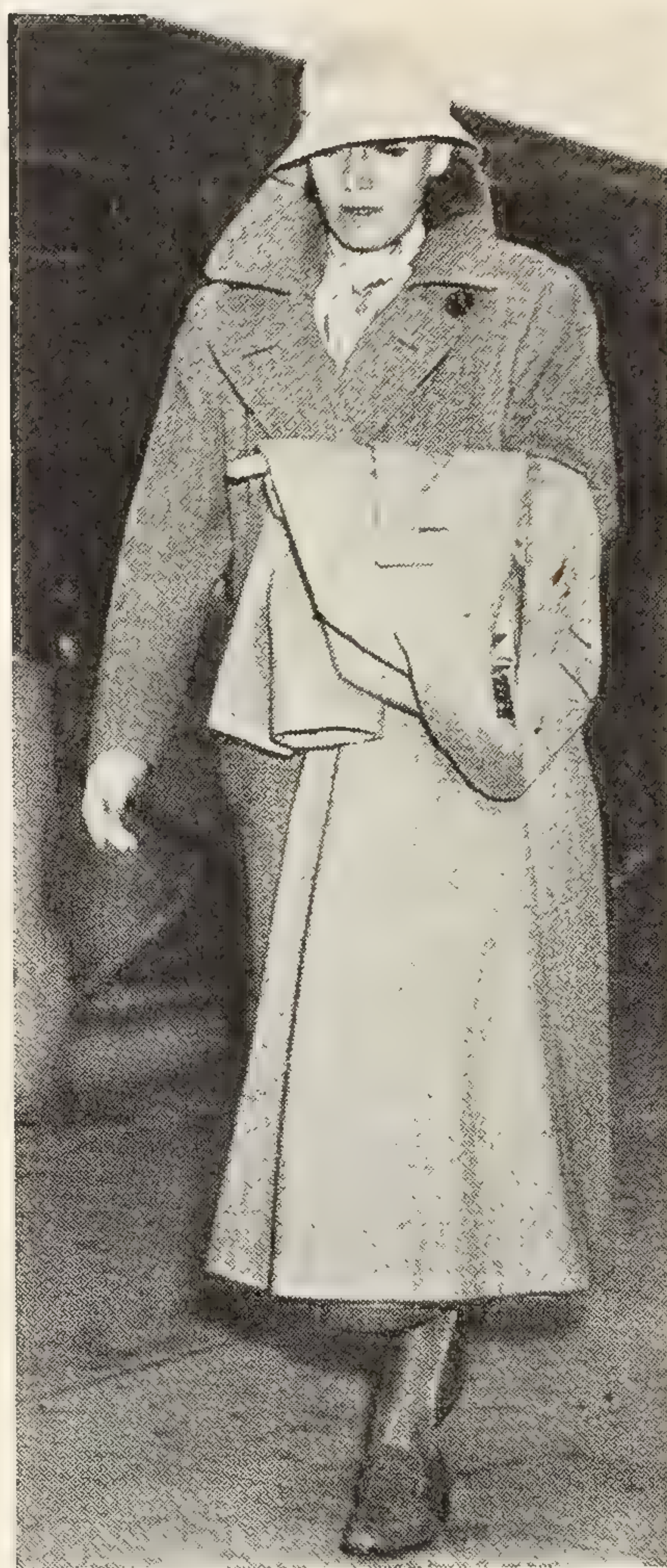
She spoke of Elisabeth Bergner's last film with keen admiration, however; and she was also warm in praise of Herbert Marshall. "I enjoyed playing with him in 'The Painted Veil' very much. He has sincerity and modesty, both qualities that seem to be fast disappearing these days."

In Hollywood Garbo seldom goes out to the cinema but during her Stockholm stay she frequently visited one of the luxurious "pleasure palaces" and saw several new American and European pictures. Her companions were, as always, the friends of her early days, the Bohemians of Sweden's Greenwich Village with whom she mingled when she was struggling and unknown, acting as a shopgirl, a photographer's model, a stage extra or anything else that would earn a few honest *kronor*. Essentially loyal, world-famous Garbo still returns to her old friends every vacation trip. They crowded the salon at her "welcome home" party when she wore a cowl-like gown of palest ice-blue satin caught with a silver cord and tossed her great bouquet of lillies to the clamoring



International

Here's Greta, left, above, as she looked when the camera caught her upon her arrival in her home-land—gay, friendly, charming. Now glance at the other picture!



Keystone

The sombre, aloof Garbo as she tried to dodge a news photographer before she left New York. You will be amazed at the very different Greta you meet in our story!

mob who surged around her car as she left.

Hailed like a triumphant queen by Scandinavia's social leaders yet early next morning she was taking her customary daily walk along the harbor quays and returning a smiling "God speed" to the fisherfolk who greeted her all unwittingly after the courteous custom of the country. It is walking and massage that keep Garbo so splendidly healthy, maintaining her lithe slenderness without need for dieting, while the sun and wind wash her hair to its even gold and warm her fine skin to that tint like a summer peach. She told me she thinks most clearly when she is walking and her body and mind are thus moving together in rhythm.

Several days in Stockholm Garbo went shopping, buying rare examples of Swedish *sloyd* or homecraft for

her house in California. She chose beautiful hand-beaten pewter ware and delicately blown mountain glass so frail it looked like curling white smoke, and colorful peasant rugs striped in orange and red and purple from far-flung Dalecarlia. She bought curtains for her bedroom and a painted chest of carved birchwood to hold her lingerie and innumerable books, including a whole set of the novels of Selma Lagerlof. These were specially rebound for her in green calfskin to match the color-scheme of her library.

"Never can I have enough books," she remarked. "Sometimes I am reading three or four at once."

Then another afternoon Garbo went to "Pub"—Paul U. Bergstrom's Universal Stores where not so many years ago she was selling hats and making her first acquaintance with the camera in the firm's advertisement photographs. Here she chose some sports clothes which the outdoor-loving Swedes fashion so well and practically. Gracious yet decisive, Garbo knew exactly what she wanted. Everything must be cut with supreme plainness and simplicity of line but it must also have perfection of finish. Nothing could be more severe than one white silk blouse she ordered and nothing more exquisite than the cobweb stitchery with which it was hemmed. In her personal life as well as her profession Garbo would never be satisfied with second-best!

When she had left me I too went to "Pub," up to the high terrace overlooking the gay flower-market where she used to stand so often, (Continued on page 81)

"I Won't Be A Hollywood HERO!"

Randolph Scott says it and means it

By Dickson Morley



Randy Scott, after years of Westerns, was "discovered" in "Roberta"—and is now the most-in-demand young actor in Hollywood. Right, in his latest big rôle, opposite Margaret Sullavan in "So Red the Rose." Now read Randy's strong views on this hero business!

I AM not going around putting my best foot forward these days—unless it's a step *I* want to take!"

The time has arrived for the pressure of precedent to be put on Randolph Scott full force. He has finally maneuvered out of the Among-Those-Present crowd into the small, magical circle of "comers." Real reel triumphs are ahead now. But he won't change his style.

He hasn't altered his way of living, his opinions, his plans. They couldn't transform a varsity type into a *Rue de la Paix* modiste, in "Roberta." And his row of important leads since that hit swooped him out of Westerns can't turn him into an artificial, actorish pawn of the studios.

"I won't be a Hollywood hero!" he avows. It is a positive assertion, as all of his declarations are. They didn't used to be, I can tell you. When Randy was green at the movie game he was too often the patsy. Gradually it percolated through to his discerning brain that you get nowhere fast in the picture racket if you let people walk on you.

In the beginning he was so anxious to get ahead that he was too easy. "I was practically in every director's hair, and I also used to be sitting around for hours before I was actually needed. They let me sit, too! That was a mistake, being *too* good-natured. The stern-



talkers who want things their way, run off with the bacon!

"It's half luck and half ability," he has concluded about Hollywood. "In the end the hullabaloo fades, the town forgets. And you're left with only what you've managed to keep through your own smartness. I don't mean just money, either. But your integrity. I'm going to stick to my original theories. Although they did get a pretty severe battering—even before this recent break!"

Randy had asked me into (Continued on page 70)

Their Own Worst Critics



Bob, above, takes pen in hand to tell Mr. Montgomery exactly what he thinks of his performance in "No More Ladies." Bob is his own severest critic, but not his best pal!

SO, YOU think *you* know the ending of every Joan Crawford picture before the end of the second reel?

And you think Robert Montgomery is "a little too suave" in some of his portrayals?

And your Aunt Minnie has been put out of two theatres because she clucks her tongue so loudly every time Jean Harlow appears on the screen?

And you wrote a letter to the Editor "wish'n" Loretta Young would fatten up a little because she's so skinny she makes you nervous?

And your boy-friend thinks Dick Powell's a little conceited?

Well, if and whereas you think these, or other stellar deficiencies are annoying to you, you should know what the Copyright Owners themselves think along the same lines!

Hepburn howled with mirth when she saw a certain caustic cartoon about herself. She can take it.



"You couldn't see the sets for my collars!" said Joan Crawford at a preview of one of her own pictures.

Go ahead, say what you think about the stars! It can't be half as bad as what they say about themselves!

By Dorothy Manners

When it comes to tearing a story to pieces, dissecting dialogue, X-raying emotions, and wielding the old hammer in general on their own worst performances, the Hollywood stars, themselves, have you and me and the professional critics so far backed down the lines we're just an old bunch of Winchell orchid tossers, in comparison.

I've seldom seen a brickbat in a fan letter department that I haven't heard first from the candid and brutally frank lipstick of the target, herself!

And I've seldom read a criticism on any topic, ranging from an actor's grooming to his love-making, that some one of his friends haven't seen in burlesque in his own drawing-room!

There is a simple reason for the exaggerated bitterness with which players hold their own miscues and bad performances. In the first place, nothing is *ever* as bad as it is to the original boner-puller. You know what I mean? You've sometime made a *faux pas* at the time and the place where you could ill afford to stick your foot in it? You've had the feeling that all conversation has ceased within the county line, and all clocks have stopped, while an astounded world regards you through raised lorgnettes? All right—magnify that all-gone feeling by a daily audience of one, ten, or fifty million people, (I never was good on statistics), and then try to imagine how a star feels when the kids in the tenth row snicker at the love scenes.

And the funny part of it is, the stars seldom, if ever, blame the onlookers. It's true that a great many humorless ones blame everybody and anybody except themselves, but there's no sense of humor in the world more cutting than Hollywood's. And a lot of the time it is self-inflicted. It's worse because it's closer to home; but it's better because it's funnier!

It's been a long time since I've heard of a funnier gag than Robert Montgomery pulled following the first pre-view of "No More Ladies." While the pre-view audience rocked with mirth at the wisecracks issuing regularly from his suave lips, and watched his suave performance draw to its suave close, Mr. Montgomery sat in commendable silence, giving way to neither mirth nor contrition; in short, a sort (*Continued on page 93*)



Ginger Rogers insists that the only thing funnier than W.C. Fields on the screen is Ginger Rogers in a hat.



Read what lovely Loretta Young said right out loud in the projection-room about one of her own close-ups.



Don't blame Dick if you think he appears in too many scenes in Powell pictures. Not his fault!

Beginning
A Grand New Idea
in Real Life Stories

Merrily She Rolls Along



She is Hollywood's Smartest Young Thing, this Carole Lombard whose gaiety is only a mask for relentless ambition and dramatic fire.

By Elizabeth Wilson

THE day I dread most in Hollywood is the day that Carole Lombard will say, "Darling, I am so glad to see you!" when she finds me sitting in her very white William Haines bedroom peering out from under the inevitable vase of white gladiolas like a close-up in a Mamoulian picture. It will mean that I am slipping. When Miss Lombard goes polite and conventional with her friends it means curtains. She doesn't compromise with her friendships any more than she does with her life. Once you have been dropped by Lombard you're quite definitely dropped.

For two years now, Carole and I have been carrying on a mild and humorous—well, anyway, *we* think it's funny—version of the Lowe-McLaglen and Cagney-O'Brien friendly enemy tiffs. Whenever she finds me spilling very good Scotch and very bad wit over the patio of her home on Hollywood Boulevard she begins to shriek, "Oh, Oh, the Pest is here again! And she'll probably stay for dinner. Jessie, see that we have spinach tonight. Miss Wilson doesn't like spinach. Fieldsy, call Paramount publicity right away and tell them I won't have my house cluttered up with fan writers." And then I get very insulting about Glamor Queens and pretend that I am leaving in a mad huff and stay for hours in a delightful exhilaration. Carole is certainly exhilarating. She's a shot in the arm, she's a cold shower, she's a double martini, she's a whiff of smelling salts, she's a Dashiell Hammett story, she's the Best.

In the friendly enemy business Carole is now one up on me. There was last week-end. Carole told me over the phone that she had a sore throat, her body ached, and she knew it was flu and she probably wouldn't live—so being an old softie and a little upset over losing Carole I sent a huge, and I may add costly, bouquet of white gladiolas and purple hibiscus. Imagine my annoyance when I read in Louella Parsons' column Monday morning that Carole had won something in a tennis tournament Saturday afternoon and celebrated that night at the Clover Club. Dying, my eye! I immediately phoned Miss Lombard and told her that she had gotten flowers out of me by giving false evidence. Well, an hour later while I was in the midst of impressing someone at my office what should arrive but a messenger boy with a bunch of dejected and evil-smelling flowers done up in a newspaper with a card which read, "Take your old flowers—Carole Lombard." Was I mortified!

So-o-o-o-o, it was with fiendish glee that I read a letter from Delight Evans the following day requesting a life story on Lombard. Um, um—what I could do to that baby! So I called up very formally and told her that I would have to interview her about her life. "Oh, no, oh, no!" shrieked Carole, "I don't want any more stories written by you. You're a terrible writer. Why, I nearly lost every fan I had after your last story on

The Life, Loves, and Times of a Hollywood Modern, told in the New Manner! Something Excitingly Different, this Very Human Story of Carole Lombard, Courageous Beauty who Fought and Laughed her Way to Fame

me. But I like Delight. I suppose I'll have to see you on account of her. You might as well come for lunch, you'll come anyway. What do you want?"

So I gave a list of all the little delicacies that I would like, topped by a *soupçon* or perhaps it was a magnum of champagne. Well, I arrived for my tasty luncheon and was ushered out on the patio, which is done in blue and white like a bit of the old Riviera *comme ça comme ça* and come what may, and there was Carole in a pre-shrunk bathing suit drenching herself in sun tan oil—and sitting in the shade. (That's Carole for you). Participating vociferously in a wrestling match at her feet were her two dogs, Pushface, a small Peke with a grouch on life, and Mr. Brown, a dachshund with kind eyes. Mr. Brown is a child of divorce. When he was a tiny puppy several years ago William Powell gave him as a present to his beautiful wife, Carole Lombard. Both Bill and Carole fell insanely in love with the cute little pup who very tactfully divided his affections between the two. Came misunderstandings, came divorce, came Reno, but neither Bill nor Carole would give up the puppy. So it was arranged that Mr. Brown should spend six months of the year with Miss Lombard and six with Mr. Powell, Miss Lombard, like all mothers, manages to fenagle a few extra months out of Mr. Powell.

Well, Carole took one look at me and called to Ellen, her maid, to bring lunch. And of course, just as you suspected, it wasn't all the little dainties that I had ordered, but a box-lunch, the kind you get on location trips, with a hard-boiled egg, and a lot of ham sandwiches and pickles; and the magnum of champagne turned out to be a bottle of Grade A. "Uncle Bob," said Carole, "thought this plenty good enough for you." And, secretly, I thought so too. All the young men in Carole's life, (except the head boy friend), are called "Uncle." It's rather confusing when you first meet her to hear her speak of Uncle Bob and Uncle Walter and Uncle Mecca and you get the general idea that the Peters are quite a prolific family. Uncle Bob is the handsome and popular manager of the Brown Derbies, and one of Carole's best friends.

Fieldsy, Carole's secretary and companion, and the gayest gal I've ever known, joined us long enough to spill strawberry tart—(how quaint of Uncle Bob to put strawberry tarts in those box lunches) down the front of her new robe, then gave us a look that intimated that we were two of the dullest people she had ever encountered and hurried away to clean out closets as the lesser of two evils. Carole suddenly spied an old plant in the corner of the

yard, (I used to call it an elephant plant when I was a child down in Georgia, but heaven only knows what sissy name they have thought up for it out here), with large dried-up leaves. "I think a little oil would help that," remarked Carole, and proceeded to oil it profusely with Elizabeth Arden's expensive sun-tan concoction. Now how can you help loving such a divinely mad person! Mother Nature's little helper then began to read me "3000 Lunatics I have Known" and the life story reached a new low in interviews.

Inasmuch as Carole always reverses things, when the crème of New York society, William Rhinelandier Stewart, my deah, visits Hollywood she throws a party, not at her charming home, not at any of the exclusive clubs, but at knock-down and drag-out Fun House in Venice, the amusement park of the *hoi polloi*. So I decided that it would be in keeping with her disposition to reverse her life story. Instead of being born in this issue, as she really should be, we'll take her as she is today, (something that not even a croupier has been able to do lately), and work backward, if you can bear it.

Carole today is sitting in an enviable spot in Hollywood. She is not wealthy, but she is independent. Her money is invested in good (Continued on page 85)



Lombard is not only a celebrated beauty, but a sincere and spirited worker. This Real Life Story by Elizabeth Wilson is the first authoritative account of Carole's amazing career.

HIGH-FLYING

First exclusive story giving the lowdown on Hollywood's high-flyers! Learn which stars fly for fun and which for publicity

SO NOW the stars are sky-crazy!

To fly your own 'plane, or not to—that is today's Teasing Topic No. 1 in the sophisticated, inner circle of Hollywood. It's unquestionably the new thrill.

Since personal piloting is being talked-about so much, SCREENLAND has rushed out and garnered the unvarnished lowdown for you. How much is just Hollywood hullabaloo? *Who's* skimming through the air with the greatest of ease?

Actually, the set-up is like that in any wealthy, country-club town. Airships aren't an extravagance, considering the incomes. But it's still quite distinctly the more adventurous sort who are the high-flying enthusiasts.

You'll even find the same standard types. There's the swell athlete who has no conception of fear and who has long been making daring solo jaunts. There's the daredevil who thought he had it all down pat in a couple of hours—what a *fright* his impetuous flight was!

There are the husbands who, in spite of their star fame, have wives who simply put their foot



Ruth Chatterton is a licensed pilot, with her own specially designed 'plane, shown above, which she flew across the continent.



The Ross Alexanders are the most air-minded young couple in Hollywood. Both have applied for transport pilot licenses. Left, the flying Alexanders.



George Brent, left, in his all-white monoplane. He thinks every young man should fly, and donates his time and 'plane to lessons.

down on such neck-risking. There's the smooth, brilliant divorcée suddenly deciding on one more conquest and so currently skimming about in the duckiest model. Her terribly handsome "second-ex," meanwhile, has *his* super-snazzy 'plane, and they don't get together to compare notes!

And then, of course, there are the advanced young moderns, earnestly taking lessons. There's the girl who will—at the moment she's assiduously "working on mother for her consent." The staid aviators who flit as a matter of course, and the fellow who banged himself up but is determined to have another cloud-crasher as soon as he can—read on for the real names.

HOLLYWOOD



By Ben Maddox



Carole Lombard, above, takes flying lessons every chance she gets; and will buy her own 'plane as soon as she wins her license.

Ken Maynard, Western star, with Mrs. Maynard in the seventh 'plane he has owned in as many years. He rides the hoss in films!



The studios aren't urging the stars to fly. A crack-up would be a crack-down on a great investment—which each player literally is to his employers. However, cross-country trips have become such an every-day matter that few objections are raised to using the regular airlines.

We might as well let the cat out of the bag about Will Rogers. He is Hollywood's most publicized patron of the 'planes, but he has *never* expressed a desire to run the durned things himself. Invariably selecting airliners for his constant gadding, he declares nevertheless that he s'pecks he's too old a dog to fuss with all them gadgets you gotta deal with in the contraptions!

That merry Dick Powell is the lad who was Reckless

Willie. The time that he flew is the time he can't forget. The scene was Pittsburgh, right before he departed for Hollywood and a life with the close-up cuties. Dick figured he was an authority after two hours' study of aviation, and embarked confidently for the upper zones all by his lonesome.

Everything was hunky-dory while he kept going. It was the descent which stumped him, for as he aimed downward he realized he wasn't as skilled as he'd presumed. In fact, as he nosed the plane toward the runway he was positive. A few wild dives at the field and he was panicky.

Then he glimpsed the crowd waiting for the crash. He detected an ambulance, and a stretcher laid out! The manner in which he was zooming up and down was comparable to a switchback railway's route, he affirms now. He swears his hair was on end, that all his past flashed through his mind and his future seemed finished.

After *six* attempts he finally landed. There was considerable damage done to the 'plane in this procedure, but fortunately none to Dick. But you can bet he has been a back-seat flyer ever since and he insists he doesn't mean maybe.

Top honors in the movie colony for the very best sky-skill can be divided between Ken Maynard. Columbia's Western hero, and Louis Hayward, Metro's (Continued on page 72)



Ben Lyon learned to fly for "Hell's Angels" and has been sky-skimming ever since. Bebe Daniels Lyon is an aviation fan also.



The new Chaplin film is actually finished and you'll be seeing it soon on the screen. Above, an exclusive scene of Charlie in his new character of a factory worker. Right, Charles Spencer Chaplin, Esq. Left, his leading woman, Paulette Goddard.



Danger! Genius at Work!

SOMETIMES in the studios of Hollywood truly great pictures take shape. I am watching the growth of what may be the greatest of all of them, and I am thinking that the very simplicity of the surroundings, the quiet efficiency of the technicians, and the atmosphere of work to be done without pomp and show are the surest indications of high art. In the particular scene before me, the lights play upon giant turbines and dynamos, while among them a small human figure swaggers with no more to aid him than a wrench and an oil-can. All of his co-workers are brawny men, less

Comic Dynamite—Charlie Chaplin making his new picture. Read this exclusive story of Charlie in action, by the only writer allowed on the set

By Margaret B. Ringnalda

dwarfed by the giant machines than he, but with his oil-can and his wrench he bustles about in a laughter-provoking attempt at mastery.

What am I talking about, you say? Why, Charlie Chaplin's new picture, of course, the picture that is far more than comedy, too full of both gentle and hilarious laughter for tragedy, and above all, a reflection of mankind in his modern world. It is a world of hunger, work, and struggle perhaps, but it has beauty and humor enough to balance—especially it has the saving grace of laughter.

There is no talking in this picture. Indeed, conversation could not possibly carry the same potency as the silence and the pantomime of the actors, and the sound effects. What could be more powerful than the noise of the great engines against the quiet of the human beings under them? The imagination of the audience may supply what it will. Besides, the pantomime of Chaplin has reached that point of perfection in which the lifting of an eyebrow or the casual flip of a hand tells more than most half-hour dialogues.

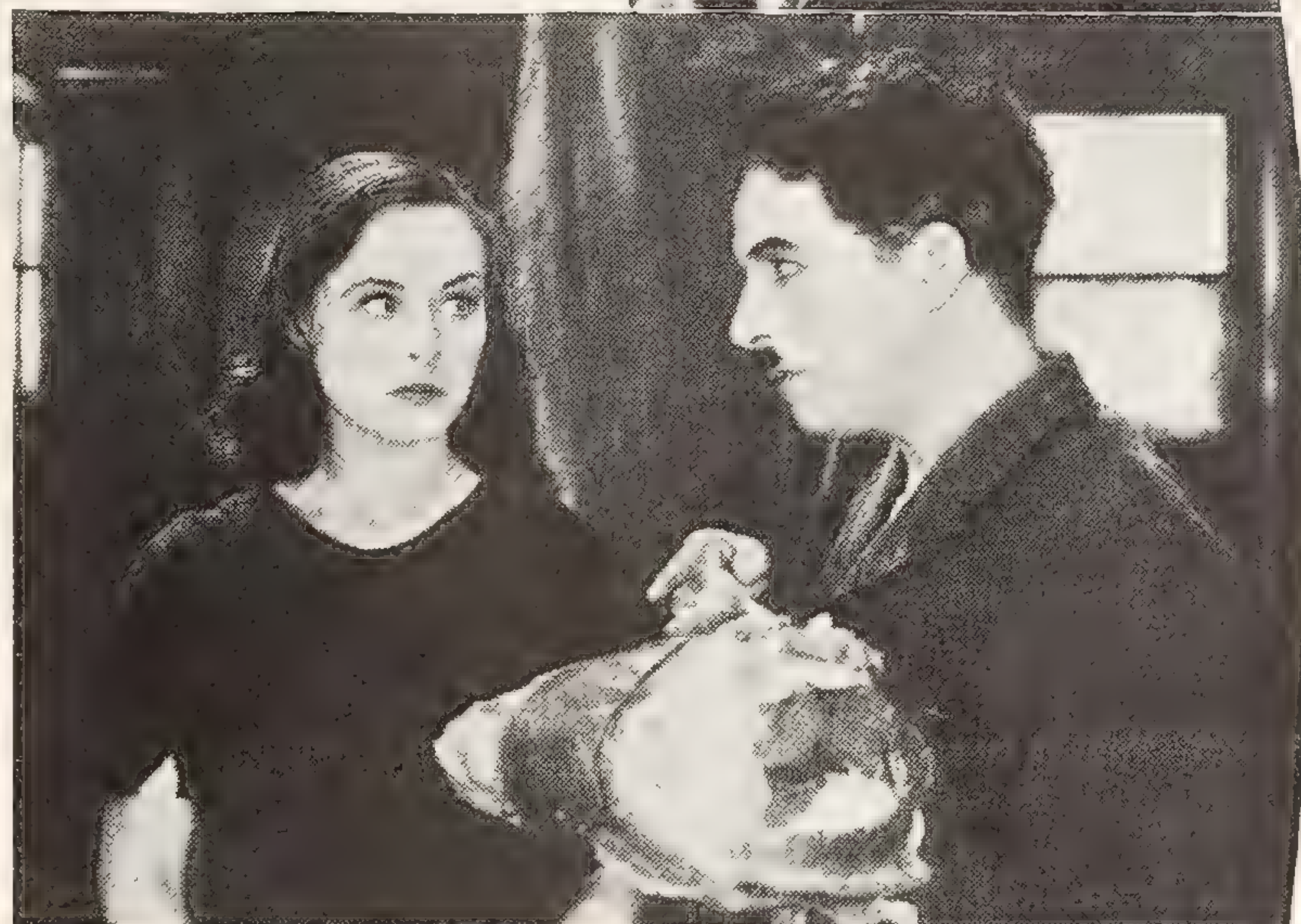
From the factory I am transported to the dream-house of the factory worker. So modest are his dreams, and so impossible of attainment! A bright kitchen, steak for two, milk straight from the cow, and, making all this luxury worth having, his girl to cook the steak and keep the kitchen bright. His imagination and hers dress her in gingham, with a ribbon for her hair, instead of the rags to which she has been accustomed, and with the gingham and the ribbon, she becomes a fine lady.

Agnes, the cow which is to supply the milk in the dream-kitchen, stares from the rear of the studio with bovine complacency. After all, she seems to say, this is nothing but a barn. She is far less impressed than I. All that really seems to make an imprint on her cow mind is the fact that these people are decidedly liberal with oats. She probably considers the whole company insane for milking her at such odd hours. If cows feel strongly about conventions in such matters, she may be outraged; but given her quota of oats, she complies with dignity, as if she had grown old in taking direction, and then goes back to her place and her occasional rolling survey of this new kind of barn in which she finds herself.

High above the lights, a dove that does not belong in a studio at all, sits among the criss-cross timbers with wings dropping. He has no part in the picture, but he is of interest to everyone who comes into the studio, for he flew in the first day that Paulette Goddard came on the set. Everyone worries for fear he will starve. No coaxing will bring him down; crumbs are left for him, but he takes no note of them. There are joking remarks from the company that the dove will remain on the set until Paulette's part is done and then go out with her as he came in. It is a nice, romantic fancy, anyway.

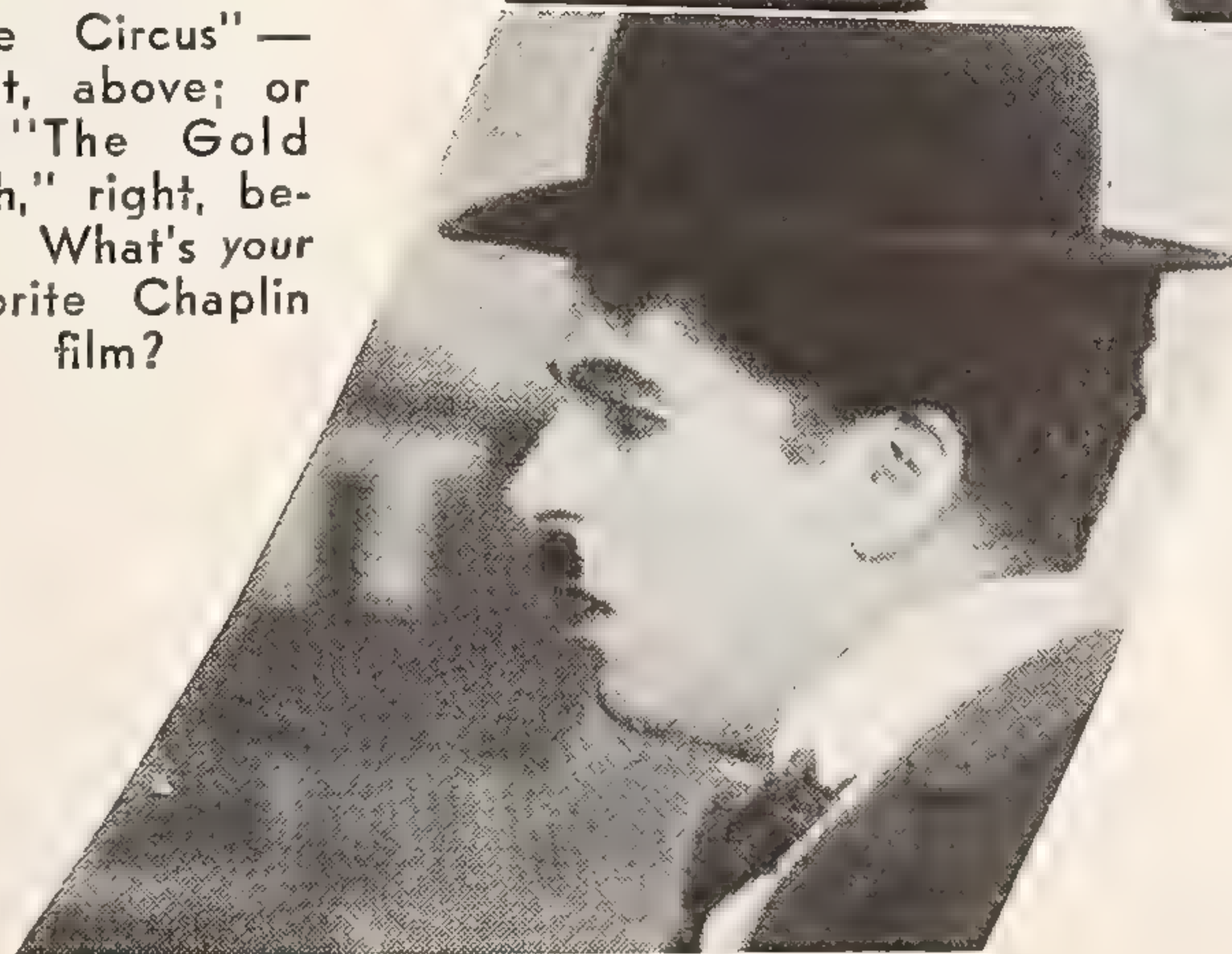
During this dream-sequence I give my chief attention to Paulette Goddard who plays the part of the girl. I am particularly interested in my first sight of her at work, for, as I said in a former article, if intelligence of near-genius order means ability, she should be a fine actress. I see her fall into pantomime so easily that there is no need for re-takes. She does simply and naturally what veteran actors rehearse time (Continued on page 76)

Chaplin, called "the only authentic genius the movies have produced," is shown at the right, in close-ups of his famous tramp character. Remember "City Lights?"



Above, Paulette Goddard, Chaplin's latest discovery, and Charlie in a scene from the new production soon to be released.

Of course you haven't forgotten Charlie in "The Circus"—right, above; or in "The Gold Rush," right, below. What's your favorite Chaplin film?





Photomontage by
Forest Ages McGinn

Stars on the go! Above, find Anna Sten, Walter Huston, Madge Evans, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Dix, Fred Astaire, and Joan Bennett.

On the Trail of

Catch the screen celebrities at boat or train and you see them as they really are, as this amusing story proves

OUR movie stars certainly have wonderful times! Suppose, for a few sparkling moments, that you are Mona Mascarra, (née Schultz), the great movie actress. You are on the famous Twentieth Century Limited, sliding majestically into the Grand Central Terminal, New York. It is nine o'clock in the morning. You have passed a miserable night—or rather “lousy,” as you say laughingly. You have pitched and tossed throughout the break-neck over-night run from Chicago. You were roused from a brief nightmare at eight-thirty by a dark fiend known as a “porter.”

When you fell out of bed your mouth was full of cinders and your heart full of black hatred for all mankind. Now you have struggled into your expensive wrinkled suit, with last night's orchids drooping like a cluster of damp dish-rag. You look like the devil and you know it. You have taken three aspirins and tried to cope with coffee. The train stops.

There is a frantic banging on the door of your drawing-room. Opening it a crack, you see the toe of a large unshined shoe inserted. “This is Smith of the ‘Morning

Croak,’ Miss Mascarra,” says a cigarette baritone. “Is it true that you are engaged to the wrestler, ‘Man-Mountain’ Dean?”

You sigh and open the door. The Press is here. It's begun!

The great depot seems to crawl with pests, all for you. One of your company's press agents smacks you in the chest with an armful of wet and prickly roses, perhaps snatched from a nearby grave. Another passes out papers giving your name, record, reason for living, and a chart showing the location of your moles. Seven cameramen halt you at the door. “Stand there, please. One foot on, one off! Wave! (This is a cinch, as you are only carrying the roses, three novels, your jewel case and a handbag). Now sit on the trunk! Cross your legs, please? Hold it! Thanks! Now just one more!”

Flashlights blind your bloodshot eyes. Unholy noises smash your eardrums. But you have to smile! Oh, yes—it's business! You want to brain them with their own cameras—but smile for the birdie, darn you! It's the Press!

Oh—*isn't* it jolly to be a movie star!

I don't exaggerate one title. Such ghastly scenes happen every day in the year in New York. Dull indeed is the run of the Century that doesn't dump a half-dozen head of the screen darlings from Hollywood. How empty the great Atlantic liner that fails to carry two or three native notables or foreign favorites from The Other Side. Whoever they are, however they feel, they are met at



Smiles of greeting or *au revoir* from Princess Natalie Paley, Katharine Hepburn, James Cagney, Verree Teasdale, and Lily Pons.

Traveling Stars

By
Leonard Hall

train or Quarantine—pushed, pulled, devilled, teased and photographed.

Some, of course, battle this bedlam and ballyhoo. Take Garbo—if you can catch her. Her frantic flights have made history. Not once in her ten years of film fame has the Scudding Swede faced the American camera barrage like a man! She would jump off the pier and swim the river to duck a shutter-snapper. On the trip east which led to her present Swedish visit, Garbo led three car-loads of reporters a breathtaking, dangerous chase through the tunnel under the Hudson River. The girl only quit when stopped by New York traffic laws and lights—then the boys took a camera shot at her through the taxi window. If you corner her on foot, she'll duck her head and run like a turkey—until she arrives safe and sound, if breathless, in her native land. Only then will she smile.

Her ardent disciple, Katrina Hepburn, is another problem for the lens boys. She, too, refuses to stand and deliver—she, too, can do the hundred yards down a station platform in ten seconds flat at the crack of a flashlight bulb. One of Our Kate's favorite tricks is to scoot into a freight elevator and rise to a higher level, (of the station), while the baffled press howls impotently below.

And once Kate loses the pack, it stays lost! One day a reporter, smartly shaken at the depot, chiseled her phone number. She herself answered the call, told the dazed lad that Miss Hepburn had already left for the country,

and hung up before he could rally his addled wits. Hepburn thinks, talks, acts like a flash of lightning—but never as fast as when the press is snapping at her heels. A tough baby, as any cameraman will tell you.

The delicious Dietrich, on the other hand, seems to have come down off her high camel and become something of a regular fellow. Not exactly a pal, but a real chum compared to what she was in the days when von Sternberg told her she was the American *Kaiserin*. She will pose, loftily. True, she refuses to unveil her twin claims to fame for the cameramen, but she declines with grace and humor—as testified by her now-classic crack, "Why should I show my legs! I think they are well enough known by now!" Even the stone-hearted photographers loved her for this—and as a result you will find Marlene very well treated in her news pictures these days.

Which brings me to a vital point. Your wise, case-hardened old stars are very nice indeed to news photographers—who are very sensitive under their crocodile hides, and, like the pachyderms, never forget a snub or a kick in the ankle.

You'd be surprised at what a cameraman, a remembered high-hatting festering beneath his sweet smile, can and will do to a movie star. If he is lucky—can catch the foul offender with her mouth open, (*Continued on page 92*)



This young veteran has held his high place in pictures longer than any other actor. And his lovely wife, Jobyna, has helped him do it!

Dick, Today

Reviewing the purposeful past, the colorful present, and the bright future of ever-popular Arlen

By Ruth Rankin

IN ALL the ten years I have known Dick Arlen, this is the very first chance I have had to take a crack at him in print!

So what happens? I'll tell you what, and it's typical of that Arlen gent. As soon as I get the assignment, it is discovered that the big egg is chasing around the country playing in golf tournaments! Last known stop, St. Paul, Minnesota.

But don't let that stop you, says I, not while Joby is holding down the fort. She knows more about him than he does any day, as what wife wouldn't who has been working at it almost nine years.

Arlen always gets delightfully vague on the subject of Arlen, so what do we need of him, anyway? However, he can dissertate at length on practically any other subject. For instance, when he and Joby were over in Europe, they included Venice in their itinerary. Dick was struck with a brilliant idea. He was going to revolutionize the whole gondola business! "Hey, you can't

row that way," yells Dick at a gondolier who had only been at it some twenty years. "That's no way to handle an oar!"

"Imagine," remarks Joby, reminiscently, "trying to teach anybody in Venice anything new!" But Dick stroked on a crew somewhere and that wasn't the way they taught *him* how to do it; so he was going to give freely the benefit of his knowledge. Of course the Renaissance oarsman serenely pursued the even tenor of his way, not understanding a word. But you can't say Dick didn't *try*!

Joby says there is no man of his age alive who is as young as Dick is. Of course she's prejudiced. He is really younger than that. Some of the gentlemen who have been around this now picture business for as long as he has been, have shed all their illusions and are pretty prone to view anything smacking of optimism with a jaundiced eye. They are bored and very, very tired. I have yet to see Dick in either state. He is an incurable optimist and he believes everything anybody tells him, at least he pays them the compliment of looking as if he does. When disillusioned, he assumes a worldly "I told you so" air, when actually he is surprised as can be, inside.

When you want to see Joby, (*Continued on page 89*)

"Mr. Temperament"

Claude Rains proves that an actor can be as "mad" as he likes, so long as his acting makes sense

By Hilary Lynn

SMALL men are pugnacious. And most often tenacious. That's why they make excellent fighters and fanatics.

Napoleon was a small man, and Claude Rains is a moderately small man. Small enough, at any rate, to have played with staggering success the rôle of that stocky manipulator of empires in the Theatre Guild production of "The Man of Destiny." And like enough to have other characteristics in common with Napoleon and the rest of that breed of short-statured, long-willed men.

Like them he makes up in intensity what he lacks in extensivity. He's a volcano of tireless energy, slightly on the eruptive side. His voice over the telephone blasts one's ear-drums; he explodes with laughter or wrath at

the slightest provocation and at most unexpected times and places.

This sudden explosiveness caused a near-riot in a London theatre in pre-war days. At the time Claude, playing the rôle of a romantic lover, looked even

frailer than he does now—all wirey nerves and brittle bones. The heroine was a sturdy English lass who tipped the scales at something over 150. In a moment of passion—whether of love or hate has not been set down in the annals—the stage directions indicated that Claude lift the buxom girl and carry her to a couch.

Claude essayed the task with the dogged determination characteristic of him and Napoleon. He staggered under her weight. A wiseacre in the gallery groaned audibly. Claude's nostrils dilated, his upper lip stiffened. He tried again. There was a concerted *Umm-mmm*-ing from the gallery; then the balcony and stalls took up the refrain. Veins stood out on Claude's neck, his forehead was moist.

"That's the boy—lift 'er up," yelled the original disturber. And then the storm broke.

The stage lover—or villain—dropped that portion of his precious burden which he had managed to hoist from the ground and, turning fearful eyes on the offender, he roared: "Come on down and lift her up yourself!" in a voice that had in it something of the darker forces of nature. Then he proceeded to roll up his sleeves. His facial expression was so violent that the taunting crowd was frightened into silence. And he would have retired from the stage a victor had not his lifeless burden become animated at that very moment. But she, now an outraged woman, stood up on her

feet and for her rights, smacked our hero across the face, and flounced off the stage. History does not state whether the play went on.

Contrary to the belief that small men are aggressive, Claude's explosiveness is the direct outgrowth of just the opposite characteristic. He's abnormally shy. Which is prob-

(Cont. on page 82)

Moody as Garbo, pugnacious as Napoleon — Claude is unpredictable and delightful!

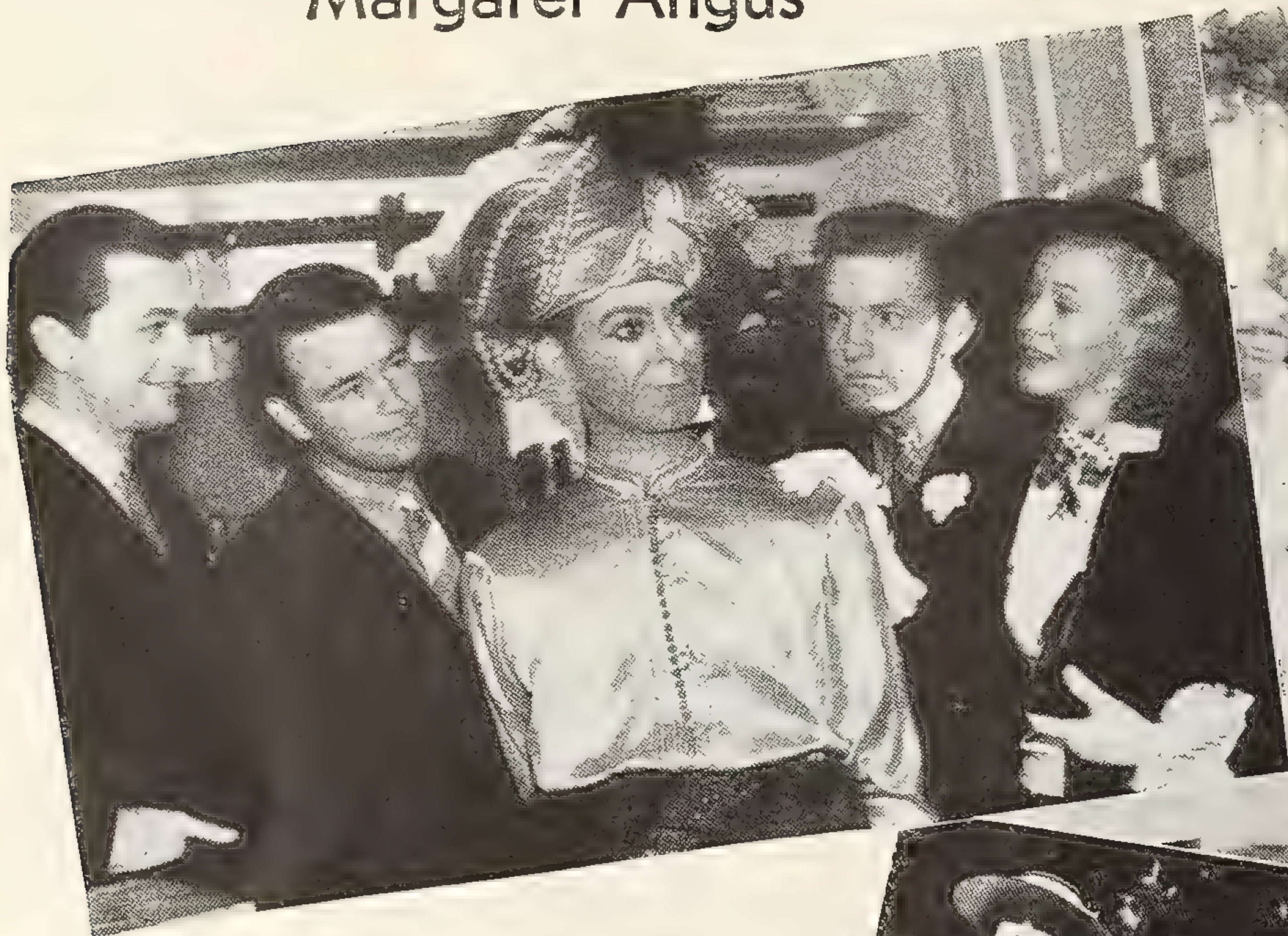


Glamor Takes A Holiday

When Hollywood stars visit the Fair, they go gloriously crazy, even as you and I

By
Margaret Angus

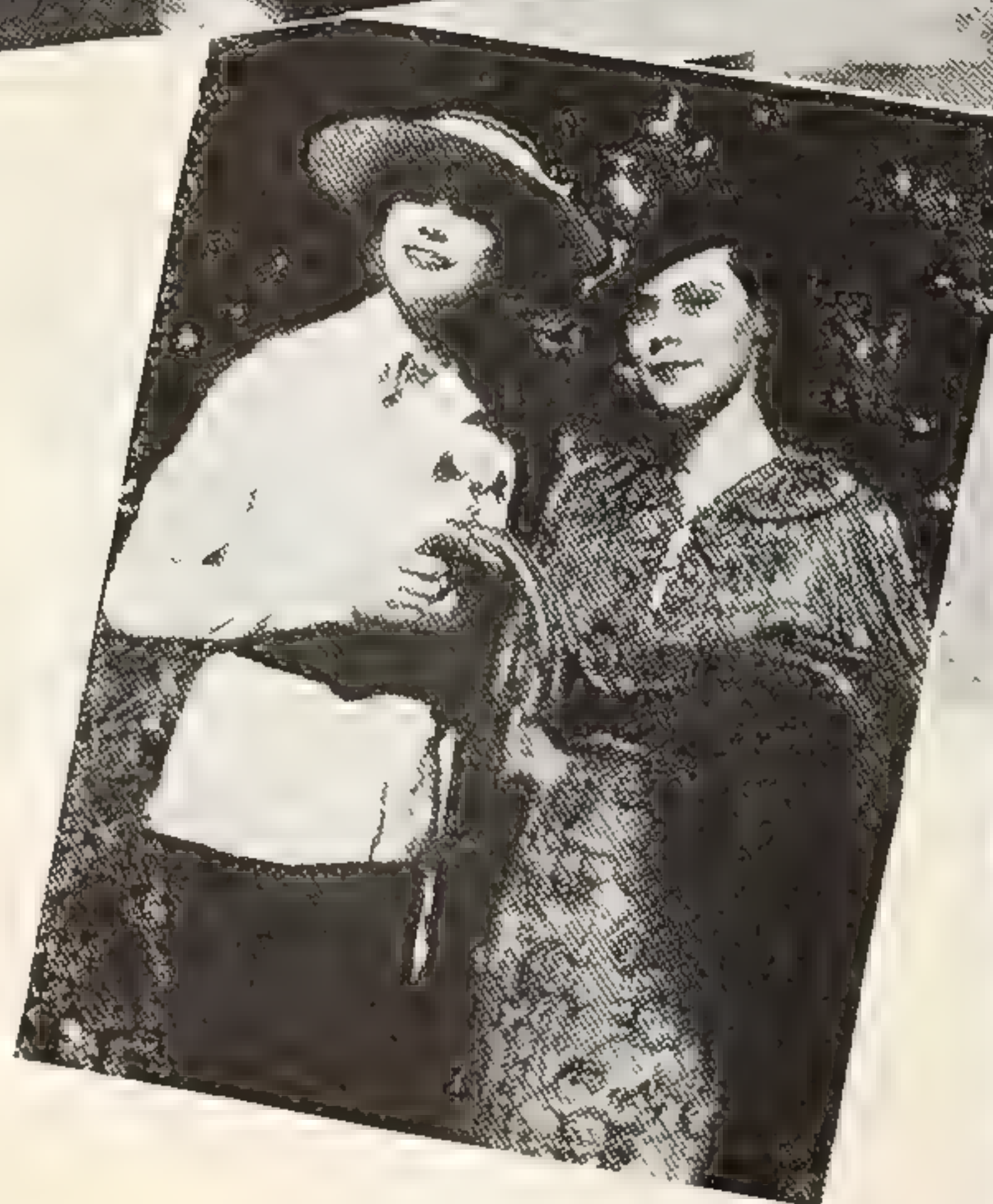
The large picture across these two pages shows the crowd outside the "Hollywood Motion Picture Hall of Fame" at the San Diego Exposition. Note Katherine DeMille and Victor Jory in the right foreground.



Above, Robert Young, Lew Ayres, Ben Alexander, and Ginger Rogers admire the wax figure of Eddie Cantor.

Anita Louise and Helen Mack, right, are as thrilled as any fan over a cluster of Mary Pickford's famous curls.

Wherever Mae West went, a crowd was sure to follow—see extreme right. Mae took all the adulation good-naturedly.



WELL, your Auntie Maggie (old Mag the Hag to those in the know—but, mercy, don't ask them what they know), was in a mad-some mood a fortnight ago, and what do you think she did? With a hey-nonny-nonny and a hot-cha-cha she landed plop, but definitely plop, right on Queen Elizabeth's greensward at the San Diego Fair. Good, (I doubt it), Queen Bess didn't seem to mind at all but commanded her bedizened merrymakers to go into their dance, and they did an elfish Elizabethan romp all over the place that brought out the fey in me. I was all for yodelling for Titania and whooping it up with a few gnomes when I suddenly recalled that I was a lady, I mean I am a lady, oh, well—I mean I shouldn't act that way.

And it's a good thing I pulled myself together just then, for whom did I run right smack into but the Moody Celt of Hollywood, Jimmy Cagney, falling for Shakespeare hook, line, and sinker. Jimmy was taking it so big that he sat like a stone image all through "The Taming of the Shrew" and I didn't dast to pop my gum for fear Mr. Cagney might miss an iambic pentameter. Now Jimmy is a swell guy, and I like him, but ever since he did "Midsummer Night's Dream" for Max Reinhardt and Warner Brothers, there are times when he has a decided Shakespearean complex, and at these times he and I have nothing in common. This was one of those times. Oh, fie upon me, frump that I am, I fled from culture. And imagine my surprise, when I had ceased my fleeing, to find myself buying a ticket



Gay foursome, right, enjoy Hawaiian music: George Murphy, Tala Birell, Katherine DeMille, and Victor Jory.

Buck Jones, most popular male star to visit the Exposition, seen at extreme right with wife and daughter.



to see "Miss America," for adults only, on the midway. I was *so* ashamed!

Well, I always say that to find out what movie stars are really like you have to catch them at a Fair, or a Circus, or a Poker Game; and if you want to make a quip about strip go right ahead, but I personally wouldn't stoop to it. So when I heard that Hollywood was turning out *en masse* for the San Diego Exposition, naturally I dropped everything and scurried down there just to see who was doing what, for it is well known that as soon as a star leaves Hollywood he immediately assumes that he is on a vacation and goes crazy. And if there is any crazy business going on I want to be in the thick of it as sort of Head Goof. Also, I am interested in knowing what interests the Hollywood great;

what takes their fancy at a Fair. Photography? Art? Home-building? Cooking? Fords? Nudist Colony? (I just knew Jimmy would be a pushover for the Shakespearean theatre.) So if you'll bear with me I'll tell you where I found your favorites at the Fair.

Remember me, I'm the girl who was buying a ticket to see "Miss America" two paragraphs up. Well, while I was waiting for the curtain to rise I got a punch in the ribs and there back of me were Isabel Jewell and Pert Kelton with their *mothers*—mercy, what a place for mothers. "Mother insisted upon coming in," Isabel frantically whispered to me, "She thinks it's going to be a constructive lecture on Art. What shall I do? Do you think I'd better get her out?" "Mother knows best," I retorted, and recalled meeting (Continued on page 63)



A Star is Made

SCREENLAND'S
great new serial—
the exciting experience
of an unknown girl who is
transformed by Hollywood magic

The Story So Far:

Diana Wells, visiting in Hollywood with Michael Stone, to whom she is engaged, and his family, meets one of the film industry's foremost producers, who seeks her out to attend a dinner in honor of their star, Claudia Ray. The star, due to a series of gay parties, is unable to attend this important event. When Diana learns that she is at the dinner to impersonate Claudia Ray, her first reaction is bitter resentment—then an incident which challenges her to prove her mettle determines her to carry out the deception, and in a speech Diana so well simulates the peculiar drawling speech of the star that, combined with expert make-up and costuming, the effect startles even the producer. So impressed is he that after the dinner he tells her she can have a contract to act in his pictures. Now read on:

PART II

DIANA had a real offer to go in the movies! She sat in the automobile between Trauber and Herrick and gasped in astonishment.

"But you've got Claudia Ray! If I look like her—"

"You do, tonight," said Trauber. "With a new make-up you'll be an entirely different person."

"Maybe I don't *want* to be in the movies!" said Diana. The men looked at her open-mouthed.

"I never heard of such a thing!" said Herrick.

"Every girl wants to be in the movies," said Trauber. "Are you married?"

"No. I'm engaged, sort of—"

"You needn't let that bother you. When you begin to see your pictures in the magazines—"

"I might not make good."

By Thyra Samter Winslow

"Let *us* worry about that."

Trauber wrote something on a card.

"Bring this to the studio tomorrow morning at ten," he said.

A thousand thoughts raced through Diana's mind. Her parents, Michael, the little white cottage they had talked about, her nice, well-ordered, well-planned life—She laughed.

"I'll be there," she said.

Sara and Michael were waiting for Diana. They almost gasped as she came in, wearing the lovely white chiffon gown.

"You look too beautiful to be real," Sara said, "and we're bursting with curiosity."

A funny thing happened. Diana found she didn't *want* to tell Sara and Michael about the evening. It was something so apart; something she couldn't talk about.

"I had a nice evening," she said. "A good dinner, too."

"No mystery?" Sara was disappointed.

"None—except I'm to have a chance to go in the movies."

Michael's face clouded. "I was afraid there would be something like that," he said.

"Now, Michael," Diana put her hand on his shoulder.

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGIA WARREN

"It's you they want," Michael told Diana. "If you want to see them you'd better go with them when I'm not along."

"It's just a tiny bit of a chance. Think of all the fun. Seeing new things—and meeting people—and maybe making some money. We can use that, you know!"

"It's a world far away, even if it is next door," Michael was not convinced. "I don't want anything to take you away from me."

"Nothing will!" Diana laughed, "except sleep. I'm tired. I'm going to bed right now."

She blew a kiss to Michael, went up to her room. She wanted to mull over what had happened—a dream she wanted to keep with her.

Diana reached the studio at ten. The reception room was dark, cold, forbidding. She shuddered to think how discouraged it would have made her feel had she come

here in need of a job. Now she enjoyed watching the people enter and leave. Important-looking men, brisk, a bit too serious. Girls all set to look charming.

Two girls came in. Sunny Beck and Iowa Sommers! Diana spoke to them. They gave her curt little nods. She couldn't believe they were deliberately being rude. Maybe they didn't recognize her.

"Hello, don't you remember me?" she said. "We were on the train together."

"Of course," said Sunny, with a new and elegant languor. "The girl who didn't want to go in pictures!"

Diana was about to tell them she had changed her mind when Iowa spoke.

"With your temperament it probably is just as well. We were the types they wanted. We've already been working as extras in three pictures." And the girls hurried away without even waiting for Diana's approval.

A few minutes later Trauber sent word that he would see her.

(Continued on page 66)

TRAPPED IN THE HELL OF MODERN LIFE
they fight.. AS YOU DO.. for the right to love!

ENTHRALLED—you'll watch this
 BLAZING SPECTACLE OF TODAY TORTURE
 THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED!

See this man and woman living *your*
 dreams, *your* despairs. Fascinated . . .
 behold the raging spectacle of hell *here*
and hereafter . . . of Inferno created by
 Man and Inferno conceived by Dante!
 This drama blazes with such titanic
 power that IT WILL BURN ITSELF INTO
 YOUR MEMORY FOREVER!

FOX FILM PRESENTS

DANTE'S INFERNO

SPENCER TRACY • CLAIRE TREVOR • HENRY B. WALTHALL • ALAN DINEHART

Produced by Sol M. Wurtzel Directed by Harry Lachman

THRILL **SEE**
 AS YOU

Ten million sinners writhing in eternal torment
 —cringing under the Rain of Fire—consumed in
 the Lake of Flames—struggling in the Sea of Boil-
 ing Pitch—toppling into the Crater of Doom—
 wracked by agony in the Torture Chambers—
 hardening into lifelessness in the Forest of Horror!
Plus the most spectacular climax ever conceived!

A STARTLING DRAMA OF TODAY . . . AND FOREVER! TIMELY AS
 TODAY'S NEWS . . . ETERNAL WITH ITS CHALLENGING TRUTHS!

FOX

Triple=Threat Picture

Fight to the finish for first honors:
Miriam Hopkins, Edward G. Robinson,
and Joel McCrea in "Barbary Coast"

Miriam Hopkins, lately "Becky Sharp," relies this time solely upon her histrionic talents, without benefit of blooming color, as the picturesque heroine of the ultra-purified "Barbary Coast." Will it be interesting despite the sapolio process? Wait and see.

Edward G. Robinson, "borrowed" from Warners for "Barbary Coast," has his most menacing rôle in many movie moons as the dark deep villain of the piece. What now, "Little Caesar"?

Can this be movie menace? Yes, of the new school. Robinson and Hopkins strive to steal this scene from each other—to the delight of their audience.



Comes clean romance, in the person of Joel McCrea, third member of the stellar trio of Mr. Samuel Goldwyn's "Barbary Coast." Can this be Love?





In Demand

IN ANSWER to your many imperative demands, we are giving you the latest portrait of your new idol. And now, Nelson Eddy, please rush to completion your vocal-visual picture with Miss MacDonald.



By Request

THE Glamor-Glitter Gal, responding to your clamorous requests, poses for you as you desire her: aloof yet alluring; yielding yet adamant. We give you Joan Crawford!

Sing, Darn You, Sing!



The lovely little lady with the beautiful big coloratura soprano voice at the extreme left, Lily Pons, makes her movie debut in "Love Song," in which she not only sings, but dances. We—want—singing!

Michael Bartlett is the new sensation who scored singing "La Boheme" with Grace Moore in "Love Me Forever." How about an encore?

We all know Mr. Lawrence Tibbett is a proud husband and father, as shown below. Now for his magnificent baritone, in "Metropolitan."



Radio singers are also in demand in Hollywood. In "Every Night at Eight" the three charmers at the left, Patsy Kelly, Alice Faye, and Frances Langford, play—and sing—as one of those ever-popular radio sister combinations.



George Raft is the lucky boy who stars in "Every Night at Eight." George can't sing, but he dances a lot.

Mi, Mi, Mi! Yes, You!

The warblers are winning the wonderful movie contracts this season. And now let's hear 'em sing

No grand opera tenor will ever sigh for "the good old days at the Met" when he is handed a Hollywood contract like Martini's—to say nothing of three such sirens to act with as Genevieve Tobin, Anita Louise, and Maria Gambarelli, below.



New York's grand opera audiences voted Nino Martini the most personable tenor in too many seasons. Now Nino, young, gay, and gifted, is lending his liquid voice and Latin charm to "Here's to Romance." Double Martini, please!



Presenting Gladys Swarthout, gorgeous girl and grand mezzo-soprano from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, who makes her distinguished screen début in "Rose of the Rancho," with John Boles.



When all is said and sung, you can't beat Bing Crosby for popular crooning appeal. The nicest thing about Bing is—next to Dixie Lee and the twins—he doesn't take his crooning too seriously. Below, you see him clowning through a scene for his next picture, "Two for Tonight." The two enraptured beauties are Joan Bennett, left, and Thelma Todd.



George Houston, opera and Broadway musical show singer, above, makes his screen debut with Josephine Hutchinson in "The Melody Sings On." Mr. Houston is six feet two inches tall, and is in grand opera for seven years. Stop, look, and most particularly, listen!



WITH LOVE SHIRLEY TEMPLE

That's "Curly Top's" current message to you.
And here are new pictures of, and about her



In her new picture, "Curly Top," said to be her best, Shirley dances, sings, and everything—even a little bit of hula, as you see at the left.



We thought you'd like to see the elaborate bungalow, above, that is little Temple's studio home on the Fox lot; where Shirley studies her lines and lessons, makes-up, rests between scenes, eats and plays.



Left, the room in which Shirley "goes to school" in her dressing-room bungalow. The regulation school desk, painted white, is where she does her school lessons with a regular teacher.

And now, below, we're showing you just why this mite of a girl deserves such a grand dressing-room bungalow. Yes, this little old lady is really Shirley Temple! Her big number in "Curly Top" is called "When I Grow Up," and Shirley transforms herself into a grandma!

And here, right, is Shirley's big doll-house, which occupies an entire room in the bungalow. This doll-house was first used in the Fox film, "Orchids to You," before it was presented to Shirley by the studio. Watch for it on the screen.



The sitting-room, left, in the Temple bungalow, has a color scheme of jade green and white. The sofa, covered in linen printed in a kindergarten design, is Shirley's pet resting place when "off-duty."



To the Babies!

Pardon us, youngsters—you're really big stars, with grown-up salaries and billing



The new "Little Big Shot" of the Warner Studio, Sybil Jason, is shown at the right, reading from top to bottom, in the act of making poor Edward Everett Horton's life a misery. But he loves it.

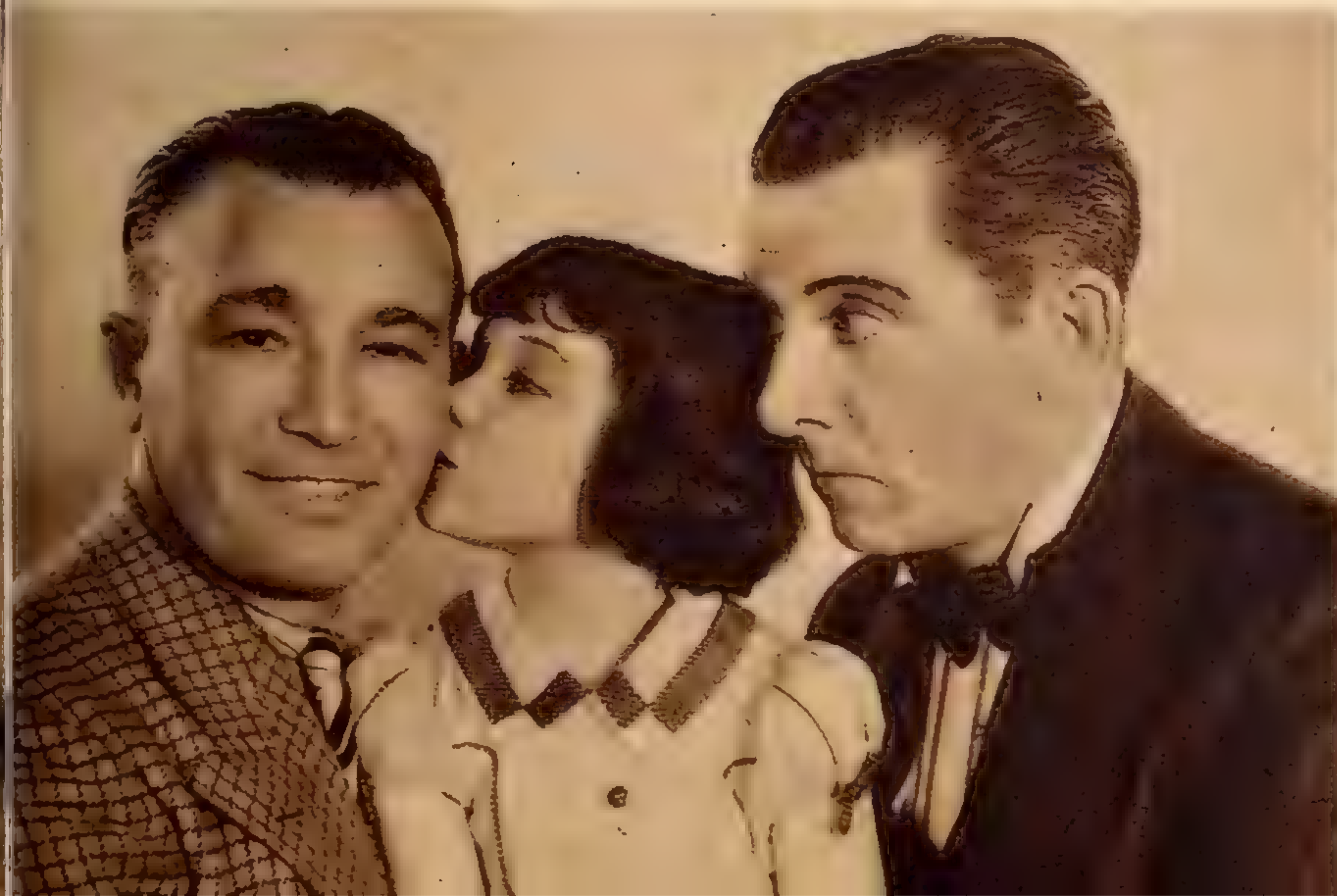
Two adorable kids, Virginia Weidler and Dicky Moore, left, will delight you in "Peter Ibbetson." You remember Virginia in "Laddie." Now look at her all dressed up! And who'll forget Dicky's "So Big?"



Little Betty Holt, above, is a newcomer to pictures. She's the sister of David Holt, one of the leaders of our younger screen set.



Carol Ann Beery with her daddy, Wally, above, and a new pet. Carol Ann swears she won't be jealous when Wally plays again with Jackie Cooper in "O'Shaughnessy's Boy."



That sweet imp, Sybil Jason, adds Robert Armstrong to her list of conquests, with Eddie Horton being just a bit wistful about it. You'll see this trio, left, in "Little Big Shot."





Josephine Hutchinson makes a lovely picture by the lily pond in the garden of her new Beverly Hills home. Miss Hutchinson is in pictures to stay—once again the stage's loss is the screen's gain.

Girl in a Garden



This eminent young actress from the stage has already won a high place for herself in Hollywood, with her exquisitely poignant portrayals and her hauntingly sweet personality.



Exclusive SCREENLAND
portraits by
Elmer Fryer



Pat O'Brien brings the same healthy gusto to the enjoyment of his off-duty hours that he gives to his hearty screen rôles. Above, Pat in his recreation room. Right, card tricks.



Irishman at Ease

Clowning for the cameraman! From the picture below you wouldn't guess that Pat has a nice mellow voice with which to sing old Irish tunes.

*Exclusive SCREENLAND
portraits by
Scotty Welbourne*



**Hollywood is
going happily,
hysterically
historical in
big new films.**



Ronald Colman has the great rôle of Sydney Carton in the important new screenplay of "A Tale of Two Cities." Above, Mr. Colman, in his first portrait in the new part. Right, between scenes with his leading lady, Elizabeth Allan. Note Ronnie's wig!



Below: first days of "Last Days of Pompeii," the great spectacle being produced by RKO. Louis Calhern, Preston Foster, and John Wood indulge in a little off-set musical byplay.



The first century meets the twentieth in a Hollywood studio. Preston Foster, in costume as the leading actor in "Last Days of Pompeii," with Mrs. Foster.



COSTUME-CRAZY!

"The Three Musketeers" live again on the screen! Right: Aramis, Porthos, and Athos, played by Onslow Stephens, Moroni Olsen, and Paul Lukas. Below, the new D'Artagnan, Walter Abel.



The romantic 17th century adventures of D'Artagnan and Constance are dashing portrayed. Above, Walter Abel as D'Artagnan, with Heather Angel as Constance. Right, a close-up.

RKO-Radio is determined to do right by the classics! Dumas' masterpiece, "The Three Musketeers," is being filmed with admirable devotion to tradition and detail. How do you like the selection of actors, above, for the rôles?

At last, Francis Lederer in a devil-may-care rôle suited to his talents! "The Gay Deception" seems to offer Lederer, right, his long-awaited chance to make a genuine stir in our best cinema circles.

The flashing good looks and accented charm of "the bouncing Czech" are afforded every opportunity in his new film. Frances Dee is the fortunate girl in the case, as you see, left.



Newcomer!

Presenting the latest popular member of Hollywood's smart "Youngest Set," about to step out (chaperoned by Mama Joan Blondell)

Norman Scott Barnes, new Boy-about-Town, poses for his first pictures, and likes it! Why not, with star Joan Blondell for a mother and champ cameraman George Barnes for a dad?



Exclusive SCREENLAND photographs by Elmer Fryer



Little Norman—named for Norman Foster, his parents' best friend—takes to this acting business like a veteran. "Normie," as Joan calls her son, needs no urging to "look at the birdie"—he's camera-wise already!

Joan breaks the Hollywood rule of most screen-celebrated mothers and gladly poses with the pride and joy of the Barnes household. She wants all of you to know why she is even prouder of these pictures than of her current screen hit, "Broadway Gondolier."





Mary Pickford will return to the screen as producer of two pictures and star of two more.



Madame Schumann-Heink, grand old lady of song, has a rôle worthy of her in Jesse Lasky's "Here's to Romance." Listen for her fine voice, still mellow.



Ruth Chatterton comes back to work in "Modern Lady"—and we hope Ruth's return picture will be a great success.

Come=Backs!

The true trouper
is never through

Charles Farrell, below, will be welcome in "Forbidden Heaven," in which his leading lady is Charlotte Henry, ex-"Alice in Wonderland."



Binnie Barnes came back from England to play Lillian Russell in "Diamond Jim."



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
Henry Fonda and Janet Gaynor in "The Farmer Takes a Wife"

This Business of Being an Actor



Pryor approaches his career problems seriously and intelligently. Being a good actor means business to him.

ROGER PRYOR and I had just finished our last bite of French doughnut at the Brown Derby and I was beginning to feel I knew him pretty well. At least well enough to inquire if he had a definite objective—if he knew what he was striving for in this mad whirl of activity, this seething cauldron of ambition—that is our Hollywood.

He *does* know. And his own ideas are so different from those of everybody else about him that they are refreshing, to say the least.

"I haven't the slightest desire to become the great lover of the screen," said Pryor. "That much I can tell you, without hesitation. But I would like to become a great character actor, doing such things as Paul Muni and Henry Hull; and next to that the lighter type such as Bill Powell is now playing.

"If I haven't something of my own to offer, I might just as well step down and out now. I don't think it is conceited for me to think I *might* have something to offer the screen. You see, practically all of my life has been spent on the stage, and I have been put through some pretty fast paces, particularly the five years I was in stock, so I should know something about acting."

Like dozens of fine actors who have preceded him, he doesn't want to be typed. At the same time, he has no illusions about his beauty. He doesn't imagine that he is the best-looking man in Hollywood. And the idea that he is the recipient of ardent glances from every female that looks in his direction is preposterous to him. Besides, the screen love-making to him is a business, just the same as playing a tough guy. He steadfastly refuses to believe that he is pictorially the type to make feminine hearts do a flip-flop every time his face is shown on the screen. Therefore, being desirous of doing worth-while things, and feeling that it is not too ambitious a craving



"The Girl Friend" is Roger Pryor's latest picture, with pretty Ann Sothern. The popular team is shown above in a scene from the new film.

Roger Pryor puts over a new rôle in the same spirit as a business man puts over a deal. That's why he is a success

By

Maude Lathem

to become a really great actor of all parts, he wishes whole-heartedly that he might convince his studio that he is suited to character parts. All the while the directors and producers continue to hunt more romantic rôles for him!

"My studio," he continued, "has played me in some straight leads, as well as characterizations, but I was much pleased to do a 'tough

guy' with Mae West in 'The Belle of the Nineties' and soon after to do a cultured gentleman with Carole Lombard in 'Lady By Choice.' It helped at least to keep me from being typed as either one or the other.

"Imagine my surprise recently to discover that Hollywood thought I could only play a fast-talking rôle, because I had such a part in the stage version of 'Blessed Event.' I *can* talk fast, when I am so characterizing a part, but my natural conversation is as deliberate as the average person's."

Now, if you aren't up on Roger Pryor, you will suffer embarrassment from your ignorance. To keep you from feeling too badly, I'll let you in on a secret—Hollywood was just as ignorant!

His father is Arthur Pryor, the well-known band-leader. There are two sons, Arthur, Jr., and Roger. The father earnestly hoped to keep both boys out of the professional field. But fate intervened and Arthur became a musician in his father's band for a time, but later turned his talents to advertising; and Roger went on the stage when he was only sixteen. He couldn't help absorbing a knowledge and feeling of music, so it is not astonishing that he learned early in life to play the piano, trombone, saxophone, trumpet and other musical instruments and when he added to this real acting ability, it was inevitable that he would (Continued on page 64)



Broadway Gondolier—Warners



If anyone had told me I would take another musical movie and like it, I'd have run amok, uttering loud, uncouth cries. But here I am with words of praise, all sincere, too, for "Broadway Gondolier," a new, handsome, song-infested entertainment with Dick Powell warbling like mad. "Falling for Powell again, can't help it—" you see, it's *got* me. If I need an excuse I'll fall back on the report that this tuneful film has no "top-shots," no Busby Berkley girls, no ballets. What it *does* have is broad comedy, more or less sly digs at radio broadcasting in the "Twenty Million Sweethearts" manner—remember?—and three or four of the best tin-pan-alley products I've ever listened to, particularly *Rose in Your Hair*—which does not, if you'll believe me, get into your tresses at all, but remains with you to make your life a misery, it's that hummable. Louise Fazenda as a radio sponsor, Joan Blondell for romance, Menjou for pathos, this time, instead of polish; and Powell, at his most appealing, make this good show.



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



Doubting Thomas—Fox



I found this refreshing entertainment, much less homespun and folksy than Our Will's usual efforts, but fun nevertheless. You'll have to recover from the slight shock of finding the Dresden-china Billie Burke cast as a small-town wife serving her husband's breakfast; but once over that, you will be set up to discover that she reverts pleasantly to type when she becomes stage-struck in the most violent form; and acts all over the place, dressed to the teeth. Will stands by through two-thirds of the picture, content merely to utter funny sayings about the insane goings-on of the supporting cast—until, towards the end, he, too, finds himself—as a crooner, no less; and until you have caught Will Rogers crooning, you have seen and heard practically nothing. A treat, I assure you. You'll have a good old-fashioned howl, I think, when you see the amateur performance, with Andrew Toombes contributing really priceless foolery. A newcomer, Frances Grant, is pretty—and she can dance, which is more important.



The Irish In Us—Warners



So Pat sez to Mike, he sez, sez he: "Sure an' oi heard that one before." Who hasn't? The Irish, especially, are going to argue with certain scenes in "The Irish in Us" as being just too, too Hibernian for anything. But mostly this picture is pretty good fun, with Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien once (can we count on that?) again doing their now celebrated Brother Act: Pat as a policeman, and little Bruvver Jimmy as a prize-fight promoter with high hopes for his slugger called *Car-barn*, played with hilarious effect by Allen Jenkins. In fact, Mr. Jenkins and Frank McHugh perform prodigious feats of low comedy to achieve the almost-impossible, stealing the picture from the Brothers O'Brien and Cagney. They succeed—but they practically wear themselves out, to say nothing of their audience. Love interest occurs when one brother steals the other brother's girl—*there's* a new angle—with said heroine becoming a piquant personality because played by Olivia de Haviland. Mary Gordon is the *Mother*.

THE PERFORMANCES MAKE THE PICTURES!

The two POWELLS, DICK and BILL, lift their respective pictures right out of the rut: Dick, "The Broadway Gondolier," new twist in music-films; Bill, "Escapade," in which with ingratiating charm he introduces to you the interesting new star, LUISE RAINER.

WILL ROGERS gallantly makes way for a whole castful of amusing ladies in "DOUBTING THOMAS."

CHARLES BOYER'S dynamic personality enhances LORETTA YOUNG'S beauty and makes "Shanghai" worth seeing.

PAT O'BRIEN and JIMMY CAGNEY make "The Irish in Us" a field-day for all good Irishmen, and fun for everyone else.



Escapade—M-G-M



Here's Hollywood proving that it can make one of those "Continental" cinemas even more adroitly and dreamily than the Europeans themselves. What's more, "Escapade" presents the new little import, Luise Rainer, far more advantageously than she was ever presented on her native screens. If that's a great, big, patriotic boost for our own dear Hollywood and its works, make the most of it, for that's exactly what I mean it to be. I'm a little tired of hearing every other imported picture or actress acclaimed as "artistic" and our own products labeled "technically perfect but uninspired." To me, "Escapade" is not only flawless as to camera work and settings, but it has color, fragrance, charm. The story is another number about the Little Miss Nobody who captivates an Important Man, an artist this time, to the active annoyance of his former sophisticated flames. William Powell, never more mellowly menacing, makes the artist a fascinating figure; and little Miss Rainer is really superb.



Shanghai—Paramount



Page Miss Glory—Warners



Here's the month's best Bad Example of a noble cast striving to overcome the deficiencies of one of the world's most hackneyed themes—you know, that old one built around the saying, "East is East, and West is West, and Never the Twain Shall Meet." That they're always meeting anyway, willy-nilly and in spite of Kipling, seems no concern of Hollywood scenario writers. We, however, have to see the pictures that result from this blissful ignorance; and I, for one, would complain bitterly if this time the good old war-horse didn't co-star Charles Boyer, my current Big Moment among movie men, and beautiful Loretta Young. This saves the day—but please don't let it happen again. The devastating Monsieur Boyer's great acting talents are completely thrown away on his rôle of a half-caste in love with Loretta; but the Boyer personality is far from wasted. Miss Young is grand and Boyer is better. And the twain's meeting makes for colorful, if phony, drama.



You SCREENLAND readers know a lot about this picture already, if your contest contributions are any criterion; but you'll be glad to know that the completed production lives up to the advance ballyhoo; and this is indeed saying something. Marion Davies has the chance of a lifetime to do the two things she does so well: enact outrageous and ridiculous comedy with supreme ease; and look ravishingly beautiful later on. The story of the chambermaid who stumbles into fame and fortune as a beauty contest winner demands gay treatment and Marion and her cast enter into the spirit of the thing. Result: good light entertainment. No one concerned, including director Mervyn LeRoy, Miss Davies, leading man Dick Powell, Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh or Mary Astor, makes any attempt to win an Academy Award; the idea is to get laughs, and on this score "Page Miss Glory" is completely successful. The Dick Powell devotees will rejoice to hear that he sings a *Miss Glory* song.

SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by

Patricia Ellis

That Hollywood miracle, the Young Girl who is rich, famous, and adored at nineteen, yet remains a nice young thing, is personified by "Pat" Ellis, who shows you here her idea of youthful, appropriate clothes that are also gay in the Hollywood way

A rustic bench, a pretty gal, the first tang of Fall in the air—and Pat's brown and sand two-piece Fall ensemble, left, call for cheers. The soft wool dress is nigger brown; the mess jacket—see the circular lapels?—is sand-colored twill, and very smart.

What lucky leading man is Pat Ellis hailing, just outside camera range, as she leaves the studio for the day? Pat is wearing a dashing suit of navy blue trimmed with a red wool print, right. It's the smartest new ensemble we've seen.



Bracelet and clip of beads and rhinestones carrying out the flower design of the delicate lace cape of her evening gown, above—charming Ellis inspiration. Very original!

Demure yet provocative, the high neckline with tiny ruche of white mousseline de soie, with the same sheer fabric fashioning the sleeves of Patricia's black frock, shown at right.





A hat that "looks like Hollywood" but is really a Schiaparelli adaptation, above, is white felt, with a visor brim and a cockade of coq feathers.

Pat's new double-breasted sports coat, below, is light gray wool worsted. She drapes her blue scarf and clips it close to the neckline at one side.



"The Real McCoy" is the name of Pat's next picture, and we think this tweed suit, left, lives up to the title. It's gray and white zig-zag tweed, with fur collar of wolf. The knee-length coat has a flaring line. Pat's creased vagabond hat and gloves are gray.

Between scenes Pat Ellis takes her cocker spaniel, Reginald, out for a walk. Reggy wears his customary coat, but Patricia steps out in a decidedly new ensemble—in fact, this picture is its debut—of taupe-gray wool in three pieces. The skirt, cut in four panels, is topped with a red, taupe, and silver plaid basque type jacket and hip-length cape. Pat's draped turban is fashioned of the same fabric as her suit.

Exclusively posed for SCREENLAND'S Glamor School by Elmer Fryer Warner Bros.



Dance to Health!

DO YOU like to dance?

If you do, you'll enjoy the things I'm going to tell you this month. Grace Bradley, who loves to dance, prefers it to any other exercise—and she is one of the most graceful, and healthy, girls in pictures today.

Girls that come to the Paramount gymnasium tell me that "exercises bore them," they "hate to bother with them," they'd "rather have a massage." But these same girls will stay up night after night to dance.

Dancing is the road to grace, as everyone knows, but it is also the road to health and youth and beauty.

Everyone can do some kind of dancing. The swifter, more energetic dances won't do for those who have heart affections; but there is some gentle swaying movement that will benefit even these persons.

Modern physicians agree that foot trouble can disorganize the entire body. That "my feet hurt" complaint is listened to more carefully today because sick feet can wreck not only physical but mental health.

I'm going to ask you to take off your shoes and stockings before you begin these first exercises. We want to exercise all the bones of the foot.

Stand with bare feet parallel about three inches apart; rise very, very slowly to the toes, hesitate there a moment and drop back to the heels very slowly. Do this as often as you can during the day, but always morning and evening as you get up from or get into bed.

Sylvia Sidney tells me she has done this simple exercise for years and gives it credit for her streamlined ankles.

Turn on the radio or victrola for your dance exercises, for the music is not only a help to you in getting the rhythmic swing you must have in them, but it relaxes the mind. Over in France, people are taught to relax by music.

Dancing stimulates the glands, but the musical vibration relaxes and eases the body. So dancing helps you regain youth if you have lost it, and assists you to keep young if your years are few.

In the old-fashioned ballet, the dancer held her body rigidly, using her legs as pivots and her arms in stiff and shallow gestures. Today, everything about dancing is free; every part of the body is given a chance to enjoy the exercise.

Take the movement of a folk dance, which anyone can do. Use little running steps for this one. It is not a well-known dance, but merely a succession of simple movements (Cont. on page 78)

Grace Bradley is one of the beauties of Hollywood. When you see her young, lithe grace in Paramount pictures you may envy her. But better still, follow her advice and dance, dance, dance! Grace posed for these beautiful pictures especially to show you how inspiring, as well as beneficial, dancing can be. Try it yourself!

Tired of routine exercises? Then go into your dance, says James Davies, for fun, for health, for loveliness!



Beauty turns toward Color

The myriad colors of the artist's palette contribute much to modern make-up

By Elin Neil

MARLENE DIETRICH, who is famous all over Hollywood for her lovely coloring, has been having tests made for natural color films, and it's reported the results are breath-takingly beautiful. It's said, too, that her newest picture may have a color sequence.

Lovely Marlene Dietrich shows how she uses make-up to bring out the enchanting beauty of her eyes. Hollywood prophets predict a great future for Marlene in natural color films!



If all that the Hollywood birdies are saying is true, you'll soon be seeing a Dietrich far more lovely to look at than you've ever seen her before—and that's saying a tremendous lot. I am afraid you won't be able to tell, even from the color close-ups, all the subtle touches of make-up art that Marlene Dietrich and others have used to get the effect of bewitching, colorful beauty. So I'll let you in on a few of the make-up tricks I've seen used.

Beauty, along with the films, is making exciting excursions into color. Brown shades of rouge and lipstick are working miracles. Don't confuse these with sun-tan make-up. The idea may have started there, but the brown shades I'm talking about are for all-year-around beauty. Of course, there is some red in them, but the dominant tones are brown. They give a warmth without glaring brilliance to even the fairest lily-white skin! And they're perfectly attuned to the prevailing notion of spotlighting one's eyes.

The Italian influence in costume colors carries over to make-up with a vengeance. Stained glass or cathe-

dral shades, the stylists call these lovely rich browns, greens and blues, wine, dubonnet and the regal purples.

The important things to remember about the Italian style of make-up are to feature your eyes, avoid brilliant rouge and lipstick, and make your skin look as fair and smooth as possible. Ruddy skins are not admired in Italy, as they savour of the peasant. The patrician strives for a pale complexion.

All of which calls for a word about toning down end-of-the-Summer tan. Most women bleach out naturally in a few weeks. However, you can speed up the process with a good bleaching cream. Meantime, there are make-up tricks that help a lot to make you look lighter. A coppery tan, the kind you have if you've been careful about the use of sun-tan oils, is best toned down by make-up with a good deal of yellow in it. If you've been left with a legacy of freckles, try using a first coat of green or mauve powder and then your regular powder over it. A "muddy" tan can be made to look clearer by using yellow.

(Continued on page 74)

Here's Hollywood!

Taking a swing around the cinema circle to find out all that's news in the land of the stars

By Weston East



Visually as well as athletically Ginger Rogers can surely brighten up a tennis court in this new shorts ensemble.

What next! Hollywood will answer that one, but here's the latest, the luxurious lorry which serves as Ginger Rogers' portable dressing-room.



YOU would think with all the potential Romeos around town, it would be a simple matter to find an actor to play him, wouldn't you? But this situation is Irving Thalberg's current headache. He can't get Leslie Howard or Robert Donat. Whom do you nominate? Norma Shearer will be *Juliet*.

THE Dietrich-von Sternberg break-away caused considerable speculation as to what, who, and where. So imagine our astonishment to find the two of them dining blissfully at the Trocadero, just as if nothing had happened. Just pals now, we suppose. And recently, *la* Dietrich has let down the bars and agreed to submit to interviews, with the result that everybody and his wife has a Dietrich story. During the von Sternberg régime Marlene was kept inviolate from the press, so about all we could do was speculate. Now she has broken down—and the press discovers she didn't have such an awful lot to say, anyway. Maybe the old system was best.

THE Rollerdrome in Culver City is getting the younger generation on wheels, these days. The other night we saw Patricia Ellis, Anita Louise, Paula Stone, the Durkin girls and Henry Wadsworth, skimming around the rink with a beautiful disregard for life and limb.

LILY PONS' cocktail party was the last word in luxurious affairs, and the libations were fraught with authority. The operatic lady herself clung to a large glass of mellow old orange juice throughout the afternoon. It is wonderful for the voice, you know, and not only that—it matched Lily's costume, until it really seemed as if she had planned her wardrobe to set off the glass! Lawrence Tibbett was his hearty self, Jeanette MacDonald was a marvelous audience for lots of attractive men, (that girl is the most talented listener), and Cary Grant arrived with Betty Furness. It's a romance, as you have no doubt heard before. Henry Fonda is the latest darling of local society, and a very personable lad he is.

PERSONAL nomination for the best tan in town—Al Jolson. Al could crash into "Mammy" right now *au naturel*, and it would look perfectly logical! Almost any life guard would pass out with envy. We saw him yesterday down at Jack Warner's beach place at Malibu having himself a swim. Ruby not around. They must take turns staying home with the baby.

ADRIENNE AMES and Bruce Cabot, recently divorced, are out so often together at the evening resorts, that Hollywood doesn't even pause to stare, any more. Most Hollywood couples seem to get along better, divorced. Sometimes we long for a good old-fashioned divorce with nobody speaking and the lady declaiming: "I don't like the guy. That's why I divorced him!"

AMONG the mysteries: Gloria Swanson, Mady Christians, and June Lang. After publicity campaigns they have silently been removed from studio contract lists. Swanson and Christians were to be given astonishing second chances, according to Metro. And Fox had been training the little Lang for three long years!



The flowers are telling pretty Jean Parker bon voyage as the star sails to make a film in England.

ALL the stars are pretty well in the doldrums, these pay-up days, over income and other taxes. Bing Crosby has announced he will retire when he has three hundred thousand dollars, but his income tax amounts to more than that this year—so what? He is financing half his next picture to place some of his cash reserve out on investment. Bill Powell was lamenting to this scribe the other day that he does not have twenty cents left out of every dollar he makes. Says he would be better off if he rented a three-room apartment and made one picture a year!

DID you know that Alice Brady is a victim of the disease called Claustrophobia—which translated means “fear of shut-in places?” Many a time, crossing the continent, she has had to leave the train because she couldn’t stand the cooped-up feeling of the compartment.

WALLACE BEERY’S bosses were worried, and didn’t mind showing it, when their star boomed an emphatic “no” to their proposal to use a double for the scene in which he fights a tiger in “O’Shaughnessy’s Boy.” The M-G-M chiefs summoned a platoon of expert riflemen, all under orders to shoot to kill the beast if it appeared to be getting the better of Beery. Wally entered the cage and went into a hand-to-claw, and fang, fight with the animal, with the tiger taking the loser’s end in the fracas. The star emerged from the cage grinning and saying it was all just good, clean fun.

A SWITCH in studio schedules, postponing her picture for a bit, enabled Shirley Temple to have her long-wished-for trip to Honolulu.



When something new in chic comes along the chances are Claudette Colbert will sponsor it. Here's Claudette in her newest slacks outfit. Smart, eh?

At left is la Colbert in another art of which she is a master—screen acting, here in a scene with Melvyn Douglas for her new film.



RAMON NOVARRO has changed his plans. Instead of debuting on the London stage in “It’s Another Story,” the autobiographical drama he had been preparing, he will first appear there in a musical comedy. This does not portend the end of his American film career. He has no intention of forsaking Hollywood.

WELL, as the saying goes, all roads meet in Hollywood. At the moment, the town is enjoying a hushed breathlessness, waiting for all the ex-Mrs. Barrymores to meet. They are all here, except Kathryn Harris—the first Mrs. John—and it’s quite a convention. Michael Strange, who began life as Blanche Oelrich, became Mrs. Leonard Thomas, then Mrs. John Barrymore, finally Mrs. Harrison Tweed—and is now back to Michael Strange, has arrived in our midst and may write stories, or act. She is a very beautiful woman, and erratic enough to make good copy should she choose to become an actress. (We need some new erratics out here. Everything is much too calm. You can’t pick on Constance Bennett *all* the time.) Then there is, of course, Dolores Costello, walking in grace and beauty. Doris Rankin, the first Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, is living in Santa Monica with her writer husband, Malcolm Mortimer. With her snow white hair and beautiful young face, she is very striking—and she, too, is considering a picture career. If you remember, she was Lionel’s leading woman in many plays and pictures.

DICK POWELL has gone sartorial in a big way, with twenty-seven uniforms to be done up in, for “Dress Parade.” With duplications, in case one wears out. Now don’t scream if we mention Mary Brian in the same paragraph—but Mary took off for London the other day to make a picture. And guess who went to the train to see her off? Right!

DEAR, dear, when our sturdy he-men go elegant on us we have to revise all our former ideas. Now it’s George Raft who has taken up interior decorating and we can hardly bear it. George admits he is terribly surprised himself to discover he has an urge to decorate his new pent-house. But now he’ll go through with it.

DIXIE CROSBY, Joby Arlen and Helen Twelvetrees made one of the most attractive pictures we ever happened on, all in bathing suits and draped around the Arlen pool. Like three fresh young dryads—and it was difficult to believe that those husky boys, Gary and Ricky and Jackie, playing in the yard nearby, were actually their children. Bing sauntered over and assisted Rickey to swim across the pool—he swims exceptionally well—with a life belt anchored around his little middle!

OF COURSE, the old-fashioned opera has been regarded as a museum-piece by Noel Coward and other sophisticates, for some time. However, you can’t improve on it so very much without interrupting the mood. Pictures are trying to get away from the stilted old routine and going a trifle far in the attempt. For instance, RKO in “Love Song,” will have Lily Pons doing a hot-chat rhumba. Fortunately, Lily is built better for it than a lot of other prima donnas.



The Cowboy Philosopher takes to the bridge of a river boat! Will Rogers, above, in his newest screen rôle.



On the set! Robert Young reads the news, Barbara Stanwyck studies her lines for her new picture in which Bob has the luck to be leading man.

DOCTORS seem to be the current rage, what with Janet Gaynor and her medico, Claudette Colbert, likewise—and now Glenda Farrell. Her handsome Dr. Gaillard is out here visiting from New York, and oddly enough, happened to be in Lake Tahoe just when Glenda went up there for a vacation! He is the doctor who took care of Glenda's appendix a year ago, and has apparently moved up to the cardiac region. Dr. Gaillard is one of those dark devastating gents who always make ladies feel better. And it certainly wouldn't be hard to take what this doctor ordered!

TIME out for a bit of levity—since "Life Begins at Minsky's" the Village of Increasing Returns—(Hollywood to you)—has become burlesque-conscious, although honestly, the town didn't have much to learn. You can't live with the four Marx brothers in your hair, and be very surprised at a burlesque show, you know. But to get on with the story: John Boles went out to dinner the other night, and his host carved the bird at table. About to serve Johnny with that celebrated portion—you know which one—John spoke up promptly. "Don't give me that Burlesque finish!" said he.

BILL POWELL'S son, ten years old, is off on a six-months' bus tour of the national parks. Some fun, and a grand way to teach an appreciation of his native land.

THE preview of "China Seas" brought out the entire cast, *en masse*, and news must have spread rapidly, because when the picture was over, the crowd outside reached around the block. And do you know who occasioned the most excitement? None other than little Carol Ann Beery, riding proudly on her daddy's shoulder. It was her picture debut, and she took it like a seasoned prima donna.



H. G. Wells, as SCREENLAND some time ago told you he would, supervises his own stories as they are filmed. Above, with Sophie Steward, who plays the lead opposite Roland Young in Wells' "The Man Who Could Work Miracles."

HOLD everything! Jane Withers, the six-year-old veteran, announces with a flourish she will play no more heavies! And old lady Shirley Temple takes out her teeth every night and relaxes after the day's work. Or, on request, she will remove them at almost any time—if her mother or the director have their backs turned. Naturally, removable ivories at that age are quite a novelty. Shirley has been parting with her baby molars so fast, they had to call in a dentist to fill the gaps.

ROBERT TAYLOR rented a house in the wilds of Laurel Canyon to get a little peace and quiet and live like a country gentleman. He is back in an apartment, and this is why. Roosters awakened him at three A.M., in the quiet Canyon. There was a brush fire that threatened to wipe out the place. His horses broke loose and he spent one night scouring the hills, looking for them. Then his car broke down, and he had to take a taxi home—the fare made him think twice. He will stick to apartments from now on.

NO TWO ways about it, one good picture will put an actor on top of the world, Victor McLaglen is up there now, and for a good long time, too. The new Twentieth Century-Fox organization has signed him to the first contract since the merger, and you can look forward to your favorite tough guy in lots of good pictures. They'll have to step to top "The Informer."

"THE GREAT ZIEGFELD" has almost become a legend, having been swapped from studio to studio, with production always about to begin and nothing ever happening. Well M-G-M has decided to start the ball a-rolling now that they have Luise Rainer to play *Anna Held*. Bill Powell will be *Ziegfeld*, and Fannie Brice will play herself.

Newcomer! Molly Lamont, brunette beauty from South Africa, who makes her American film debut in "Jalna."

THE trend is definitely toward simplicity, with stars "pulling a switch" from the ostentatious estates of old. Gary Cooper is building a house in Brentwood on his two and a half acres of avocado grove. It will have six rooms—count 'em—and only two bed-rooms. Considerable contrast to the huge places of Joan Crawford, Woody Van Dyke and other neighbors. Al Jolson is similarly engaged with plans for his house in the Valley. It will be compact and simple. After all, if you have a flock of guest-rooms, what do you get? Guests!

JOAN BENNETT'S "going away" party for husband Gene Markey was a riot, particularly as Gene, at the last minute, isn't going to England after all. The place-cards were all duplicates of passports, with pictures of the guests and a lot of hilarious data. They were stamped "cancelled," which made everything all right, because you couldn't get very far on one of those passports!

GUESS who is the current "life of the party"? None other than your favorite warbler, Nelson Eddy. In a very nice way, no furniture tossed or ribs broken, if you know what I mean. At Ida Koverman's buffet party, Nelson did a dance from the classic Greek with a water pitcher balanced on the shoulder. That was just before somebody sat down at the piano, where Nelson was kept busy for the rest of the evening.

CAROLE LOMBARD and Walter Lang are proving again they are pals "on and off." Together constantly—no romance, honest—they are equally adept at thinking up crazy things for laughs. Walter has directed Carole once, in "No More Orchids." He is about to do the same thing again—"Spinster Dinner" is the opus, and you can look for good entertainment.

Johnny Weissmuller is back Tarzaning it for the cameras—here he is, fresh out of the crocodile pool.



What stars will do for their art! Frinstance, Joan Crawford rides a burro, and backwards at that, for "Glitter." W. S. Van Dyke directing.



BINNIE BARNES is almost in tears since her reception as *Lillian Russell* in "Diamond Jim." The consensus of opinion regrets Binnie's lack of undulations. She rushes on to explain that Lillian didn't have them until later in her life, and that her figure was as Binnie's during the time filmed in the picture—her earlier career. Unfortunately, popular opinion insists on curves in that era, and Binnie is going through exactly what so many actresses have when they have impersonated an historical figure.

GINGER ROGERS finally went on that honeymoon trip with Lew Ayres, now that enough time has elapsed for the divorce rumors to begin. She hasn't been able to leave the studio long enough, until now. She took a wardrobe of two dresses and a bathing-suit, started for Arrowhead, decided on Del Monte instead, went on to Yosemite and Lake Tahoe, wound up at San Francisco, both of them tired of driving. So they gave the car an ocean voyage home. Ginger begins "In Person," her first starring picture, right away.

LOOK out! It may be Joan Crawford. It has been revealed that Joany resorts to disguises, although just what she does with her eyes and the Crawford smile, we are at loss to discover. Seems she's had a laugh on the jewelers and realtors for some time now. They quote Joan Crawford one price; then she dashes out and does a Sherlock Holmes, returning in the wig, the new voice, even hobbling on a stick! Honest, she says so herself. And of course the old meany chisellers never suspect, and she gets things for as much as two hundred percent less. Wouldn't you like to have a close-up of the merchant's expression when he gets the check signed Joan Crawford? The other day she bought a lot for half the first asking price.

(Continued on page 96)



Katharine Hepburn at work (really doesn't look like work, does it?), in a scene with Fred MacMurray for "Alice Adams." The picture, based on the Booth Tarkington novel of the same name, seems an ideal vehicle for Katie.



Three fun dispensers meet at the microphone. Here's CAPTAIN HENRY, Frank McIntyre, with TONY and GUS, George Brown and Mario Chamlee.



Frank Parker, looking very formal here, now is happily busy making his first effort as the star of a feature film.



From the chorus to star of a program within one year, is the unusual record of Margaret Speaks, whom you see above.

Radio Parade

Getting in personal touch with some favorite air personalities

By

Tom Kennedy

IF A radio star quits Hollywood for New York in order to go in pictures, is that news?

Well, let's forget that, and get down to the facts in this case of reversing the usual order. The facts are that Frank Parker, tenor whose silky vocalizing has been one of the most consistently pleasing and widely appealing musical features of the air programs, interrupted, and abruptly, his sojourn among the movie stars to become a movie star himself.

But the important news, we suspect, to the tremendous popular following of the Irish tenor—who by the way is half Italian, his mother being a native of Italy, his father Scots-Irish—is that this slightly screwy version of how to get in pictures will bring the sight as well as the sound of their favorite.

"This job," said Frank, after congratulations and good wishes had been extended to the object of a recent visit to the old Paramount plant on Long Island, "interrupted the swellest time I've ever had."

This reference, of course, was to his vacationing on Catalina Island with Ben Bernie, deep-sea fishing with Clark Gable, the Hollywood holidaying with Jack Benny, whose program took Parker to the coast with only one

broadcast a week to worry about.

"Lots of laughs—I hated to leave." But the trim, dark-haired and very personable Parker can be serious. Not in that heavy way—witness, he doesn't even aspire to opera; didn't as a matter of fact when, several years ago, he returned to his native America after studying voice and music in Italy and France. But he's serious about his picture business.

"It's a good part for me. I play myself more or less, do some light stuff, and I should be able to play myself, don't you think?"

We thought so, so the talk turned around to some circumstances which make it appear like a swell screen opportunity for Frank. He is a star in the picture, and the producers of "Sweet Surrender," the present title of the film, sponsored "Moonlight and Pretzels," which you may remember brought to the fore a previously unknown-to-the-screen young man named Roger Pryor.

Frank Parker grew up in the same New York as George Raft—that is, they were youths together setting out on careers in show business as hoofers.

"We danced at the same (Continued on page 90)

Glamor Takes a Holiday

Continued from page 31

Mrs. Jewell at the Trocadero one night—a sweet, gentle little woman, but with quite a peppy look in her eyes which gave me to believe that if worse came to worse Mrs. Jewell could take it. The curtains parted and there was “Miss America” done up in yards and yards of drapery like Myrna Loy as a high priestess. The lecturer began his lecture and our attention was called to the fact that “Miss America” had the most beautiful brow in the world. The drapes began to fall, one by one, and suddenly there *was* “Miss America.” As the last drape fell the lecturer fairly shrieked, “Please note the beautiful hands.” Mrs. Jewell and Mrs. Kelton left immediately for their hotels.

While I was wondering whether I should take a look at “Life,” for adults only too, the loud speakers on the midway announced that Mae West was entering the Fair grounds if anyone were interested, and it seems that just about fifty million people were. Mae arrived in a little something in white and a train, (I’ve seen better places for trains), and when her car was stopped at the gate she hopped a chair and told the boy—whose face had one of those beatific there-is-a-Santa-Claus expressions—to take her to the Motion Picture Hall of Fame. When it comes to Loyalty Mae West is right there. Mae was with the faithful Timoney, and two bodyguards and two Pinkerton detectives, (furnished by the Fair just in case), but if you think Mae was trying to dodge her public you have another think coming to you. She signed everything from autograph books to a bag of peanuts. About the thousandth autograph Timoney got a little uneasy and whispered to Mae that it was time to duck. “Listen,” said Mae, “these are the people who pay to see my pictures. I’m going to sign autographs as long as they want me to.” And she did, despite the fact that one adoring fan ripped the sleeve out of her dress. After she made a personal appearance at the Motion Picture Hall of Fame Mae asked to see the midgets, so she was driven over to the Midget Village and you would have died laughing if you had seen Mae clambering into a midget house. The furniture being too small she had to sit on the floor with dozens of midgets gathered about her. The midget who impersonates Mae West in the show climbed up on her lap and I overheard this priceless bit of conversation: “Miss West,” lisped the little Mae West, “I hope they write a newspaper story about us and say that you’re my mother.” “Oh, no, oh, no,” remonstrated Mae, “not that.” And just in case a few reporters might be listening, Mae added, “Why, I’ve never even been married.” Well, anyway, Mae took all their names and addresses and sent them all a present the next day, and to the little Mae West midget she sent a diamond ring.

If the Fair concession owners went mad over Mae their feelings regarding Francis Lederer seem to have been directed in the exact opposite direction. I didn’t see Lederer at the Fair but I was told that he arrived at the West Gate in quite a state because he didn’t have a car to meet him. When he was told that cars are not allowed in the grounds he went into a lather, refused the chairs and the rickshaws, but finally consented to walk if accompanied by a Pinkerton detective. But let’s not be too severe with Francis; maybe in the country he comes from they don’t have Fairs and *savoir-faire*.

Believe it or not, the person besieged

by the most autograph hunters, with the exception of Mae West, was Buck Jones. Buck drove in from the range and after paying his respects to the Motion Picture Hall of Fame made his way directly to the Indian Village, where he inspected with enthusiastic, boyish interest every little tepee and papoose in the joint. With all the fans and all the little Indians going nuts about him poor Buck got one heap big rebuff which he’ll probably remember to his dying day. One of the Indian gang is an old gal of one hundred and six summers who is sort of the matriarch of the Indian Village. Some enterprising press agent thought it would be a good idea to have Buck pose with the centenarian-plus-six and Buck was quite pleased and put on his broadest smile. But suddenly there was great chatter from the old Indian in her native Sioux; she seemed to be raising complaints. An interpreter was summoned and announced, “She say unless she get two dollars and fifty cents she no pose with movie actor.” She got.

Joe Morrison went straight to the Gold Gulch when he arrived at the Fair and rode down the gulleys in the old wagon that used to bring the mail from San Francisco to Los Angeles in two weeks and six hours, hot dog. I couldn’t exactly decide whether Joe’s enthusiasm in Gold Gulch was for the old mining town props or for Lady Godiva—she who got pinched by the police. Anyway, as soon as the folks down thar in the Gulch saw Joe they began to shout “The Last Round-Up,” and Joe, being a swell and accommodating person, sang his famous song until his throat ached. Roscoe Karns, naughty Roscoe, went to the Zoro Gardens, (Nudist Colony, my dears), where a cute little nude recognized him and shouted, “Hello, Roscoe,” all of which might have been all right but it seems that Mrs. Karns was along, and you know how wives are. Roscoe still swears he didn’t know the girl.

Reginald Denny drove down with Jimmy Cagney but Shakespeare came between them and Reginald hied himself to the Travel building. Reginald has just invented a unique sort of plane and he was most interested in seeing what the Fair had to offer in the way of plane equipment. I saw Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall at the Café of the Nations and they seemed to be having a swell time eating in different languages and watching the floor show. Gloria had a bright green

scarf, but instead of letting it fall about her shoulders as any well-mannered scarf should, Gloria insisted upon sitting on it. While I was trying to fathom that little mystery I heard loud yelps of laughter from the people in the street and rushed out just in time to see Binnie Barnes, and my favorite dream-prince, Edward Arnold, go sprawling in the gutter. It seems that Eddie and Binnie wanted to ride in a rickshaw and Eddie being slightly robust, (and isn’t he swell in “Diamond Jim?”), gave the boy who was doing the pulling a few unhappy moments. When who should hove to but Slapsie Maxie, good old Maxie Rosenbloom, Hollywood’s favorite prize-fighter, and he who dances nightly at the Troc with Mae Murray. “So you want to ride,” said Maxie, and he grabbed the rickshaw away from the panting boy and gave Miss Barnes and Mr. Arnold the ride of their lives while the crowds cheered and ran to safety—a ride that ended abruptly in front of the Café of All Nations. And poor Miss Barnes and Mr. Arnold had to spend the rest of the evening looking like something brought in from a riot.

A merry foursome doing their stuff at the Motion Picture Hall of Fame consisted of Chester Morris, Ralph Bellamy, Lyle Talbot and John Mack Brown. Chester acted as barker for the Hall of Fame and ’tis said that he brought in more people with his peppy lines of chatter than any of the professional barkers. The Hall of Fame is being run under the auspices of the Dominoes and the Screen Actors Guild, so every Hollywood player, with a drop of loyalty in his or her veins, should, and usually does, make an appearance at the building. All the studios, and most of the stars, loaned things for the exhibition, and in the outer room you can see everything from Fred Astaire’s favorite dancing shoes to *Berengaria’s* cabin from “The Crusades,” and then you pass into another large room where they show you how to make moving pictures and actually take a scene for you, with the visiting celebrities taking part. Then in another room is the cutest puppet show I have seen in many a year with the puppets dressed up like movie stars and acting all over the place. Really, if you haven’t a puppet named after you, you just don’t belong socially. Paul Cavanaugh went so crazy over those puppets that he practically moved in for a couple of days. Finally he



Fun at the fair! Toby Wing, Phyllis Fraser, Gertrude Durkin, Anne Shirley, Patricia Ellis, Paula Stone and Grace Durkin, give the very modern touch to a Henry Ford relic at the San Diego Exposition.

inveigled the puppeteers into letting him manipulate the strings, and now Paul is building his own miniature theatre at his home in Hollywood.

After their song and dance at the Hall of Fame Chester Morris betook himself to the Home building, for it seems that Chester is all wrapped up in homes and furnishings these days—though heaven knows he and Sue Morris couldn't improve on the beautiful home they now own in Beverly Hills. Lyle Talbot is the kind of a guy who goes in for snappy cars and likes to see what makes the wheels go round, so he hustled over to the Ford building where a car is assembled every few hours. John Mack Brown, who is a great-great-grandson of an Indian

Princess, was interested in the Indian Village—Johnny is already a member of the Indian tribe with the name "Tusca-nega," which means "brave warrior." Katherine DeMille and Victor Jory enjoyed the Hawaiian show. Ralph Bellamy went kind of sad on the Fair because he saw at least six of his old pals, once headliners in the New York theatre, acting as barkers.

The big romance of the Fair, of course, is that of Lee Tracy and Estelle Taylor. Lee and Estelle met there, over the tea-cups, my word, and have been going together ever since. That charming comedienne, Thelma Todd, seemed most interested in the Food and Beverage building, on account Thelma runs a restaurant down at Santa Monica as a side-line and

is making a great success of it. The food there simply melts in your mouth. Yes, Thelma makes gaining a pleasure. The Bing Crosbys and the Warren Williamses acted like professional Fair attenders and took in the whole darned thing.

Jimmy Cagney is one of the most loyal pillars of the Screen Actors Guild, (Ann Harding is the other), so when he had consumed his fill of Shakespeare Jimmy came loping back to the Hall of Fame to make another personal appearance, but I must say his enthusiasm was rather dampened by two old ladies from Iowa who gave him a disdainful look. "That's the man they have down here today impersonating Jimmy Cagney," one lady remarked to the other. "It's all a fake."

This Business of Being An Actor

Continued from page 51

land, as he finally did, in musical pictures.

But this was not accomplished in the batting of an eye. There were years of hard work in stock, then more years as leads with famous actresses before he was eventually starred in "Blessed Event." Even as leading man, he had amazingly long runs with different plays: 46 weeks in "The Royal Family," 40 weeks in "Apron Strings," 40 weeks in "Up Pops The Devil."

It was while playing in Chicago in his own production of "Riddle Me This" that a film producer saw him and persuaded him to give up his show and return to New York for the lead in a musical picture. That is how you happened to see Pryor in "Moonlight and Pretzels" and it is also why he was signed on a long-term contract with Universal.

In the little more than a year he has been here, he has done ten pictures, among them being "I Like It That Way," "I'll Tell The World," "Belle Of The Nineties," with Mae West; "Romance in The Rain," with Heather Angel; "Wake Up and Dream" in which he was co-starred with the late beloved Russ Columbo; "Lady By Choice," with Carole Lombard, "Strange Wives," and "Straight From the Heart."

If you have been fortunate enough to see him in one of these pictures, you already know that Roger is a stalwart, personable young man, six feet tall, weighing about 160 pounds, with dark brown eyes and curly hair. He is Dutch and Irish—a serious person though not sad, notwithstanding the fact that he admits he is moody. He is easy of approach, without a touch of affectation. He is earnest and sincere, with all the ear-marks of erudition. While he has a great sense of humor, which never deserts him, he doesn't care at all for practical jokes. He never plays them on anyone, and would not be at all pleased if one attempted practical jokes on his guests. Like Mr. Chevalier, he can laugh at a thing that is funny, but he doesn't see the humor in spreading tar over an easy chair and spoiling an evening gown for one of his guests. Such tricks seem worse than stupidity to him.

Speaking of guests, I might tell you, he never entertains in a large way. He has a beautiful, modern, all-white apartment in one of the most attractive apartment hotels in Hollywood, and here he has a small group of friends almost every evening. Those closest to him are perhaps Mr. and Mrs. George Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kelly and a few others whom he knew in New York. He has been so busy making pictures since he came, that he hasn't had time to cultivate many friends. He rarely goes to large formal parties, with the exception of the dances



Jimmy Dunn and pretty Patricia Ellis are happy to be teamed in a new film, "The Real McCoy."

given by the Actors' Guild and the May-fair.

Since he came to Hollywood, he has been seen with Esther Ralston, Ann Southern, and, prior to her marriage to Ralph Forbes, with Heather Angel. Roger was once married himself, to a non-professional; is, in fact, still married to her, though they have been separated for several years. She is an expert horsewoman, (having once held the world's championship for high indoor jumping), and Roger still speaks of her as if she were a woman of great charm.

"Our separation," he said "was purely a matter of incompatibility. If it had to occur, I am glad it happened long before I thought of going into pictures, so no one could possibly say 'Look what Hollywood has done to that marriage.' My marriage had gone on the rocks before I headed toward Hollywood. But, I do miss my little girl," he added wistfully. "She is 5 years old and writes me regularly."

I suppose I looked a little startled, even

accustomed as we are to prodigies in Hollywood.

"Well," he said "someone probably has to trace the letters for her, but I am certain she dictates every word of what is actually written."

"No, I am not thinking of marriage again soon, I assure you," he answered in reply to my further questioning. "You see, a fellow feels somewhat chagrined at making a failure of anything, particularly marriage. No matter whose fault it is, he feels that he should somehow have been wise enough to circumvent such a circumstance, and he is just a little ashamed to admit he failed. This doesn't mean, in any sense, that one wants to try to pick up the old marriage again. There is never any use in attempting to patch Dresden china. No matter how well the repair is made, you are still looking for the place where the crack was, and the beauty of the piece is spoiled for you. When a broken marriage is stamped with the degree of finality that four or five years of undisturbed separation gives it, one had better consider that chapter closed. But that doesn't prevent one from experiencing a feeling a great pity that, when conditions were so nearly perfect, especially when there are children, they could not have been absolutely perfect."

Roger has an intense family affection. You observe it when he speaks of his longing to see his little girl; you sense it when he expresses his gratitude that both his parents and his brother are still alive, and you constantly feel it in the warmth and interest he feels for his fellow men.

Because he is being thought of as a screen lover, in spite of his protests, he is being excavated like an ancient city. Nothing about his past or present is being left undisturbed. But his splendid mind and sensibilities are not disturbed by all our frank questions. He answers those he thinks we should know about and smiles in a disarming, non-committal fashion when we ask him something he doesn't care to talk about.

I was much interested when I finally coaxed him to tell me the dominant characteristic he admires in women—the quality he would want to find in a woman he might hope to care for—and you would never guess in ten years what it is. Not femininity. Not charm, glamour or beauty. The thing he asks of a woman is *ambition!* He hasn't the slightest use in the world for drones. He likes women who have an objective and are working to that end. The fact that they have ambition gives them a driving force, an inner fire, that produces an irresistible attraction.

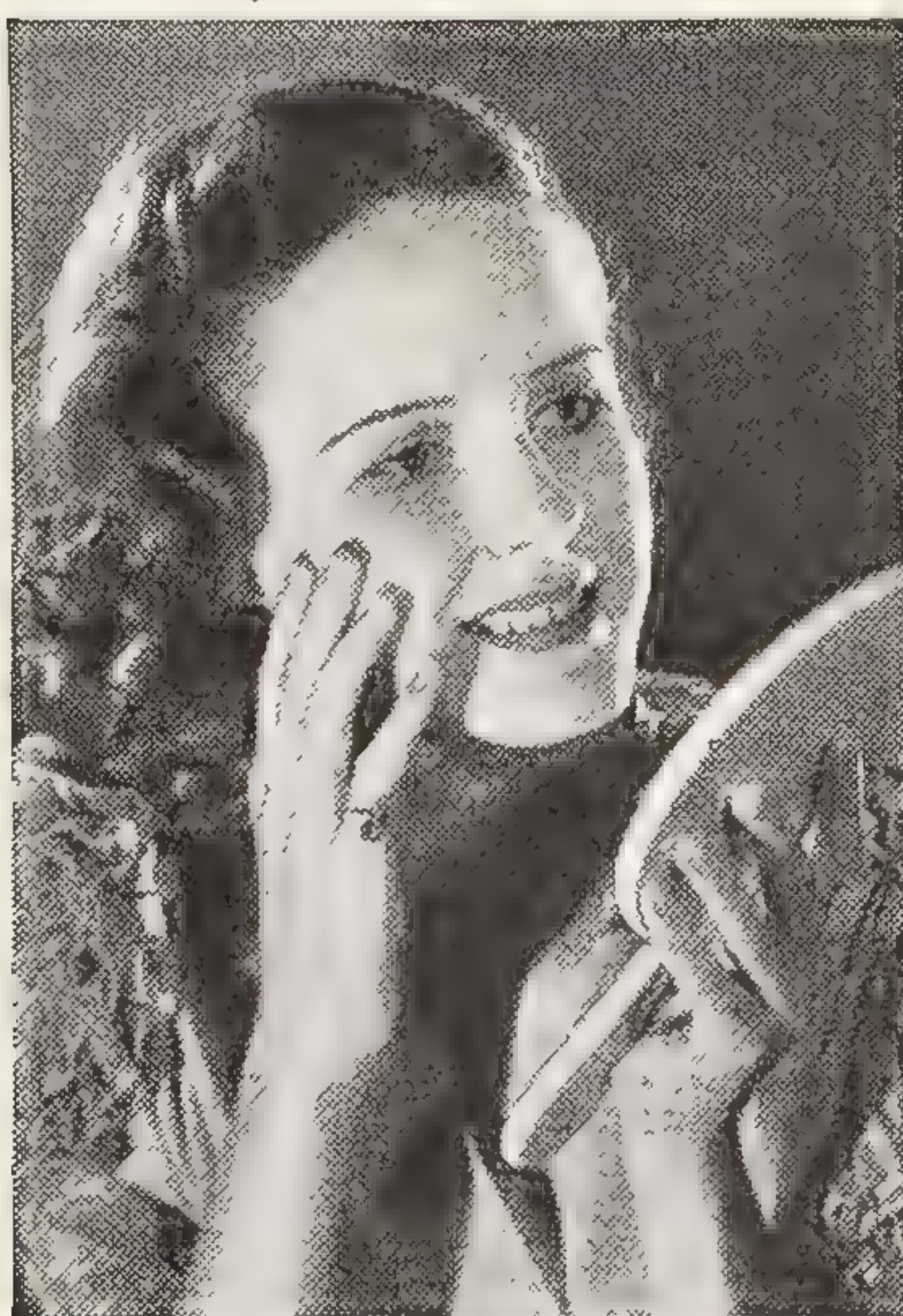
Now, who says this Roger Pryor isn't different enough to keep us interested?

"I'D SOONER DIE THAN GO TO ANOTHER PARTY"

Pimples were
"ruining her life"



1 "I had counted so much on my first high school 'prom'! Then my face broke out again. I could have died. My whole evening was a flop. I came home and cried myself to sleep.



2 "Those pimples stayed. Even grew worse. Then, I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast. I began to eat it. Imagine my joy when my pimples began to disappear!"

Don't let adolescent pimples spoil YOUR fun——

DON'T let a pimply skin spoil your good times—make you feel unpopular and ashamed. Even bad cases of pimples *can* be corrected.

Pimples come at adolescence because the important glands developing at this time cause disturbances throughout the body. Many irritating substances get into the blood stream. They irritate the skin, especially wherever there are many oil glands—on the face, on the chest and across the shoulders.

Fleischmann's Yeast *clears the skin irritants out of the blood.* With the cause removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear.



3 "Now my skin is clear and smooth as a baby's. I'm being rushed by all the boys. Mother says I don't get any time to sleep!"

Many cases of pimples clear up within a week or two. Bad cases sometimes take a month or more. Start *now* to eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast as long as you have any tendency to pimples, for it is only by keeping your blood clear of skin irritants that you can keep pimples away.



—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

A Star is Made

Continued from page 33

He was seated at a huge desk in the most magnificent office Diana had ever seen. She couldn't decide whether the movies got its ideas of offices from rooms like this—or if movie executives got their ideas from the movies. The walls were grey, the chairs in grey velour or red leather, curtains were grey and white over scarlet Venetian blinds.

Trauber pressed buttons, talked into three telephones seemingly simultaneously. It seemed an hour before he was ready for her.

A man came in to get her, then. She was to be given a rush test, the pictures to be ready almost at once.

"I'll send for you when the rushes are ready," Trauber said.

Make-up, then. A different make-up, this time. In a mirrored room given over to turning ducklings into swans. Diana watched as the thin, creamy grease-paint was applied. When her make-up was finished a girl arranged her hair and then another woman gave her a plain black evening gown.

A man led her down long corridors, past closed office doors, to the stages.

They were on a set. A living-room which faded into a Western mining camp saloon. Great machines from which came bars of blue light were already in place. There were machines for sound, and cameras, too. A camera man was there, half a dozen other men, a couple of women.

A wiry little man, who, Diana found out, was Huppmann, the director, came up to her, asked her name.

"Better than I'd hoped," he said, apparently addressing everyone but Diana. Then he turned to her. "Go to that table," he said, "take a letter off of it, open the letter. You're very gay. You read the letter. It has bad news. You say, 'Oh, my God!' Mr. Boggard comes in. You tell him you've had bad news."

"What?" asked Diana. She hadn't the least idea what the man was talking about.

He changed his tone, addressing her a bit as one would talk to a feeble-minded child and told her all over again.

"I see," said Diana, miserably. She was sorry she'd got into the whole mess. Well, she might as well go through with it.

She tried to feel happy as she came onto the scene. She felt pretty silly. She picked up the letter, read it, went through a simulated horror. Boggard came on. They rehearsed it again. Then the cameras ground. There were other bits, then. They seemed silly, too.

Trauber had said to wait. The others went away. No one spoke to her. She waited. The lunch hour came and went. What if they'd forgotten all about her? She couldn't wait forever.

Finally, a boy passed, came back.

"You Miss Wells?" he asked.

"Yes," said Diana.

"Mr. Trauber wants you in Exhibition Room C," the boy said, and was gone.

Diana asked questions. Found the room. Yes, they *had* rushed things through!

The small room held big leather chairs facing a screen. A dozen people were there.

Suddenly Diana was nervous, eager. Two days ago she had had no desire for a screen career. Yet something must have made her hold back from marriage with Michael—and accept this chance so eagerly. And now, suddenly, this was all-important. Diana knew, now, that she desired more than anything else in the world to be in the movies. She had never wanted any-

thing quite this much before in her life.

Her test pictures, then. Where was the tall, graceful girl she had pictured herself? She was too fat. Her nose was too prominent. Her mouth was funny. Her walk awkward. She wanted to hug her knees in humiliation. What would Trauber think of her?

The test pictures were over. She and Herrick and Trauber were in Trauber's office. She hadn't had time to tell them how terrible she knew she was.

Trauber was smiling. "Pretty good," he beamed. "I never make a mistake in a face."

"You think I'll *do*?" asked Diana.

"Sure," said Herrick.

"Sure," said Trauber, "with the proper training. I'll get your contract made right away."



The winnah and his proud owner!
Charles Ruggles and his prize
Schnauzer, Joshua of Marienhof.

"I'll have to ask my mother," Diana said.

"Of course," said Trauber, and picked up a telephone. "Where can you reach her?"

Rather dazed, Diana gave her home telephone number in New York. In two minutes she was talking to her mother.

Her mother, a little dazed, too, agreed that Diana could stay in Hollywood. Yes, indeed, it might be a wonderful opportunity.

Things moved swiftly, then. Trauber yelled a dozen telephone messages. People came in, asked Diana dozens of questions.

A contract to sign, then. Five years with options. A small salary to start. And plenty of raises.

"If you make good, we'll write a new contract," Trauber said. "We'll have to— to keep you from going some place else, after we've got you all built up."

At dinner, Diana told, quite casually, what had happened. She was a bit vague. She had a "chance" to be in the movies. And then she added something she had just decided. She'd take a little apartment for herself. It would be far more convenient all around. She could see them all just as frequently.

She took the apartment. One room.

With a disappearing bed, a dressing-room and a kitchenette.

Sara liked the idea of Diana being in the movies. They'd hear such interesting things!

Michael wasn't at all pleased with the turn of affairs. This wasn't the way he had planned his life. However, he tried to be a good sport about it. He loved Diana a great deal. If this was what she wanted out of life, well, yes, it was an opportunity. He wouldn't stand in her way. He hoped, so hard, it wouldn't change things too greatly.

At the studio Diana plunged into a dozen activities. Some evenings she was so tired she couldn't even have dinner with Michael, but tumbled into bed as soon as she got home. Usually, though, she and Michael had dinner together, at the Stone's, or with Sara and Bill, or the two of them ate alone at one of the attractive, inexpensive little places Michael knew.

Diana realized how Michael felt about the studio. She was careful not to talk too much about what she had done during the day, even though she was bubbling over. It was nice to be with Michael. He was a dear, peaceful and pleasant. That's what she needed, after her days at the studio.

The days were exciting. First, there were voice lessons. Diana had thought she spoke well enough. She found, now, that some of her head tones were wrong, that her accent was "undistinguished." A famous English actress, too fat for the movies, took her in hand. She did scales and breathing exercises, learned new pronunciations and intonations. Luckily she was a good mimic, an apt pupil.

Sara and Michael laughed at some of her new pronunciations and, at first, she did feel rather affected. But they were correct. Why be provincial, when you have a chance to be cosmopolitan, instead?

Simultaneously, came the work of getting Diana's figure into correct screen proportions. She found out that you photograph ten pounds heavier than you actually are. She had thought of herself as a slim girl. Now she discovered her hips were too big, her waist thick, her shoulders heavy.

First she was put on a diet, which cut out most of the things she liked. Sweets, bread and butter, potatoes. She found that her diet was far less strenuous than many others who were aiming for a movie career.

There were exercises and massage, too. The exercises were mostly bending and stretching. The massage was actually painful. A woman came in each morning and pommelled, until Diana ached all over, though later she felt eager and alive and her skin tingled.

This wasn't all of Diana's making-over process. Her nose was too fat. This meant an actual operation. Diana felt like rebelling. She didn't rebel.

She went to a hospital instead. She was awfully frightened. A nurse jammed needles of novocaine into her nose. A doctor cut and snipped. It didn't hurt—not right away.

A few hours later the pain was dreadful and in spite of the ice-bags the nurse brought Diana tossed in misery. In a few days the pain was gone but Diana's nose was swollen and discolored. What if the doctor had made a mistake? What if her nose was spoiled forever.

The doctor and nurses laughed at her fears. It was one of the simplest operations, they told her. In a week the stitches



Nancy Carroll

**plays safe
with her
handbags**

This charming actress carries only handbags featuring the security of the automatic-locking

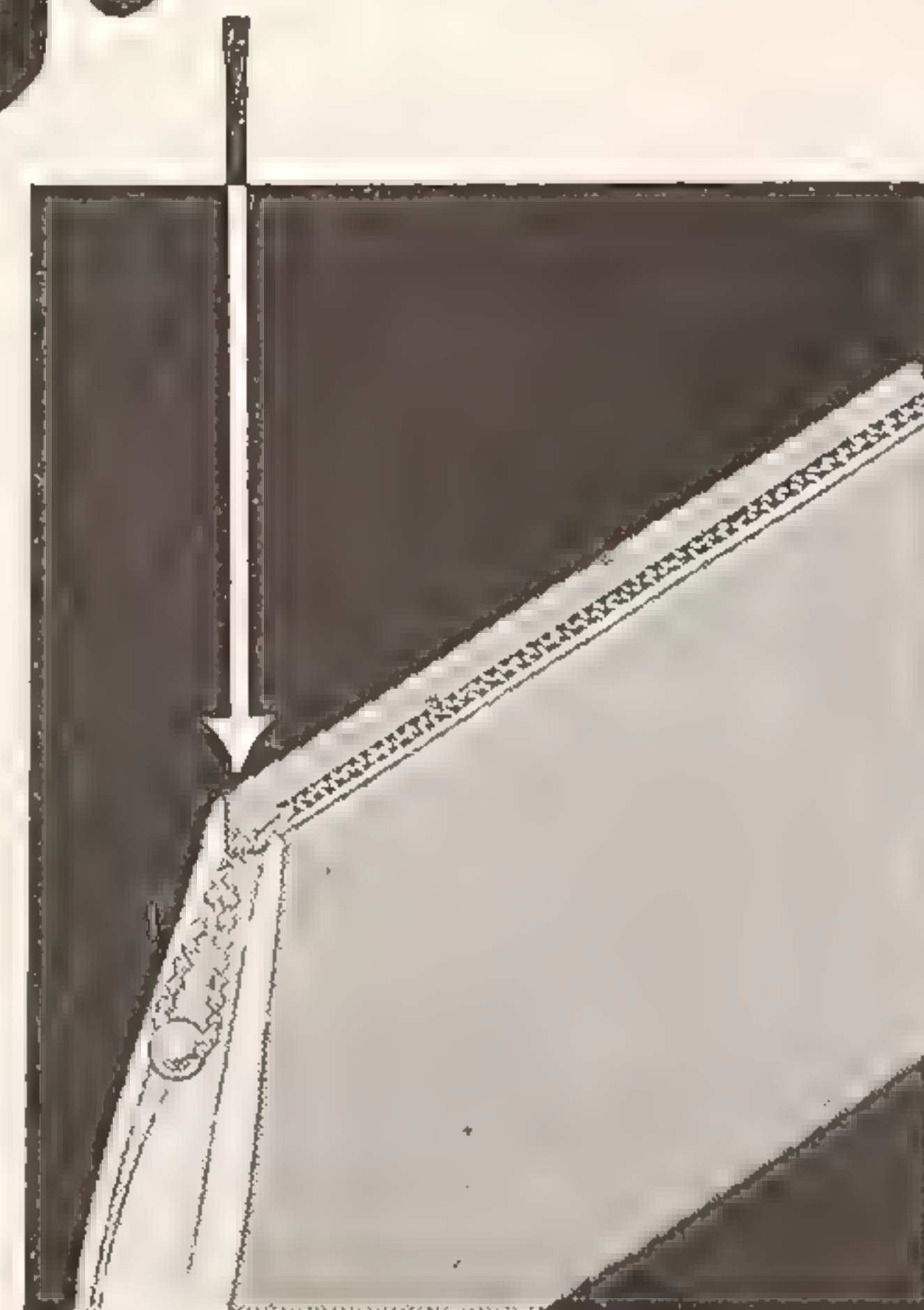
Talon slide fastener
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ONE thing the clever actresses of Hollywood won't tolerate is the haphazardly fastened handbag. They want security—as well as smart style—at all times. That's why they insist upon handbags featuring the Talon automatic-locking slide fastener.

They've found that this flexible, easy-working fastener gives them

absolute protection against accidental opening—that it means extra convenience—extra trimness.

And you'll find that TALON on a handbag always means superior quality and smart design—because only the finest manufacturers make their handbags with Talon fasteners. And all the leading stores sell them—in your own favorite styles.



Here's your protection—the automatic-locking feature! Tug at the sides of your bag, drop it, turn it over—the fastener can't come open, even a little, unless you pull it.



Fellow funsters! Jack Oakie welcomes to Hollywood Herb Williams, left, and Willie Howard, from the Broadway comedy stage, now in pictures.

were removed. In two weeks Diana had a new nose. From the front there was no change. Profile, it was classic in its perfection.

Teeth came next. Two of Diana's teeth were too small. They seemed dark, caused her mouth to look uneven. A dentist cut them down, provided them with jacket crowns, matching perfectly the teeth next to them. This meant more novocaine, more days of unpleasantness. But now, when she smiled, Diana's teeth were even and white.

She wondered if other girls went through this process of being made over. She found that many of them did. She heard stories of teeth being made even, of noses and ears straightened, of lines removed, of eyes slit at the corners to make them larger. The public wanted perfection. The public must be served.

Diana's brown hair was lightened until it was almost gold. It was given a new cut and a new wave. Now she was ready!

New make-up to darken and accentuate her eyes and lashes. Rouge to accentuate the appearance of her already high cheekbones.

It seemed curious to Diana that all of this time and energy should have been spent on her—an unknown girl without influence. She found it was just one of the things that went into making topsy-turvy, fascinating Hollywood.

There were new tests. And the awkward girl, a bit too hippy, with a nose that wasn't quite right, was transformed into a glorious girl with glinting hair, a tip-tilted nose, lovely, even teeth, a graceful body.

Diana's first picture was not important. The star hogged the biggest scenes. After the cutting room did its share Diana's part was very slim, indeed. She was in a picture. That was the main thing. And she was not humiliated when she saw the rushes.

"Fishermen's Wives" was a little better. She had more to do—and had learned to be at home on the screen. Several reviews spoke of her and some of the publicity the studio sent out about her appeared in the newspapers.

Two more pictures followed. In both of them Diana was adequate, pretty—and unimportant.

She was a real movie actress! She knew her way about. She knew about "sound tracks" and "location" and "dolly shots." She knew how unimportant authors are and how script girls always make mistakes. She knew fifty technical terms, a dozen stage tricks. She knew directors and featured players and stars. She learned a dozen unprintable scandals, fifty small

intrigues. She knew about the star who was so generous that no one would believe all the good she did. About the star who was so stingy and mean no one could bear her. And about the brave he-man star who was constantly in fear of his life. She knew of real and fancied romances.

Her own life was singularly free from intrigue or excitement during those first pictures. Trauber, unlike the usual producer of fiction, did not try any unnecessary intimacy. Herrick was always cool, silent, business-like. A few of the other important men spoke to her but none of them made anything that could be construed as "passes."

One star, already on his way out, became a little too ardent and threatened to "get even" when Diana repulsed him. She knew there was nothing he could do. A few harmless young men asked for dates but it was easy enough to discourage them. A few girls were a bit catty. That was all.

Iowa and Sunny burst in to see Diana, after the release of her third picture, and remembered how intimate they had been on the train and how they had promised to "stick together." Diana promised to do anything she could for them. They were still extras. Their "influence" hadn't helped them, though Sunny thought she saw a chance to be a regular bit player and Iowa felt that with the proper break, her own success couldn't be far off. They both let Diana know that they felt her "success" hadn't been quite fair.

Diana still loved being with Michael, though he didn't seem quite as much fun as he had been. For one thing, she was usually tired. Michael didn't have much money to spend, for things weren't going awfully well with him and he refused to let Diana pay for any of their amusements or even go "Dutch treat." Oh, he knew she could afford it. That was part of the trouble. But when he took his girl out he'd pay for her! She'd been satisfied, before, with what he had to offer. He seemed a little put out, too, when Diana recognized people in gay groups and he always refused to join them.

"I can't afford to pay my share and I won't sponge," he'd say. "Besides, all they can talk is pictures. They don't care anything about me. It's you they want. If you want to see them you'd better go with them when I'm not along."

Diana wanted to be loyal to Michael. She began to be invited to parties and she tried to persuade Michael to accompany her. After she'd stayed away from a dozen because she didn't want to go alone she began to listen a bit more eagerly to other invitations.

When Tony Bryant, the star in "April

Rain," Diana's last picture, asked her to go to a party with him she told him she'd go. She knew all about Tony. He was separated from his wife but not divorced. He was good-looking, jolly, gay, successful. And Michael seemed so settled and serious.

Tony took her to supper at a colorful Hollywood café and then to a party at Grenna Mayfor's beach house. There was quite a bit of drinking—but Diana had seen drinking before. The crowd was jolly and didn't break up until after a ham and egg breakfast. Diana was glad she didn't have to be at the studio the next day—but she was glad, too, she'd been to the party.

"Let's go out a lot more," begged Tony. "You seemed so prim at the studio. I'm glad to find you can be gay, outside."

This was living! Why not? You're young only once. She was a Hollywood movie actress! She had had her first raise. Everyone told her how well she was doing. New friends who were jolly—and nice parties—that was part of the picture, too.

There were more parties. A week-end party at Ella and Sam Moreland's country place, with funny practical jokes and gay laughter and not too much drinking. And parties where you met stars and directors. Diana found out about the different sets—some exclusive and conservative, others a bit too wild, too gay. She tasted them all.

What if you were a little tired in the morning? Just so you went to bed early, the nights before you were in pictures and didn't drink too much and didn't get in a scandal. Have fun! What else was life for, anyhow!

Diana and Michael still had pleasant, calm evenings together. He was still Michael, handsome and sensible and good—but he didn't seem as understanding. He talked seriously about Diana's new friends. She liked her new friends. Could Michael be jealous? He talked about marriage. Diana wasn't interested in marriage.

There were other things to think about, besides parties and Michael. Important things.

Diana was cast for an innocuous rôle in a rather unimportant picture. Shooting would start soon, and in the meantime she was keeping up with her studies. English, singing—and now she was starting to take French, too.

And then a curious thing happened. A big picture, "Scarlet Stain," was getting ready for production. Alva Winters had been cast to play opposite Lucian Roemer. And Alva Winters, at the last minute, wouldn't take the part! The rôle was that of a scheming woman and Alva felt that it would ruin her forever with her public, who had seen her only in sweet young girl parts. Funny, how the public sometimes gets acted parts and personality mixed up! Alva was afraid of that.

Six stars, then, were offered the rôle, read over the story—and declined. Then Maybelle Morrison, who was beginning to fade, considered the rôle. She had been a glamorous girl before talkies came in. She talked a lot of "coming back," not knowing that that means you're already on the way out.

"I couldn't think of coming back in an unsympathetic rôle," she said. "The millions who are waiting for me wouldn't want me like that." Which, curiously enough, was one of the last things, for the public, that Maybelle ever said. She never got the offer of another good rôle.

They decided to make the part less important and find a good leading woman, instead of a star, to play it. And all the prominent leads to whom they offered it declined!

Diana read the part and liked it. She

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"...too many women are reluctant to talk frankly about such a delicate subject."

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had an idea. She immediately went to Trauber with it.

"Why can't I play *Belle* in 'Scarlet Stain'?" she asked.

"I thought you were all set in 'Friends Forever'."

"You can find a hundred girls to play that!"

"And you think I can't get anyone to play *Belle*?"

"It looks that way."

"You think you're big enough—after half a dozen minor rôles?"

Diana grew earnest. "Honest I am," she said. "You took a chance, getting me

here at all. If you'll take one more chance—"

"But your first big rôle, in an unpleasant character!"

"I don't care. It would take years, before I'd get that far, any other way. Hundreds of girls like me are trying to get ahead—to say nothing of the thousands of extras. Try me out anyhow!"

Trauber smiled. That wouldn't be a bad idea. Diana's salary was low, compared to the girls he'd been considering for the rôle. He couldn't get anyone he really wanted. This attractive girl with her eager, confident air might be just the

one for the part. The production date had already been delayed. The release date was getting too near for much more experimenting.

The next day Diana was given a test for "Scarlet Stain." A pretty little blonde was given her part in "Friends Forever." And Diana waited and worried. What if she'd made a mistake, thrown away her opportunity? She felt that the result would make or break her movie career. Three days later Trauber called her in and told her she could have the part of *Belle* in "Scarlet Stain."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"I Won't Be A Hollywood Hero!"

Continued from page 17

his dressing-room. He frankly doesn't care for interviews, but he is too polite to be rude to those who are interested in him. It was a warm Saturday morning, and he had knocked off eighteen holes of golf at Toluca. He looked as if a valet had just turned him out.

"There is a regular rigamarole for stars, you know." He grinned and tilted his chair back against the wall. "You're supposed to have dash. To be daffy, I say! They claim you have to put on an act, and it's curtains when you're caught short without your trimmings." If there had been a spittoon, and if Randy were the sort who'd chew tobacco, he would have aimed for it then. He ran his right hand through his sun-bleached hair and his blue eyes, characteristically stern, twinkled amusedly.

"I didn't nourish a dying passion to be a movie actor. Unlike *Merton*, I never dreamt of a fabulous salary and fans in my food. I prefer my glitter in a Joan Crawford flicker, where I can take it or leave it alone. My money is going into bonds, not into 'front!'"

You mustn't infer that Randy isn't serious about his work; he is. But he sharply defines the line between the actual job of acting and "what a lot of folks expect goes with it." The fast and flashy mode is not for him.

"I don't think nonsense is necessary," he went on. "A certain amount of publicity, yes. Of a dignified brand, so you won't blush when you catch your own eye in a mirror. I don't think you have to be ostentatious.

"Nor go Bohemian, either. You know," he confided, "my mother is a religious woman and she brought us up in what Hollywood would dub the old-fashioned way. To control our emotions, to respect our elders, and ourselves."

Which is why Randy isn't taking his present click big, of course. He was born in the South, of a fine family, and his heritage is not that of the topsy-turvy, irresponsible show-world product. Instead of cultivating influential big shots, he naturally knows them because his good breeding and air of intelligence has attracted them. Others move into Beverly mansions. Randy stays on in his single apartment, untempted by the opportunity for flaunting his fame.

His mother's principles, handed on to him, are why he hasn't married yet, too. He is one of "the top" in the feminine rating of the colony. Remarkably handsome, clean-cut, eligible in every respect, Randy would be a terribly romantic lover because he is such an idealist. And an excellent head of a household because he is so steady.

The average movie male is impulsive. Fun for a fling, but seldom sure-fire for a long run—as a lady star aptly phrased it for me. I believe an important part of Randy's vogue is due to women sensing the genuine qualities of the man. Here is no suddenly blown-up Lothario.

He has dated several of our screen beauties, for he likes companionship. But he has never fallen in love; Hollywood's standards and his don't agree. Easy-come, easy-go is not in his lexicon; his must be the bride the years will shine on. So far, he hasn't met a girl whom he could love with all his heart, who could stay on the pedestal a lady should adorn.

"Stop me if I'm being too direct," he mused. "But the truth is that most of the girls I've encountered don't seem to want to settle down." Since he obviously was not steeled against reporters, as Hollywood heroes are with their lines calculated to excite, I didn't take advantage of his honesty. You nice young women, cheer up. Men like Randy Scott are going for just your sort, so don't let your code get hotcha!

He hasn't sacrificed directness for diplomacy. As far as that goes, he hasn't given up his varied interests. The one-track mind is standard equipment for the boys in his class. Hollywood heroes are intrigued with themselves and their other topic is the movies. This rebel prefers to discuss a variety of things. I had to urge him to talk about himself.

"I came West with no serious intentions lurking beneath my calm surface," he declared. "You see, I was destined to go places in the textile manufacturing business. I enrolled at Georgia Tech—you know, 'I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech—!' When I was permanently black-balled from the varsity, on account of some injuries I received on the frosh football

team, I went back to my native state, and to the U. of Virginia."

Randy's father was an administrative engineer, and a good one. He sent his pride and joy to Europe and then, realizing the textile business held no allure, attempted to rouse a liking for his own kind of work. Very likely Randy would have stayed there in the South if a chum hadn't persistently extolled the West. Before becoming a solid pillar of Virginia he vacationed in California for five months.

"I hadn't even tried to get inside of a studio. Shortly prior to packing for the return trip, my friend and I were golfing with Howard Hughes. He kidded us for leaving without getting a glimpse of 'the inside Hollywood.' We told him okay, go ahead and arrange us a peep. He had us sent out to Fox as extras the next day."

Done up in a form-fitting Australian uniform, Randy Scott stood out of the crowd like a neon sign. By noon the head casting director was on the set, expressly to interview him. He left when Randy had consented to a test. Before the end of the day a Cecil DeMille scout had heard of this wonder and had wangled his way in to leave word that the great C. B. desired a conference!

Bewildered at all this attention, and enchanted by his brief glimpse of how pictures were made, Randy reported to DeMille, who was then casting "Dynamite." Being a fellow Southerner, and astute judge of potential talent, and, so it turned out, a friend of a friend of Randy's, the director waxed enthusiastic.

"If you'd ever read a line on a stage I'd put you into the lead in my new production!" he exclaimed. "But since this is my very first talkie, I can't take the risk. You ought to stick around out here, though. Get some stage training. I'm sure you've got what we want!"

An airmail letter home informed the Scott family of this amazing turn. If he really thought he'd be satisfied with acting, they answered, they had consented to allow him to see what he could do.

Comprehending that the sensible move was to acquire literal instruction, Randy scorned the obvious, flashy system so many Hollywood heroes have followed. He might have been lazy, and relied on pull. He might have gone in for film society, partying until there were other offers. He didn't even bother to "be seen" at premieres and night spots.

What he did was to go over to the Pasadena Community Playhouse, the West's foremost dramatic training school. Eight months of coaching there led to three professional juvenile engagements on Hollywood stages. The third play, starring Leo Carrillo, was Randy's last. Paramount put his name on one of their dotted lines and presto, he was a screen hero!

That he was capable of stepping into picture prominence in so short a time was due



'Atta boy, Hugh Herbert, stick to it and some day you'll be able to roll your own so they'll smoke.

to luck, yes. But far more to his study. Acting is a regular job to Randy, an acquired taste. He has gone about it exactly as he would have learned the rudiments of engineering had he remained in Virginia.

He wasn't encouraged to try for dramatic rôles, being kept for almost four years in Westerns. They consistently made big profits and the producer in charge of them knew what a draw the Scott fellow was.

That he escaped the rough-riding rut in one jump is but another tribute to his personality and application. That he waited for his aptness to speak for him, rather than prodding the producers with sensational methods, in typical Hollywood hero fashion, is significant. He still avoided publicity. Nothing can force him into the familiar, pushing, egotistical pattern; neither underestimation nor, as at present, a rush of popularity. He realized what being in "Roberta" with Irene Dunne, Fred Astaire, and Ginger Rogers might mean. But, still, he doesn't gloss over the real story of how he got the part which has definitely lifted him into the front row at Paramount.

"I had done several pictures with Bill Seiter, who was set to direct 'Roberta,' and one day he 'phoned me that he thought I'd be a natural for the football hero. I didn't think I really had a chance, because I'd heard Joel McCrea was going to get it. After all, I'd been doing outdoor stuff for so long that most of the directors on my own lot never dreamt of me in any other light.

"But I was called over to Radio for a test. Later Seiter told me I would have the rôle. As I came back here, to my dressing-room, I ran into Joel downstairs, just about to use the pay-phone. 'Come on upstairs where it's quieter,' I said. He called his wife and, of course, I couldn't help overhearing. 'I've had a fight with von Sternberg, and I'm quitting the Dietrich picture. But I'm going right into Bill Seiter's film' said Joel.

"Naturally, I didn't say anything to Joel, but I thought to myself, 'Well, that's how it is.' Next morning I was out at Toluca, playing golf. A caddy ran out from the clubhouse, saying I should come in for a very important call. I said, 'Oh, nuts!' What was the use of getting perturbed. It couldn't be anything that couldn't wait until I finished my game.

"When I did go in, it was Bill Seiter. They were waiting for me to go right into the made-up tests! Joel was out! Afterwards I discovered that he could have had the part if his agents hadn't demanded nearly three times what Radio had been paying him."

Today, thanks to that break, Randy is finishing the lead opposite Margaret Sullavan in one of Paramount's biggest productions, "So Red the Rose." He has become far too valuable to consign to any more Westerns.

His hope is that his good luck will hold out, so that he may remain in California indefinitely. The art of acting intrigues him and he is happy that at last he is receiving assignments which allow substantial scope for improvement. Not having a long theatrical preparation, he feels that only plenty of diligent concentration will get him by.

Golf and swimming are his hobbies, and he is a sun-tan fan. Acquiring a gorgeous bronze is one of his personal problems. Being so fair, he darkens quickly—and then four days in on the sets and he has to start all over again.

Randy is 100% alert as he is progressing; watching and absorbing what he thinks will help him. But, as he stated so emphatically, he's becoming no Hollywood hero; even if it's customary with screen success. He refuses to go high-hat, hay-wire, or to hand out any hooey. And any of you damsels who are hatching a campaign for his affections take my tip: you'll do better if you lure like a lady!



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High-Flying Hollywood

Continued from page 23

discovery who screen-debuted in "The Flame Within" and who plays opposite Ruth Chatterton in her come-back picture.

This, at least, is the expert verdict of Bob Blair, head of the Los Angeles Municipal Airport. Favorite instructor of stars; it was he who taught Ruth Chatterton and who accompanied her on her recent New York-to-Hollywood spin. She keeps her 'plane at his field, and reports almost every day for more advice. Carole Lombard and Jimmy Dunn are also among his pupils now.

Query a press-agent as to stellar aeronautical ability and force of habit causes big blowing. Men like Blair, however, are not so extravagant with their statements. After all, being able to handle an airship competently, entirely on your own, is far different from posing prettily next to one and letting a professional pilot assume responsibility.

For example, Ann Harding has frequently been described as an air ace. Yet she does not fly herself. When she and Harry Bannister first were flung into Hollywood wealth, they not only built that magnificent mountain-top palace, but a \$17,000 'plane was ordered, too. It was her husband who was the real flyer of the family, and after their split Ann sold the ship. She often utilizes the airways, but she hires her pilot.

"In my opinion," says Bob Blair, an impartial critic to whom the stars rate only on genuine ability, "the two I'd absolutely trust under any conditions, any time, are Ken Maynard and Louis Hayward. Those men are the unadulterated McCoy!"

"The best among the women is undoubtedly Ruth Chatterton. And she's been at it for just three months. Already she is equal to the majority of men flying today—you can verify this by the Department of Commerce inspectors."

Ken Maynard's Stearman 'plane is the seventh he has owned in that many years. He was the first Hollywood player to secure a pilot's license, which he did in 1928. With more than five thousand hours to his record, he is the most audacious of them all. Soloing over Mexican wastelands is one of his habits. Between films he is acquiring a first-hand knowledge of archeology by flying down to the ancient Mayan ruins to pal with the scholars excavating there.

"Flying isn't half as dangerous as riding a horse!" exclaims Ken. Mrs. Maynard enjoys accompanying him and they wouldn't dream of any other means of transportation when they crave to get away from it all. Lucky for this husband that he picked a wife who shares his hobby. He is glad the ladies are becoming more courageous, asserting that it is their participation in the fun which has brought about all the comforts the new 'planes possess.

The new Waco that Louis Hayward has purchased cost \$15,000. This twenty-five-year-old character juvenile from England is mad about the whole business of flying. He totes a brief-case full of data around and beams as he masters another table of facts. His life has been thoroughly affected, too, for he was one of those theatrical souls who preferred to sleep days and stay up nights. Since coming to Hollywood and concentrating on movies and airplanes, he has reverted to normalcy.

The most expensive 'plane in all Hollywood is Wallace Beery's. Years ago when he first started as a star, Wally was mad about autos. He had the latest and drove at a furious speed. Flying captured his

heart right after he appeared in "Robin Hood," so you can gather how long he's been an air addict. But he is not fond of stunts.

"Only experts should try them," he states with emphasis. "Flying is a cinch for anyone who is an excellent automobile driver. You won't flop if you're careful. Accidents are due to the people pulling boners, not to the 'planes. Today they've been perfected."

His new Bellanca is a six-passenger cabin-cruiser which set him back \$26,000



Apt pupil! Ruth Chatterton and Bob Blair, the star's aviation instructor, beside Ruth's 'plane.

and averages two hundred miles an hour. It is equipped with every possible instrument and contrivance. As a matter of fact, Wally's is the only private 'plane in the United States which has a radio compass. He can tune in on a station and be automatically guided to it!

He has bounced like a rubber ball when caught in storms. But, although Mrs. Beery and his studio have worried on occasions, they needn't have. Wally is beyond the age where he'd tempt fate. He believes that every person who flies should set a sensible, encouraging example.

A regular pilot is on duty at all times at the Beery hangar. Wally may decide on a business trip to New York and telephone for an appointment there tomorrow. Or he may want a quick jaunt to his mountain cabin at June Lake, in the California Sierras. There he has his own landing field and can eat a trout dinner and be back on the set in the morning. Incidentally, he's an officer in the U. S. air reserve force.

So is Ben Lyon, who learned to fly for his rôle in "Hell's Angels." A lieutenant in the 322nd Army Pursuit Group at Long Beach, Ben is a conservative flier. Twice he has cracked-up, but both times he escaped injury and he himself was not piloting. Oddly, world-renowned men were! While riding with Jimmy Mattern, Ben was pancaked to earth near San Bernardino. Then, when he went up with Roscoe Turner to assist in welcoming an assemblage of aviators at the Breakfast Club one morning, he was amazed to find Turner's ship sitting down in the near-by river bed.

Ben's own 'plane burned in its hangar in Culver City last winter and when he and Bebe Daniels are certain that they'll

stay on the Pacific Coast they'll be in the market for another. Now film-acting at Fox, if they resume their stage show in the East they'll rent a 'plane when they wish to take off and up.

Bebe herself is honorary colonel of the army group to which Ben belongs. She has done some flying, but is still in the strictly amateur classification. Yet when friend hubby chose to fly the continent she accompanied him—twice, and with no twinges.

The only star who learned to fly during the World War is Paul Lukas. At Metro they claimed he was a genuine ace and has medals by the chestful. Paul's words, typically sincere, confute their boasts. "I was in the Hungarian air service; yes. But a hero? Oh, no. I thought it would be better to live than to die for my nation. I wasn't even in an air battle during those hectic days!"

He uses his 'plane for social excursions, to Palm Springs during the winter season, and to Del Monte for golf and tennis. Friends are invited along, but Daisy Lukas exercises wifely rights and goes by car. She is scared of his avocation.

While George Brent was married to Ruth Chatterton it was said that she refused to let him continue with his flying. Now that he is a lone wolf again he has bought a beautiful all-white monoplane and he disappears into the blue whenever he feels like it. His Kinner is a low-wing job and cost \$3,500. When Garbo returns from Sweden she probably will go sky-skidding with him. So far she tank she prefer Georgie's roadster!

There is something about Mexico's strange mountains and plains that intrigues the daring. Mr. Brent finds interviews a nuisance and after one of the bores last month he headed South to recupe. He had no notion where he was going, but charted his own course and didn't come home for ten whole days.

His conversation currently deals with the air tutoring he has begun. It cost him \$300 to learn to fly and he is anxious to help those who cannot afford expensive instruction. "It's the right of every young fellow," he states, in explaining why he is donating his time and his own 'plane for lessons. He has a couple of other pilots and 'planes lined up and all the aspirant has to pay is the actual cost of the gasoline required.

A number of the men in the transportation department at Warners are availing themselves of this opportunity. Harmon O. Nelson, Bette Davis's husband, intends to when his orchestral engagement in San Francisco ends. Ultimately Brent visualizes a Hollywood Air Legion; this may materialize before the year is over. When news of his proposed unit of patriotic flyers leaked out, he was deluged with feminine applications. Of course, they want *him* to be their teacher—which is a better gag than the old teach-me-to-swim trick!

The Brent-Chatterton parting wasn't quite so chummy as the Forbes-Chatterton separation, so Georgie isn't to be credited for Ruth's remarkable new air adeptness. It was while being flown to and from the desert last winter that she was inveigled into considering it herself.

Scintillating at whatever she decides to do, Ruth took to flying with astonishing nonchalance. She paid \$7,500 for her Stinson-Reliant 'plane and broke it in by piloting it across the continent. Ruth is not only the first actress to do this—and her flying time was twenty hours!—but she is the first woman in Hollywood actually to own an airplane. And it's no average affair, either.

On the contrary, she has it all dolled up. It's a four-seater. The cushions are red leather, and the rest is daintily upholstered exactly like an automobile's insides.

"Wash hand-knits with IVORY FLAKES,"

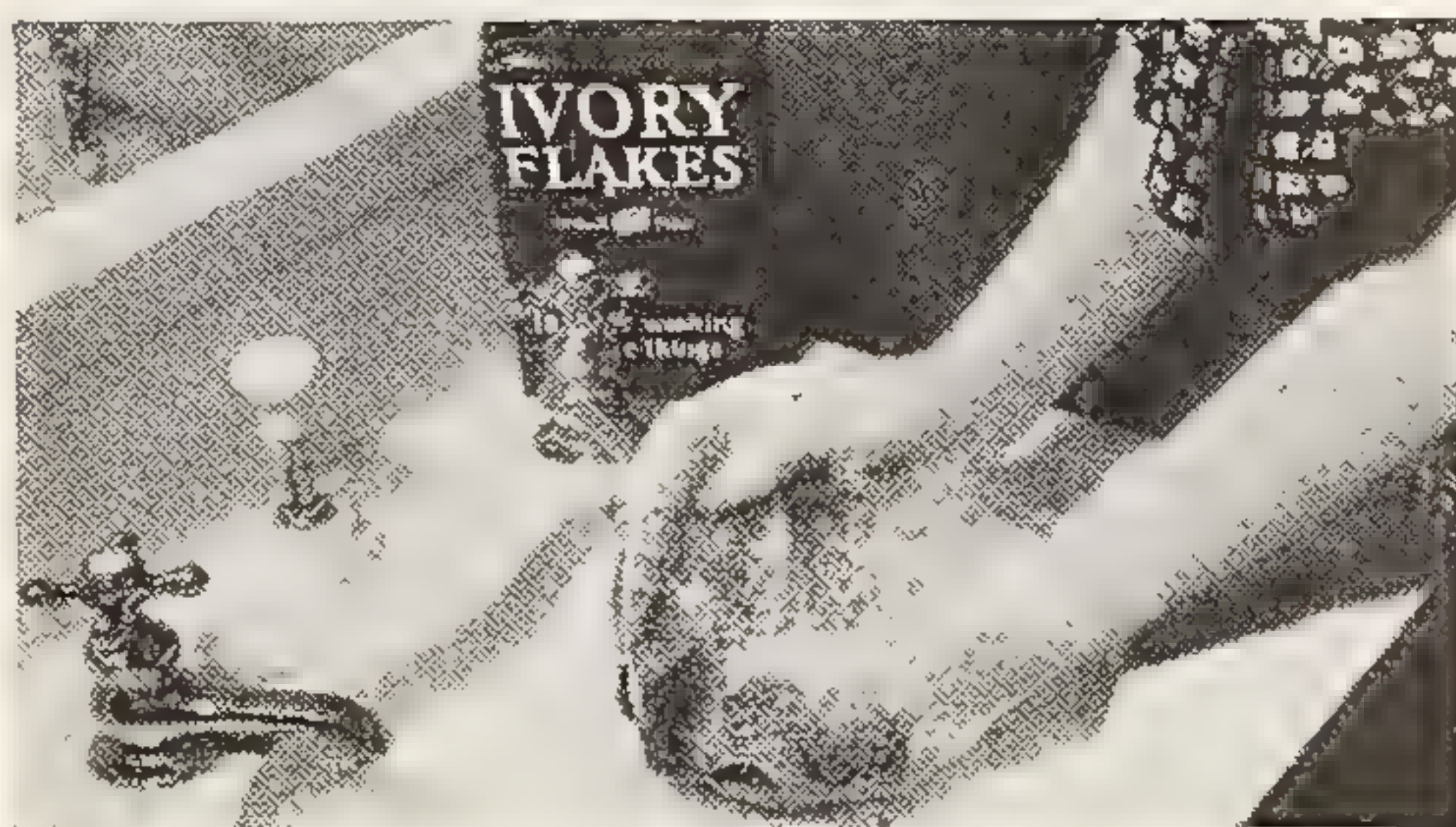
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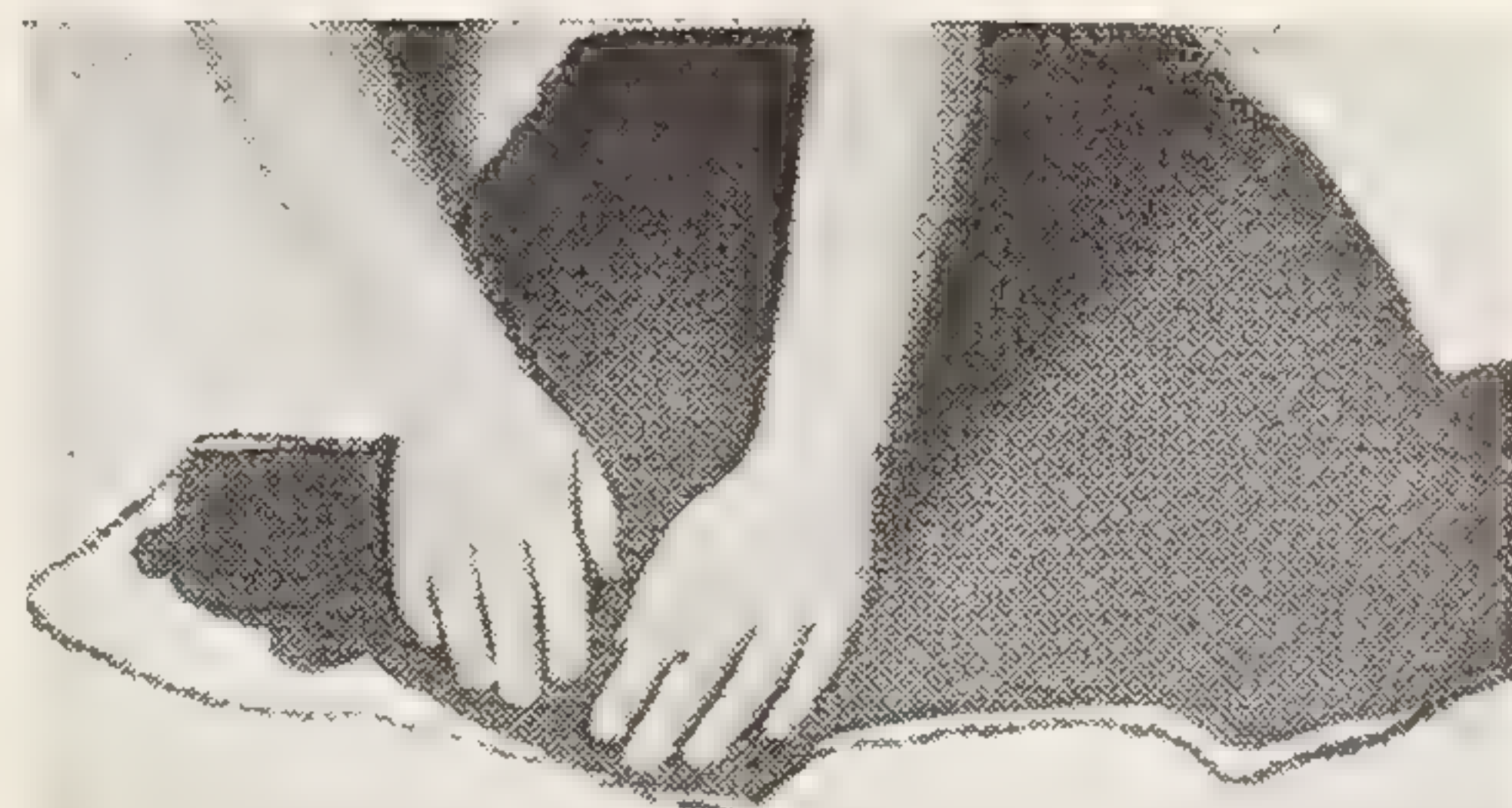
1. TAKE MEASUREMENTS or trace outline of sweater on heavy paper.



2. SQUEEZE LUKEWARM SUDS of pure Ivory Flakes through garment. *Do not rub, twist or let stretch.*



3. RINSE 3 TIMES in lukewarm water of same temperature. Knead out excess moisture in bath towel.



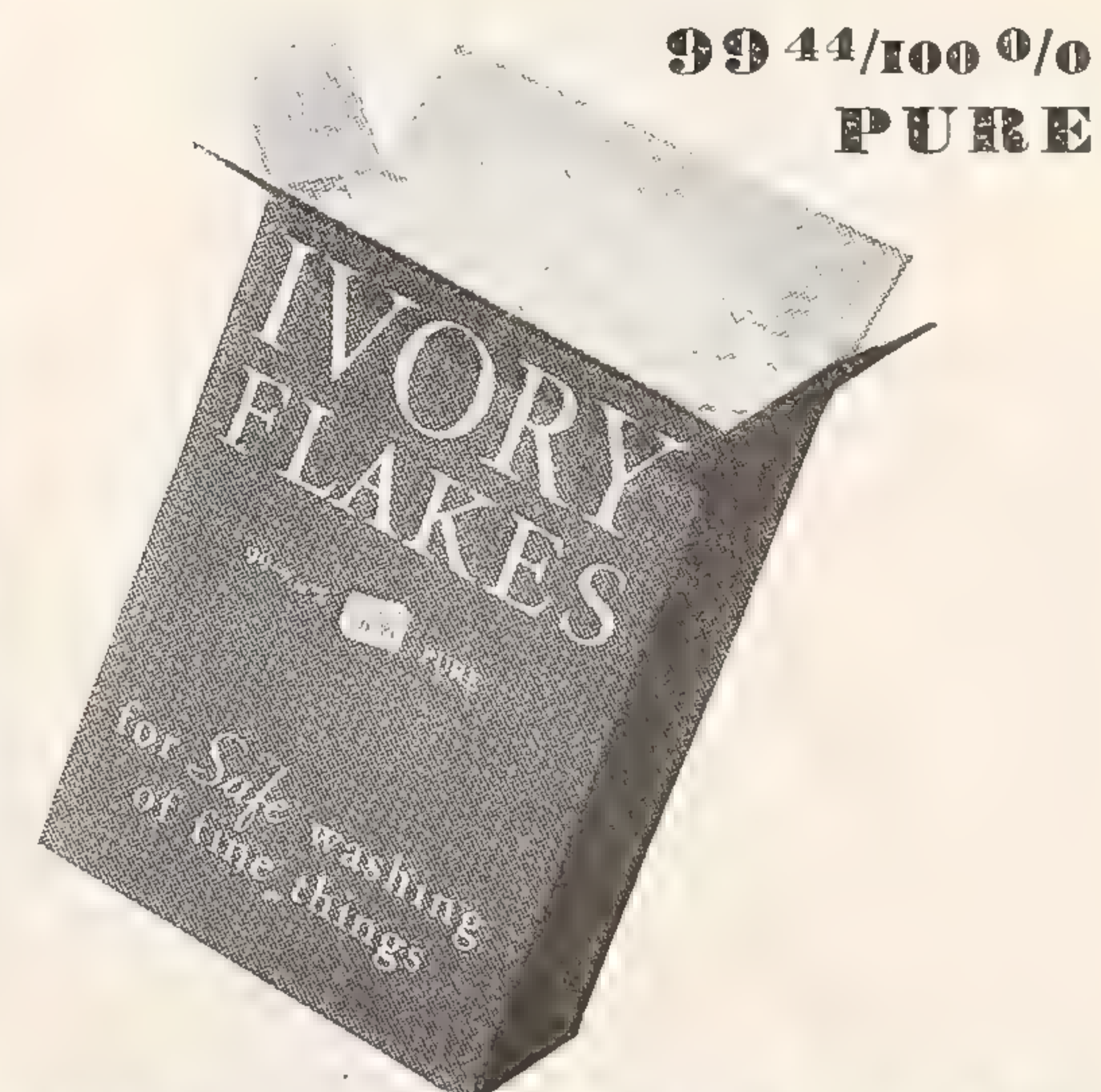
4. DRY FLAT, easing back (or stretching) to original outline.

WHEN DRY, appearance is improved by light pressing under damp cloth.

Knit one, purl one—when you put a lot of time into knitting a sweater you don't want it to become little-sister's-size after its first washing! Wool is sensitive—it shrinks at the mere mention of rubbing, hot water or an *impure soap*!

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IVORY FLAKES

B R I G H T

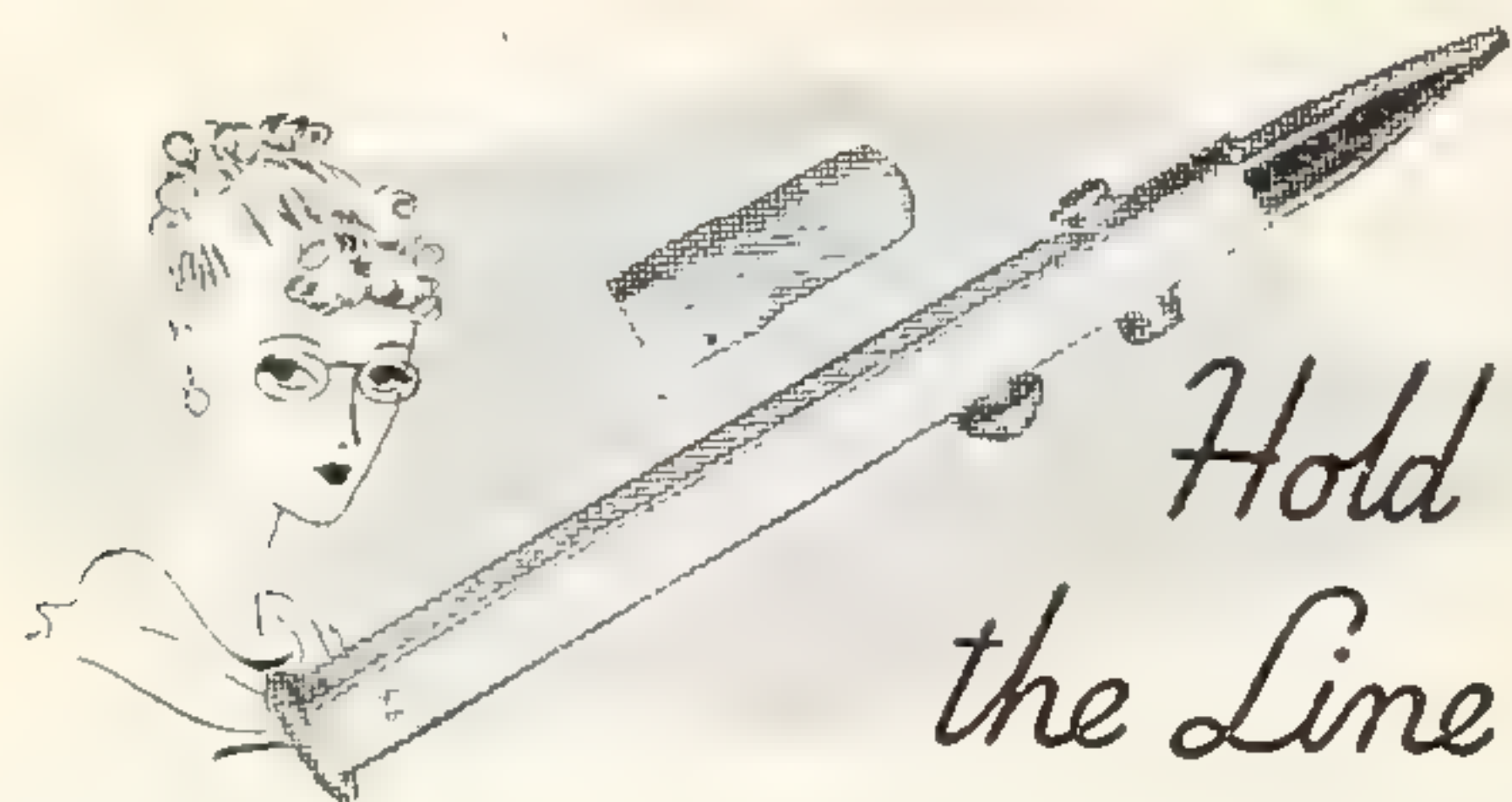
EYE IDEAS



by
Jane
Heath

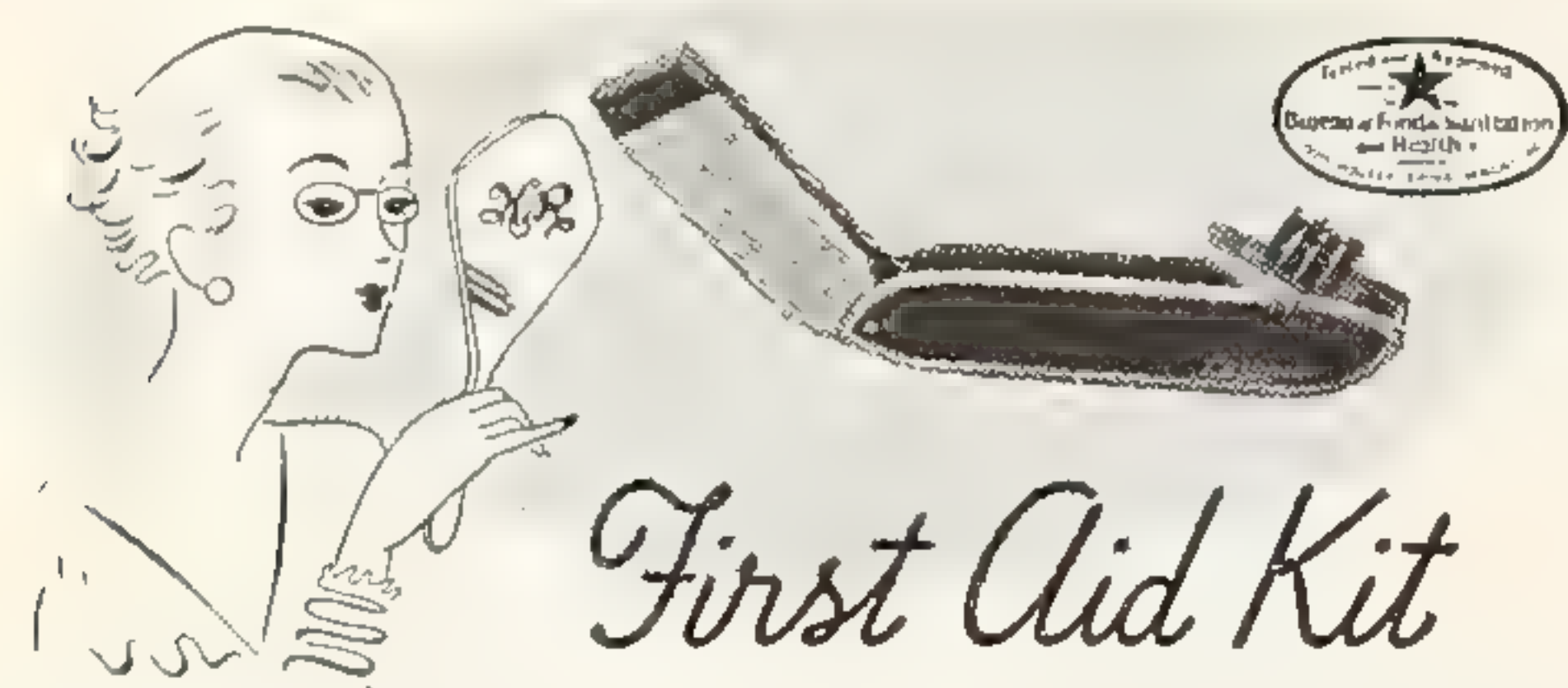
EYES BEHIND GLASSES!

Lots of women we know hesitate to wear glasses because they believe them unflattering. Not a bit, if you beautify your eyes! Glasses make them look smaller—so enlarge them . . . with KURLASH, the little implement that curls back your lashes lastingly between soft rubber bows. Your lashes appear longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter, deeper! Opticians recommend KURLASH because it keeps your lashes from touching your glasses. \$1, at good stores.



Hold
the Line

Don't neglect your eyebrows, either! TWEETZETTE, which "tweezes" out an offending hair at the touch of a button, is the easiest way known to shape your brows, painlessly, at home. Make them conform to the upper curve of your glasses, and the latter will be less noticeable! \$1, also, at your drug store.



First Aid Kit

Behind your glasses, you can use eye make-up liberally and defy detection! Try SHADETTE, at \$1, to give your eyes size and allure. And the little marvel LASHPAC to travel in your handbag everywhere. It holds a stick of mascara for accenting brows and a little brush to groom them later. Also \$1. Write me if you aren't sure what shades to use!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department C-10, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

The gray broadcloth has its cigarette cases, snap lights at the rear windows, and pulls to clutch when she zizzes you around a corner.

Her feat is spurring on several of our other glitter girls. If she can do it, so can they! Carole Lombard, who aspires for the crown as the town's most dashing miss, has had to sandwich her lessons in between studio calls, but she's bound to beat Ruth. As soon as she gets her license she'll buy a 'plane. You know what elegant ideas Carole has for her clothes and how gorgeously she did over her house—so hold your breath for the innovations she'll be introducing in airships!

Gail Patrick has quietly been discovering just how they're managed. She will be applying for her pilot's license in the near future. Gail didn't let Paramount in on her doings until she'd sat at the controls of an open Kinner on trial flights to Las Vegas and San Diego.

It's Grace Bradley who has to win her mama's okay before she can go at it in a really big way. She has experimented and, being twenty-one and full of vim, she liked it heaps. But she always waits for the maternal go-ahead signal. Good Gracie!

The one star who has suffered injuries is Hoot Gibson. He cracked up when entering the national air races two years ago. Hooter's 'plane was demolished and he was in the hospital for months. Well and active in Westerns again, he is vowing that it won't be long before he is the beaming daddy of another airplane.

When Robert Montgomery first became a star, he took up aviation. He got his pilot's license. And then Mrs. Bob said no and that was the finish of his flitting. Statistics be darned; it's dangerous to *her*! Besides, there's only one darling like Bob.

Stu Erwin's little woman feels precisely the same way. This past spring Stu had some weeks off, so he ambled out to an airport and took a few lessons. When June Collyer got around to checking up, Stu checked out. He's permanently grounded until she sees the light.

That wives *do* relent is proved by Mrs. Warren William's capitulation. She finally saw that Warren would be home more often if he were a flier than if she continued to object and he went on being such an ardent yachtsman. He goes to sea for days, but he's not apt to stay up that long! Consequently, the mechanically-inclined W. W. is enrolling for a complicated set of instructions.

The one husband and wife who have taken up flying together are the young Ross Alexanders. They consider an airplane part of a Hollywood success and so they each have become soloists of the first calibre.

Folks are frequently fooled by Evelyn Venable's dignity. It belies her extraordinary zest for everything thrilling. A bride of not quite a year, she has no kick to register at Hal Mohr's flying. Probably because she knows how useful an airplane can be. Here's a nevertold secret: her father opposed her marriage and she agreed to a trial separation for awhile during their engagement. But every so often she and Hal couldn't stand it—and so they sneaked off for a bit of spooning in Hal's 'plane! He is celebrating the signing of a new contract as a highly-paid cameraman by purchasing a new one. And Evelyn is going to learn to run it herself.

Henry Fonda upon arrival in Hollywood had five weeks to wait for his screen debut, "The Farmer Takes A Wife." Instead of hey-heying, he devoted the period to learning to fly. Not that he intends to buy a 'plane, but "just because it's a modern accomplishment every progressive young man should master." Who knows—if he falls in love it may be handy!

This flying craze meets with Jimmy Dunn's full sanction. He got the bug in "Bright Eyes," when he was supposed to be an aviator. Pretending was such fun he resolved to become a real one. A particularly promising pupil, he is coming along fine and will be whizzing his very own shortly.

After almost a decade's lay-off, Richard Arlen is re-enthused and swears he's going to be one of the best of the Hollywood boys. Acting as a war bird in "Wings" was so lengthy a process that he picked up a lot of pointers then.

Wally Beery and Ben Lyon have the highest rating the government gives, transport pilot licenses. The Ross Alexanders have applied for the same. To get even the regular pilot's license you must have fifty hours of sane, successful soloing, and must pass written and physical examinations.

So you understand that the stars who are foremost in the new thrill aren't faking. It isn't publicity—they can't do it with stand-ins! And, as they say at the swanky parties these nights, it is relaxing. You forget all your woes and concentrate on what and how you're doin'—or else!

Beauty Turns to Color

Continued from page 57

A group of make-up bars in department stores have established three types of make-up to go with cathedral colors. There is Veronese for the blonde. You come out looking ethereal, with the help of green and the tiniest bit of yellow in your powder, lip rouge that is light but has strong blue tones, and cheek rouge that has some blue or pale green in it and is absolutely minus in purple. Eye-shadow and mascara are blue or green.

Titian make-up for the lucky red-head uses a creamy powder. The rouge tones contain brown instead of the customary orange. The lipstick is brown and the eye shadow a gorgeous rich emerald. Brown mascara.

For the brunette, there's Florentine—a very rich yellow powder, purple rouge that's closer to the color of ripe plums than anything else, dark purplish red lipstick and a finishing touch of amethyst mascara and eye-shadow.

There is a fascinating evening powder that uses nine different shades, not mixed up, so you see the green, purple, yellow, red, etc., until the powder is actually on your skin. The basic color is adapted to one's skin tones and the other colors added to give a pearly transparent look instead of the appearance of a flat plane. The theory is that the light is reflected on the myriad particles of color in a way that gives an illusion of depth.

Eye-shadows are almost every color under the sun and there's a strong trend toward combining them. The only color that's taboo is red. Any shade of red makes the eyelids look puffy.

You'll find it easier to do a good job of applying eye-shadow if you put a foundation on your eyelids first the same way you do for cream rouge. Apply the eye-shadow from the middle of the lids out toward the temples, as close as you can get it to the



Cloth of gold and silver fox, and more importantly, Loretta Young, making a blend of beauty.

lashes and eyebrows, but never near the nose. If you apply cream rouge as you should, bringing it up toward the temples, the eye-shadow should be shaded right into the outer edges of the rouge.

With the increased use of cream rouge, by the way, the idea of applying color in a triangle is passé. Pat your cream rouge lightly over the cheekbones with one finger and blend it outward and upward with another. If you look tired or have dark circles, blend your rouge right up to the lower lids of your eyes. It'll take the place of six hours of sleep as far as appearance goes! Never bring your rouge down lower than the tips of your nostrils. Rouge applied low gives a heavy appearance. Using it high and blending it toward your temples has the effect of lifting the face as well as brightening the eyes.

Compact or dry rouge has just one use in modern make-up. That is to brighten or touch up your complexion, especially if you've gone pale during long hours away from your dressing-table. Apply it only on the area around your cheekbones, never close to your eyes. Dry rouge and powder must be kept away from the eyes as they have a dulling effect and the one important thing about eyes is to make them shine.

Use powder liberally, but for beauty's sake, do it in a way that makes you look unpowdered! Never rub your face with a powder puff. Pat and press it on, down the middle line—forehead, between the brows, nose, chin, and neck. Then smooth it gently out over the rest of the surface. A powder brush is one grand help, as you can whisk away any excess and completely avoid that "dipped in the flour barrel" look.

The tip of your little finger is the best tool you've got for making your lip rouge smooth, lasting, and non-transferable. Apply your lipstick to the center of your upper and lower lip, blend the color toward the edges with your finger-tip, and then run the stick firmly over the inside of both lips. When you retouch your lips, start inside and work out. If you want a dull, natural-looking finish from the start, press a cleansing tissue against your lips as soon as you've made them up. Then put the tissue between your lips and press them together. The shine comes off, but enough color stays on.

Does your hair add *ALLURE* to a "CLOSE-UP"?



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Use the individual shampoo for YOUR TYPE of
hair to bring out its beauty*

For OILY HAIR

Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo is simply grand because it's a *treatment* as well as a shampoo. Gets your hair clean as silk . . . rinses easily . . . and besides, it is gently *astringent*. Tends to tighten up those flabby oil glands that flood your hair with oil! Helps each shampoo actually to *improve the quality* of your hair!

Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo is *made especially for oily hair* by the makers of Packer's famous Tar Soap.

For DRY HAIR

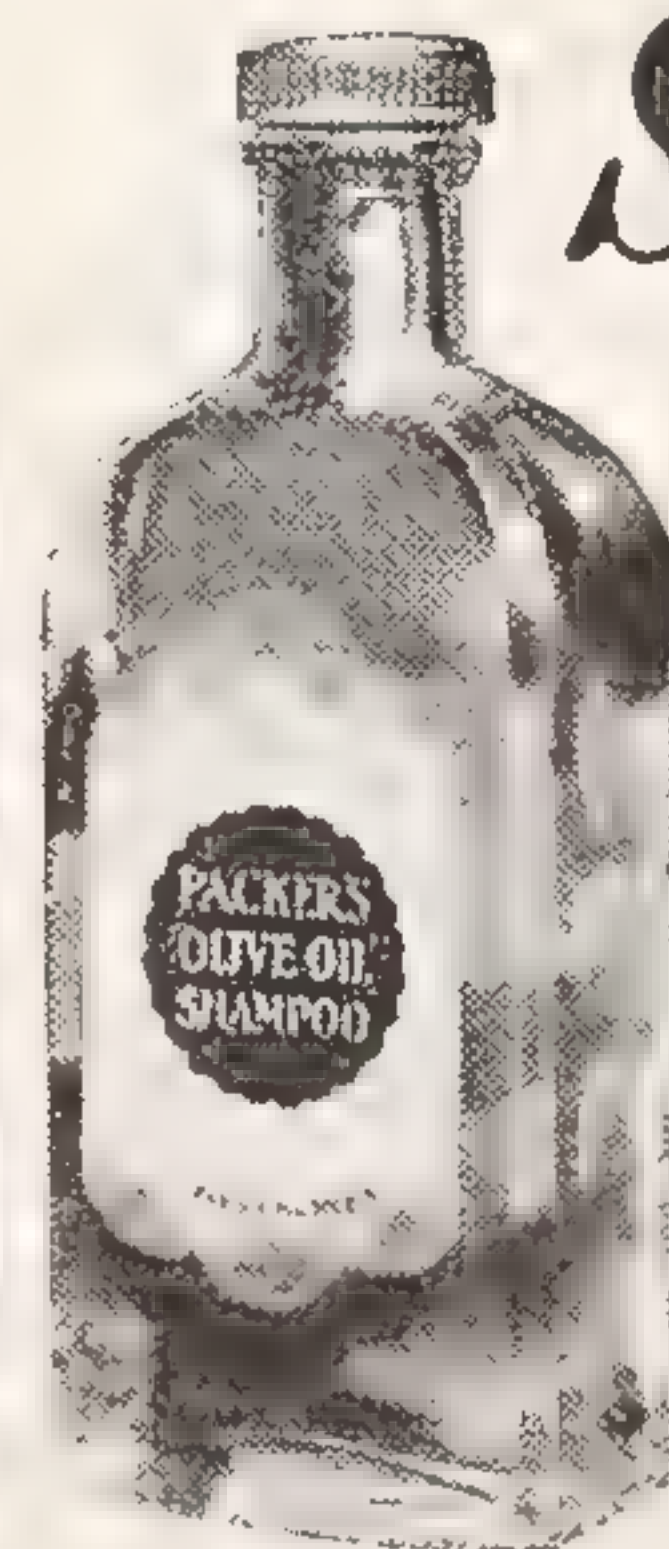
Never, *never* shampoo the dry type of hair with a *drying* soap or liquid! Use Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo—an emollient treatment *made especially* for dry hair. In addition to rich olive oil, it contains glycerine to soften your hair and make it shine.

Shampoo as frequently as you like with Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo. It is safe . . . made by specialists in the care of the hair and scalp for more than 60 years.

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for OILY hair



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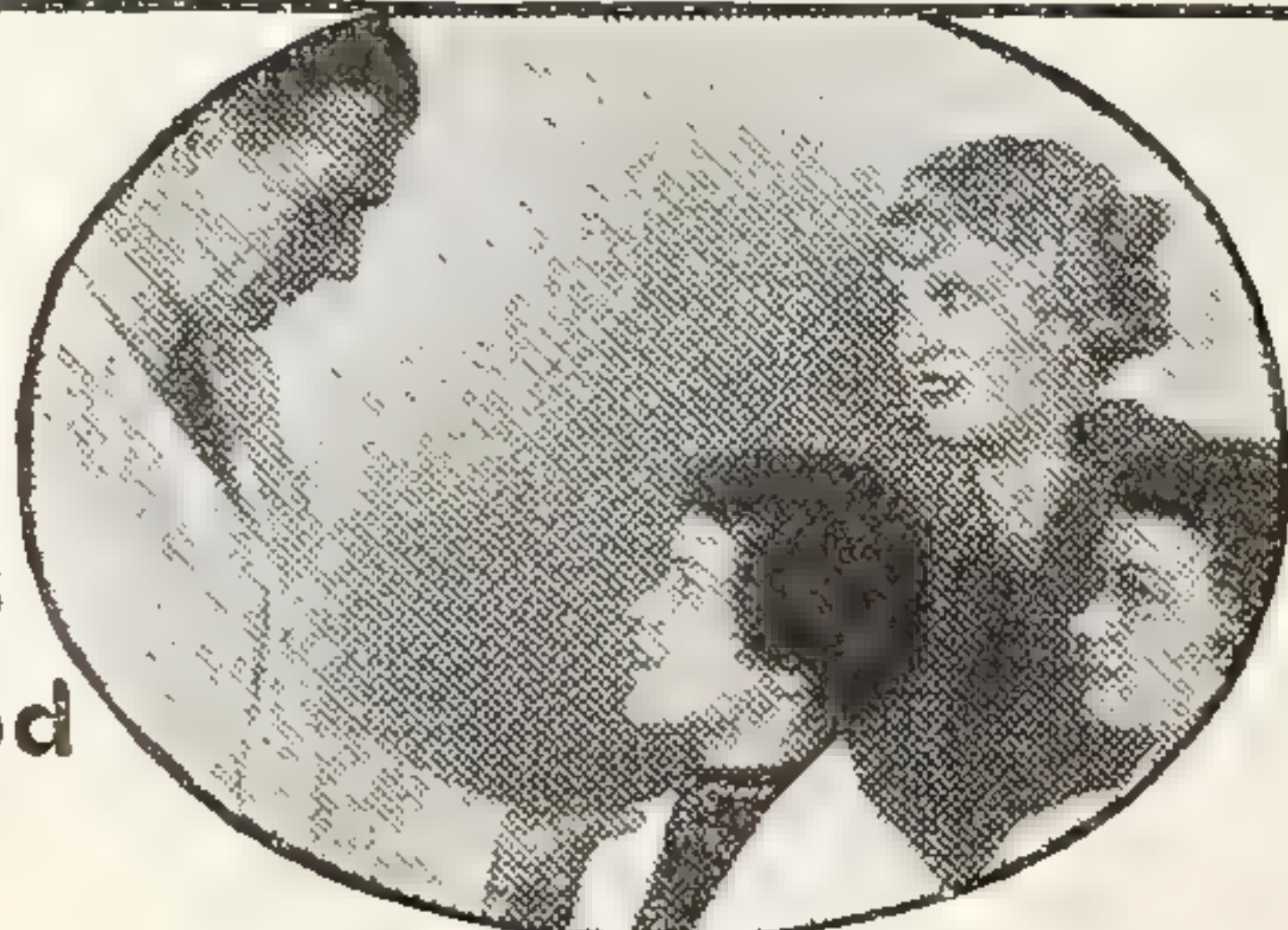
RICHARD ARLEN PICKS NATURAL LIPS AS LOVELIEST!



HERE'S WHAT RICHARD ARLEN SAW



Film star
chooses
girl with
Tangee lips
in Hollywood
test



• And most men agree with Richard Arlen!

Richard Arlen makes lipstick test between scenes of "Let 'em Have It," a Reliance Pictures production.

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Danger! Genius at Work!

Continued from page 25

after time and ruin film in attempting to portray. Above all, her response to the art of Chaplin amazes me. Much of the spontaneity and simplicity of truly great portrayal he has taught her, but I still contend that she could not, without her own fine intelligence and sensitivity, absorb these things to so adequate a degree. There are no hysterics here, no tears, merely quick reaction to suggestions—and then an eager, "Was I all right?" at the end of the scene. I can only hope that the screen will carry the wistfulness of her characterization as the waif, the mixture of boldness and fear in the gamin, and the sudden brilliance that stamps her as a person just as definitely as sophistication, ennui, or remoteness may mark other of our actresses.

Of the perfection of Chaplin's art there is little left to say. As he comes upon the set and calls "ready" to the cameraman, Charles Spencer Chaplin, patron of arts, philosopher, and political economist, drops out of existence, and the figure in overalls and enormous shoes becomes a symbol of the struggle of man to adjust himself to his world. That the struggle is humorous saves it from giving any pain. I feel that no one can be impervious to the whimsy of Chaplin's helplessness before the machines of the factory, the riotous imagination of his dream-world, the feeble defiance of jail and jailers, and the just as feeble attempt to imitate the tight-lipped and straight-laced human beings who would reform him.

During the days that I have watched this picture growing I have come to see clearly what I merely felt about the Chaplin pictures before. Since, in my teaching, I have been dealing with the material of drama and its history for some time, my conclusions are bound to be influenced by my profession. But at any rate, I perceive that the Chaplin films are today the only expression we have of universal comedy, and by "universal" I mean typical of the whole range of human experience and the unchanging nature of men. Our playwrights and novelists have lost the sense of magnitude that originally belonged to the art. They have limited comedy to type—drawing-room intrigue, mere light-hearted farce, or complete slapstick. Chaplin alone carries on the traditions of this form of drama which was born some 2400 years ago in Greece.

That may seem a large statement, but I am not afraid to make it, for I have the most expert testimony to uphold me—the testimony of the man who long ago defined both comedy and tragedy, and did the job so well that we have really added nothing important to what he had to say of them. His name was Aristotle, and he wrote about 350 B.C. This man sat among the citizens of Athens in the great amphitheatre as our critics sit in moving picture houses today, and watched the yearly festivals in which were produced the greatest tragedies and comedies of Greece. He decided that the line between tragedy and comedy was very thin. Both showed men in action, with the ordinary faults of human nature. The difference between the two, however, was this. Tragedy presented men whose faults led to their destruction, and the audience was expected to take warning from the fall of the great, and go home fearful. Comedy also showed men with all their faults, but this time the weaknesses were exaggerated until they were ridiculous, and the spectators could laugh at them even while recognizing their own follies in the characters on the stage.

The nature of true comedy has not changed since Aristotle watched in the open-air amphitheatre so long ago and came to his con-

clusions. If it is to have any significance it must still show men in action against big forces, and it must still make us see something of ourselves in the ridiculous fellow on the stage even as we rock with laughter at his antics.

Chaplin alone, I say, understands this purpose. He is producing comedy of pure fun, but also of a very large order. It gallops through all our average daily activities at a hilarious pace, at the same time showing us the ridiculous in mankind and his various organizations. We see Paulette as the waif, left with younger brothers and sisters to feed, joining Chaplin in the search for work and subsequent adventures. We see them both, very gay, making havoc of the order of a department store, while Chaplin attempts to teach the waif to skate—himself zipping perilously around the brink of a pit, looking back for her approval and much concerned that she merely covers her face and shrieks when he is waiting for applause. There will be the big shoes, the tiny mustache, and the meaningful grimaces; Chaplin sprawled upon a great dynamo, attempting adjustments with a crescent wrench; spurting oil in the face of the officer of the patrol wagon; sitting with a surprised but belligerent expression upon his fallen comrades in the prison corridor; or, just as surprised, in stiff decorum, drinking tea with the parson's wife. Such scenes are perfect buffoonery in a comedy that is great enough to know exactly how to use buffoonery.

To all this presentation of mankind and his society the screen is peculiarly well-adapted, for it can show action upon a large scale. Add to this factor the excellence of technique, of acting, of photography, and of story that make public satisfaction possible; throw in one uniting force—the genius of Chaplin.

What more can be asked?

These hints are all that I shall give. The picture does not "speak for itself" in the usual sense. It *ACTS* for universal mankind—and such has been the Great purpose of comedy for 2400 years!



Jane Baxter, screen beauty of the British studios, displays a new frock to advantage.

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Peggy. You know how to pick your favorites, and they are all winners, too. Katharine Hepburn was born in Hartford, Conn., on May 12, 1908. She is 5 feet 5½ inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Jean Harlow is 5 feet 3½ inches tall. Jean's latest is "China Seas," with Gable and Beery. Claire Dodd was born December 29, 1908. She has green eyes, blonde hair, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Kathleen Burke is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has brown eyes and dark brown hair. She was born in Hammond, Ind.

Marion L. S. We are having our raves, both private and public, over the fascinating Frenchman, Charles Boyer. Since his first featured rôle in "Caravan" with Loretta Young, my mail box has overflowed with letters asking about him. He played with Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea in "Private Worlds" and with Katharine Hepburn in "Break of Hearts," and is with Loretta again in "Shanghai." He was born in France but he doesn't say just when. His wife is the charming little English girl, Pat Paterson—yes, the same Pat who played with Nils Asther in "Love Time." Sometime ago Boyer appeared in "Heart Song," a British film, with Lilian Harvey and Mady Christians; in "Thunder in the East," with Merle Oberon, and in other European screen successes.

F. E. B. Pauline Garon hasn't been altogether inactive in pictures for she has been doing French versions of American films for some time and she will doubtless be seen on the screen again in our pictures, as so many of her friends are asking for her. That lovely little radio star, Frances Langford, who has won many admirers through Dick Powell's "Hollywood Hotel" radio program, will be seen on the screen with George Raft, Alice Faye, Patsy Kelly and the Three Radio Rogues, in "Every Night at Eight," and with Jack Benny in "Broadway Melody of 1936."

K. Powell. Claire Trevor's newer films include "Black Sheep" and "Dante's Inferno." She was born in New York City on March 8, 1911. She has golden hair and hazel eyes. Bert Wheeler was born in Paterson, N. J. Judith Allen has brown hair and blue-grey eyes. Sylvia Sidney was born in New York City on August 8, 1910. She has the star rôle in "Accent on Youth" adapted from the recent New York stage success. Constance Cummings had the same rôle in the stage play. Playing with Sylvia in the film are Herbert Marshall and Phillip Reed. Richard Cromwell's real name is Roy Radabaugh. He was born on January 8, 1910, in Los Angeles, Cal. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 148 pounds and has light brown hair and blue-green eyes. His latest picture is "Annapolis Farewell," for Paramount.

Beatrice M. Leon Janney's hobbies are stamp-collecting, horseback riding, tennis and the study of Latin. He was born in New York City on February 15, 1919. He loves the stage and makes an occasional picture. I can't tell you what the E in his name stands for. Barbara Stanwyck's contract with Warner Bros. having expired, she was signed to make a picture for RKO-Radio, under the title of "Annie Oakley." Barbara was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 16, 1907. She is still married to Frank Fay.

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I present Winx Mascara in two convenient forms, Winx Emollient (cake) and Winx Creamy Liquid (bottle). You can apply Winx perfectly, instantly, easily with the dainty brush that comes with each package. Each form is the climax of years of pioneering in eye beautification—each is smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—each is scientifically approved.

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Louise Ross

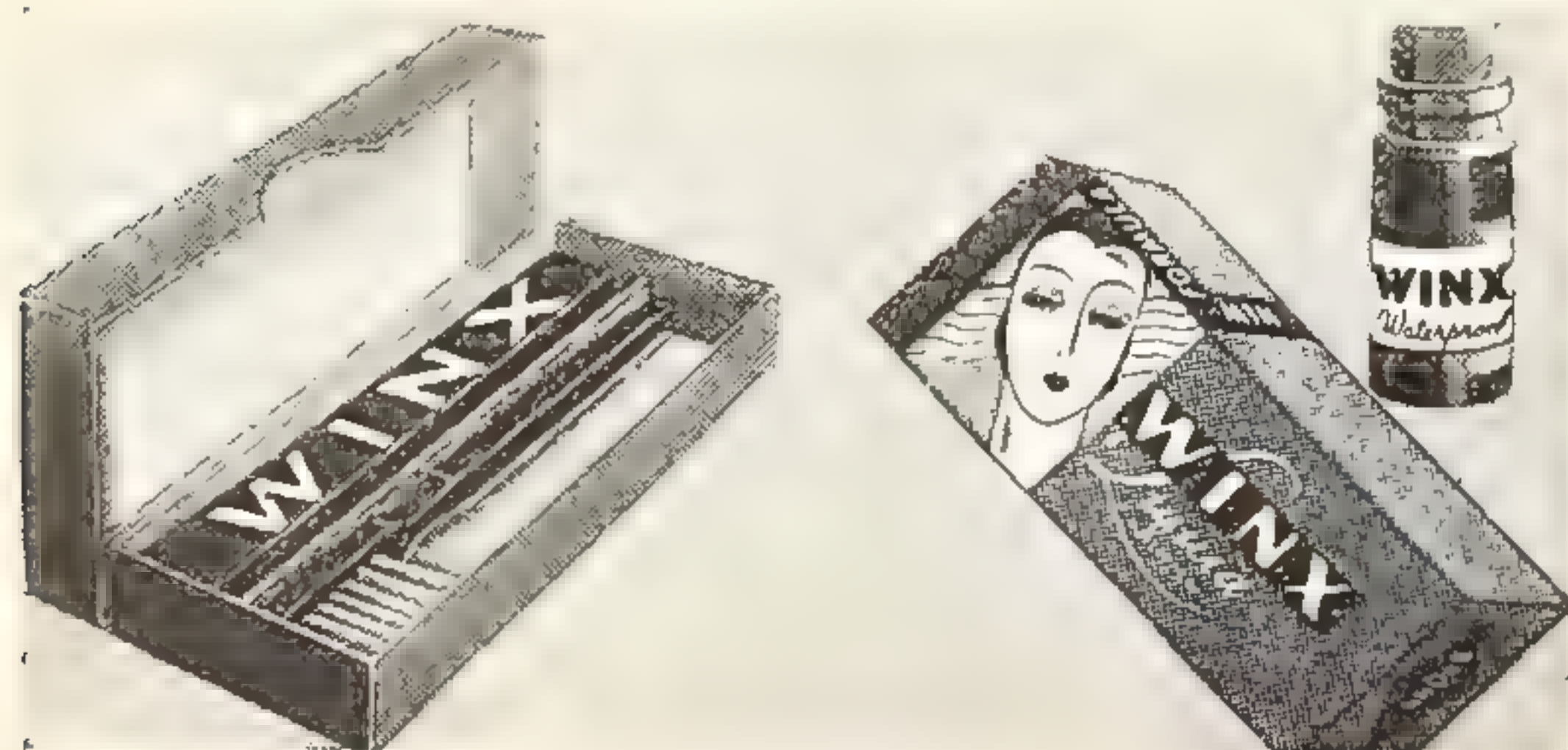
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Dance to Health!

Continued from page 56

that I have designed for you. Make all gestures wide and free. Listen:

You are a musical washwoman! You come out with a big, (imaginary), washbasket on your head which you support with arms upraised, head held high. You get the basket down, (without bending the knees), select a piece of laundry from it, shake it to the right, then to the left, then pin it up high on the line. Repeat with six to a dozen pieces of laundry, bending down for each piece and swinging the body rhythmically to the right and left before stretching up to pin the article to the, (imaginary), line. Do this, of course, to music.

Be sure you try this barefoot, rising to your toes as you hang your laundry and taking each piece in both hands make your swing to right and left with arms outstretched.

A certain well-known singer is said to have given as the secret of her slim figure: "Confetti."

It seems that each day when she got up in the morning, she threw a bag of confetti over her bedroom floor. Then she bent down and picked up each bit separately!

I can't hope that you will go as far as this, but it would not be a bad idea for those of you who complain of protuberant abdomens and excess hips to drop a dozen buttons around every morning.

Ballet dancing is excellent for acquiring poise, since it gives you control over your muscles, and the basic exercises of the ballet are fine training. However, ballet dancing will not relax you, and most women today are far too highly keyed; they need relaxation, not stimulation.

Girls who stand on their feet all day frequently tell me that they can go to a dance at night and come home feeling less tired than when they started. That is because music helps them relax. When the musical vibration enters the body, the nerves react and the glands respond. Rigidity means age and ugliness, where relaxation means youth and loveliness.

Ballroom dancing, even at its most dignified, will give you this relaxation. In fact, if you are beginning to dance after thirty, I think ballroom dancing is safest for you, aside from the barefoot exercises in your bedroom. If you have not danced from childhood or your early teens, do not go in for strenuous "bar" exercises. Don't be persuaded to put your foot up on a table and bend your head down to touch your knee, or attempt fancy back-bends, etc. Be content with things you can do without too much effort.

Girls engaged by the studio to dance in Paramount pictures, sometimes worry over the development of large muscles in their legs, especially in the calves. Professional dancers give their legs as great care as famous pianists do their fingers, but all girls don't seem to recognize this.

If you are going in for dancing as a career, or if you dance a great deal for pleasure, you should watch your legs and keep them shapely. Try this treatment daily:

Massage warm olive oil into the legs from the knees to the ankles, working with a gentle circular movement, swiftly; five minutes for each leg. Wipe off whatever oil remains and apply heat—towels wrung out of hot water, (scaldingly hot), is a good method. Do this for ten minutes, then dry the skin and apply ice, then massage again lightly with a slight amount of oil.

If you feel too weary to go in for foot-

work, yet want the benefit of dance movements for the upper part of your body, you can do the "sitting-down dance," as follows: It was designed as an aid to good posture, so be sure you maintain correct posture throughout—head exactly on top of your neck, neck the same length back as front.

Sit astride the piano bench, hands grasping a rod—a cane or a curtain rod will do. The rod lies across your thighs. When the music begins, you slowly raise the rod in both hands until it is held high above your head, at the same time bringing your legs up together on top of the bench. Now bend the elbows and bring the rod down behind the shoulders, being very careful not to thrust the head forward or round the back at all. Swing the rod upward again, then down in front, bringing the legs back to starting position at the same time.

Do you know how to make an old-fashioned curtsy?

Turn on the music and proceed around the room, dropping curtsies at every four steps. Do this barefoot, trying alternately the curtsy which means a mere dipping of the body and the one which permits you to sink to the floor.

For the first one: Stand on left foot, describing a half circle with right toe that brings this toe around to the back of left foot, obliquely; then bend both knees and spread arms and hands out to the sides as you curtsy.

For the second one: The circle you make with the right foot is wider and finishes about ten inches in back of the left foot so that you can sink down to the floor when you bend your knees; let your hands fall gracefully at sides as you do this.

This is especially excellent for the knees and helps make them supple and strong. If you remember to hold yourself well while you are doing it, you will find it also an aid to developing correct posture.

Another exercise that is good for the knees and ankles can be combined with a neck exercise and done to music:

Stand erect with arms at sides. Rise on the balls of the feet, raising the arms above the head; turn head slowly to left, then to right; slowly sink to squatting position, lowering arms to front, even with shoulders, and bend head back; then raise head, straighten knees, drop arms and lower heels. It sounds complicated, but you can do it!

Watch Marlene Dietrich and Carole Lombard if you would see graceful hands and wrists.

You can't look graceful if your wrists are stiff. Massage will keep them flexible, but they should have exercise to make them graceful.

First we will try some exercises for the hands and wrists alone, then combine these with some of the foot routines and do them to music.

Shake your hands loosely from the wrists to relax them. Rest your elbows on the table, forearms upright, and let the hands fall forward from the wrists; the fingers curling naturally. Let the long middle finger curve toward the thumb. Now bring the hand up and let it sink back toward the shoulders, so that the palm is uppermost. Repeat with both hands alternating, then together, making the movement as graceful as possible.

Repeat the movements with hands held out at sides, bending the elbows a little as the hand rises with palm up. Then bring the arm down, with the wrist leading. Try again with hands held over the head.

Take dance steps around the room in waltz time, bringing hands up and down in this movement.

Dancing is always more fun if you can do it with a partner or in a group. Perhaps you have a sister or a girl friend who will do the dance exercises with you, if you cannot join a group of dancers for folk dancing.

Some simple dance movements that are beneficial for reduction of too, too solid flesh are these:

Face your partner; arms outstretched at sides, clasp hands; on count One, take step to right, (partner to left), as you bend down to that side, hands still clasped; on count Two, rise to first position; on count Three, raise hands high still clasped, and bend back toward left, (partner to right); on count Four to position again; repeat this time in opposite direction.

Now turn your back to your partner and clasp hands in same manner again, this time repeating movement with both facing same way. You can combine this movement with a swift fox-trot of eight counts between. Remember to bend down as low as possible on count One, and to bend the neck back gracefully on count Three.

The Russian dance movement is excellent for keeping knees flexible. With arms folded, squat down, resting on the left heel, right foot extended; then rise on toes and reverse the movement, using right and left leg alternately. See how rapidly you can do this.

If your occupation is one that develops one part of your body at the expense of another, you should take corrective exercise to overcome this. Some factory workers repeat the same motion again and again, hours at a time. Some school girls carry their books always on the same arm. Some women do all their housework with their right hands or arms, never changing the broom or duster from hand to hand.

If you must for some reason use one side of your body at your work, remember to make the same movements with the other side of the body at exercise periods, also to limber up all muscles with a good all-round exercise every day.

Here is a good exercise for bringing the blood into circulation after hours spent at a desk:

Sit sidewise on a chair that has no arms, holding to the back with one hand and to the chair seat with the other. Lower the body backward until your head almost

Exciting Color...without fear of "lipstick-parching"



STEICHEN

IT'S LOVE'S BEST FRIEND...THIS WISE LITTLE LIPSTICK

Not all lipsticks are a friend to romance.

Some put on color, but may *dry* and parch that tender skin, the most sensitive skin of your face.

And men just don't like to kiss lips rough as crepe paper! Lips that invite romance must be soft and sweet and smooth.

Indelible—but no parching!

How to avoid Lipstick Parching? You can...with Coty's new Lipstick—the "Sub-Deb". A lipstick that gives your lips tempting, ardent color...but *without* any parch-

ing penalties. It is truly indelible...yet all through the sixteen hours of your lipstick day, it actually smooths and softens your lips. It contains a special softening ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom."

Make the "Over-night" experiment!

If you wish to prove to yourself that Coty smooths your lips to loveliness, make this experiment. Put on a tiny bit of lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look.

Choose Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick in any of its five indelible colors, 50¢. And there's Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50¢.

A revelation! Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder...with a new tender texture.



"SUB-DEB" LIPSTICK 50¢



"Your story interests me," Jim Cagney seems to be saying as Phil Regan gets confidential.

SKIN BLEMISHES

*Ashamed of Your Looks?
Sallow Skin? Pimples?*



End Skin Troubles with Dry Yeast—It Supplies More of Element that Tones up Digestive Tract and Ends Cause of Many Complexion Faults—Easy to Eat

TO CORRECT ugly eruptions, blotches, sallowness—all the common skin troubles caused by a sluggish system—doctors have long advised yeast.

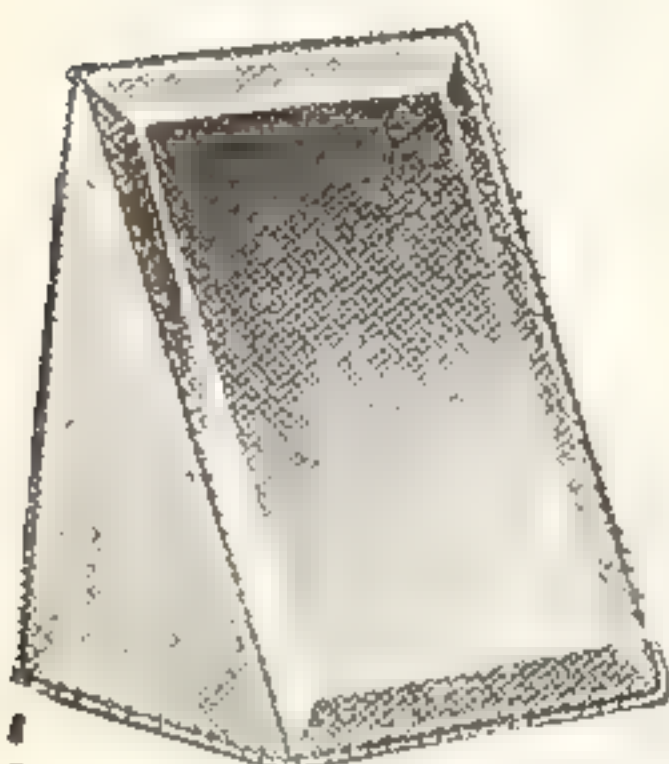
Now science finds that this corrective food is far more effective if eaten *dry*!

Tests reveal that from *dry* yeast the system receives almost *twice* as much of the precious element that stimulates intestinal action and helps to free the body of poisons. The digestive juices can more easily break down *dry* yeast cells and extract their rich stores of vitamin B—the tonic substance which makes yeast so valuable for correcting the cause of many skin ills.

No wonder Yeast Foam Tablets have brought relief to so many men and women. These pleasant tablets bring you yeast in the form science now knows is most effective. This improved yeast quickly tones up the intestinal nerves and muscles, strengthens digestion, promotes more regular elimination.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, your skin should soon clear up!

FREE! This beautiful tilted mirror. Gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Amazingly convenient. Sent free for an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Use the coupon.



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I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send me the handy tilted make-up mirror.

SC. 10-35

Name

Address

City State



Joe E. Brown gets a little coy when Ann Dvorak and Patricia Ellis make a fuss over him just for a bit of off-scene fun at the Warner studio.

reaches the floor. Keep the position for a moment, then sit up again.

The scalp and hair will benefit from this exercise, too. Sending the blood coursing through your veins will give you a mental uplift as well as improve your beauty.

Because I receive so many letters asking about correct measurements, I have made up a chart of so-called "perfect measurements" for girls of three different heights. The girls, of course, varied in weight of bones which accounts for the variation in some measurements.

Compare yourself with the chart but do not feel that you must agree with each measurement exactly. You must make allowance for the size of your framework.

CHART

Ideal Weight and Measurements for Perfect Figures.

A group of artists and sculptors worked out the ideal measurements for models used by them, as follows: (Weight not given because it varies with age).

Height: 5' 6"

Neck	12½ inches.
Bust	34 "
Waist	26 "
Hips	34 "
Thigh	20 "
Knee	14 "
Calf	13 "
Ankle	8 "
Upper arm	10 "
Wrist	6 "

Height: 5' 2"

Neck	13½ inches.
Bust	34 "
Waist	26 "
Hips	36 "
Thigh	19 "
Calf	13 "
Knee	13½ "
Ankle	7½ "
Upper arm	8½ "
Wrist	5½ "

These are the "perfect measurements" of a beauty contest winner selected as "Miss America." She was 18 years old and weighed 118 lbs.

Height: 5' 4"

Neck	12 inches.
Bust	33 "
Waist	24½ "
Hips	33 "
Thigh	19½ "
Knee	13½ "
Calf	12½ "
Ankle	7 "
Upper arm	9 "
Wrist	6 "

Below are the "ideal measurements" of a "composite" of several Hollywood stars who are 5' 2" in height, average weight 105 lbs. Their ages vary from 21 to 27, which accounts for difference in hip and waist measurements as compared with above taller but younger girl.

JAMES DAVIES' ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

James Davies is at your service! Consult him for advice on how to reduce or gain weight, by means of healthful exercise and diet—the methods used by screen stars he has helped to keep fit and lovely. Mr. Davies can't undertake to answer letters by mail, but representative questions will be answered in the columns of SCREENLAND. Address your questions to: James Davies, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Maxine R., Missoula, Mont.: Arm-flinging exercises are excellent for developing the bust. With arms outstretched at sides, swing them in circles, ever widening; then throw them back, taking deep breaths as

you do so. Deep breathing is important.

Harold M., East Orange, N. J.: To reduce hips and seat: Tie a rope to something steady, the doorknob or banisters. Lie on floor with head toward rope, stretch the arms back and grasp rope with both hands, high enough so you can lift your shoulders from the floor with its aid. Raise shoulders and feet from floor and roll on hips, keeping steady with the aid of the rope; roll three to left and three to right.

Mrs. S. M., New Bedford, Mass.: Your weight is far too much for your height. See your doctor about this, as it may be glandular and he can give you medical advice. If you cannot "put your mind" to keeping on a diet, as you say, can you put

it on a regular course of exercise? Only by regularity can you reduce by exercise.

Ruth B., Los Angeles, California: For weak ankles, every morning before you put your shoes and stockings on, rise on tiptoe and walk around room. Also get a book and place toes on it, heels on the floor, then teeter up and down on this for ten minutes. Walk upstairs on toes.

For general reduction, go in for swimming, tennis, hiking, or daily dozen. Try the rope exercise above.

Miss H., Port Arthur, Texas: Your measurements are not bad. Try the bust development exercise given above. For large ankles: stand with heels together, toes pointing out; rise on balls of feet, bend knees slightly and raise arms; take a short hop forward, landing on toes with knees deeply flexed, swinging arms out as you do. Spring up and repeat, going entirely around room before stopping.

Miss R. P., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: To develop shapely legs, tense leg muscles as you do leg exercises. Stand erect, raise left leg to side slowly, as though it were hard to lift; swing leg backward, then to front. Repeat with other leg.

K. P., San Jose, Calif.: The exercise with book given above is especially good for building up calves of legs, if done with tensed muscles. Do it to music.

Miss V. K., Schenectady, N. Y.: At 17, you can expect to be larger than you were at 16. You are still growing. Don't worry about it. Go in for dancing, swimming, and active sports. Try the rope exercise above, and the general reduction exercises in this issue.

L. M., Providence, R. I.: Your weight is so slight, I think you had best consult your doctor. You say you have tried everything under the sun; have you tried eating every few hours, nourishing food in small quantities? Drinking milk or cocoa at bedtime, resting a great deal, and sleeping outdoors?

Garbo Really Talks

Continued from page 16

maybe dreaming a little. There I thought of her fine tenacious spirit, clinging so courageously to her ideals and pursuing them to the peak instead of resting vain-gloriously on the laurels she has already won. She is a truly great artist who deliberately sacrifices much more than the world realizes in order to fulfill what she deems her duty to her art. If she elects to live with seeming unconventionality and to shut out the distractions, who shall criticize her? Surely genius must be its own dictator since it alone can understand its needs!

Hettie Grimstead, English novelist and friend of many European screen and stage stars writes to us:

"I know the readers of SCREENLAND will like to meet Greta Garbo as I have just met her in Stockholm, Garbo the Gracious as well as the Glamorous."

Hettie Grimstead



It's RAINING

April Showers

CHERAMY'S PERFUME OF YOUTH

Throw open your window on a rain-drenched flower garden...and inhale a breath of *April Showers* perfume! It's as young as Spring, satisfying, lasting. Yet the cost of a whole matched service of April Showers...perfume, face powder, dusting powder, talc, eau de cologne...will scarcely dent a schoolgirl allowance.

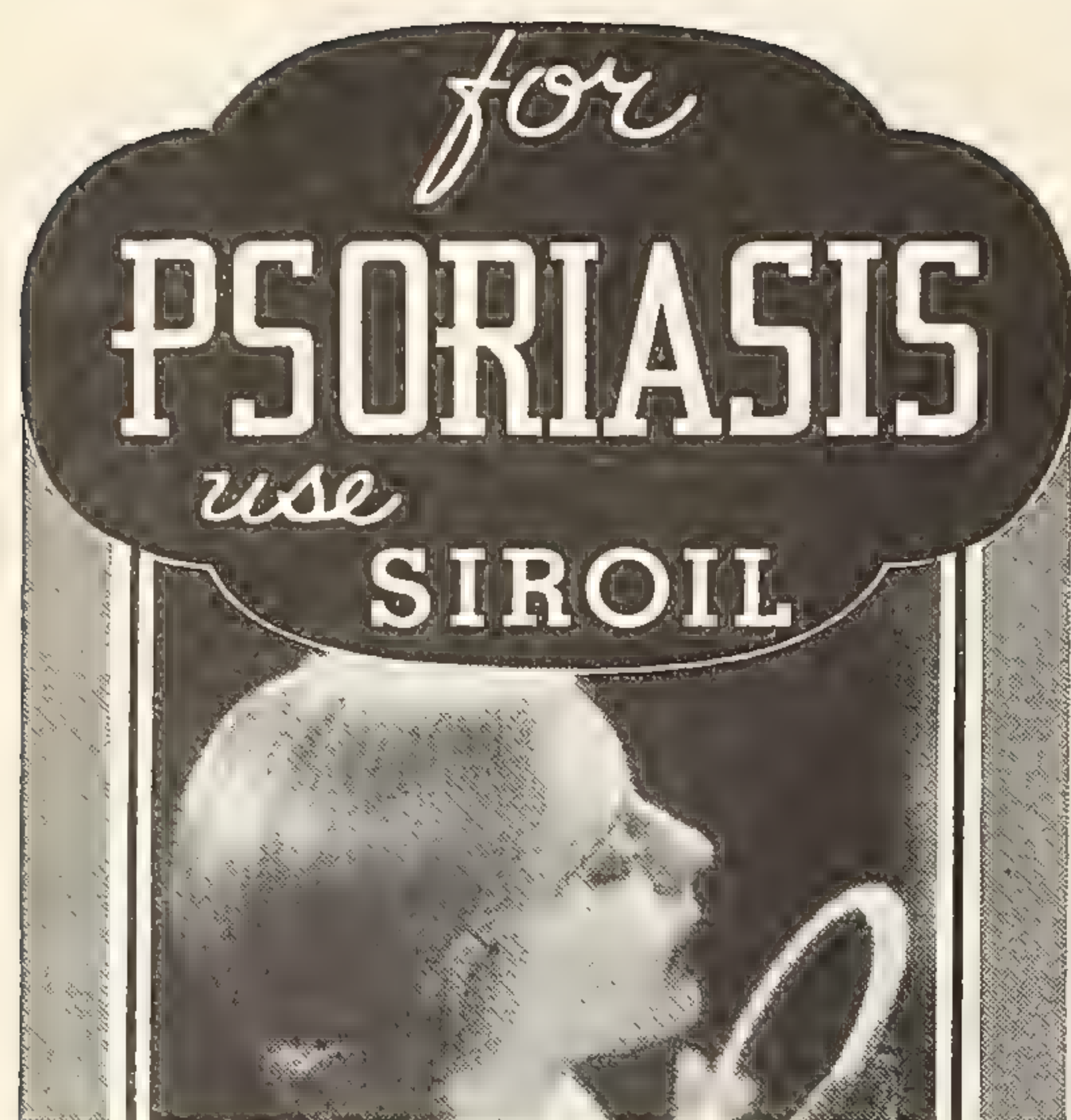
April Showers toiletries are presented to Youth by one of the world's greatest perfumers, with the assurance that a fortune could buy none finer. They give what Youth wants...*Luxury on a Budget!*

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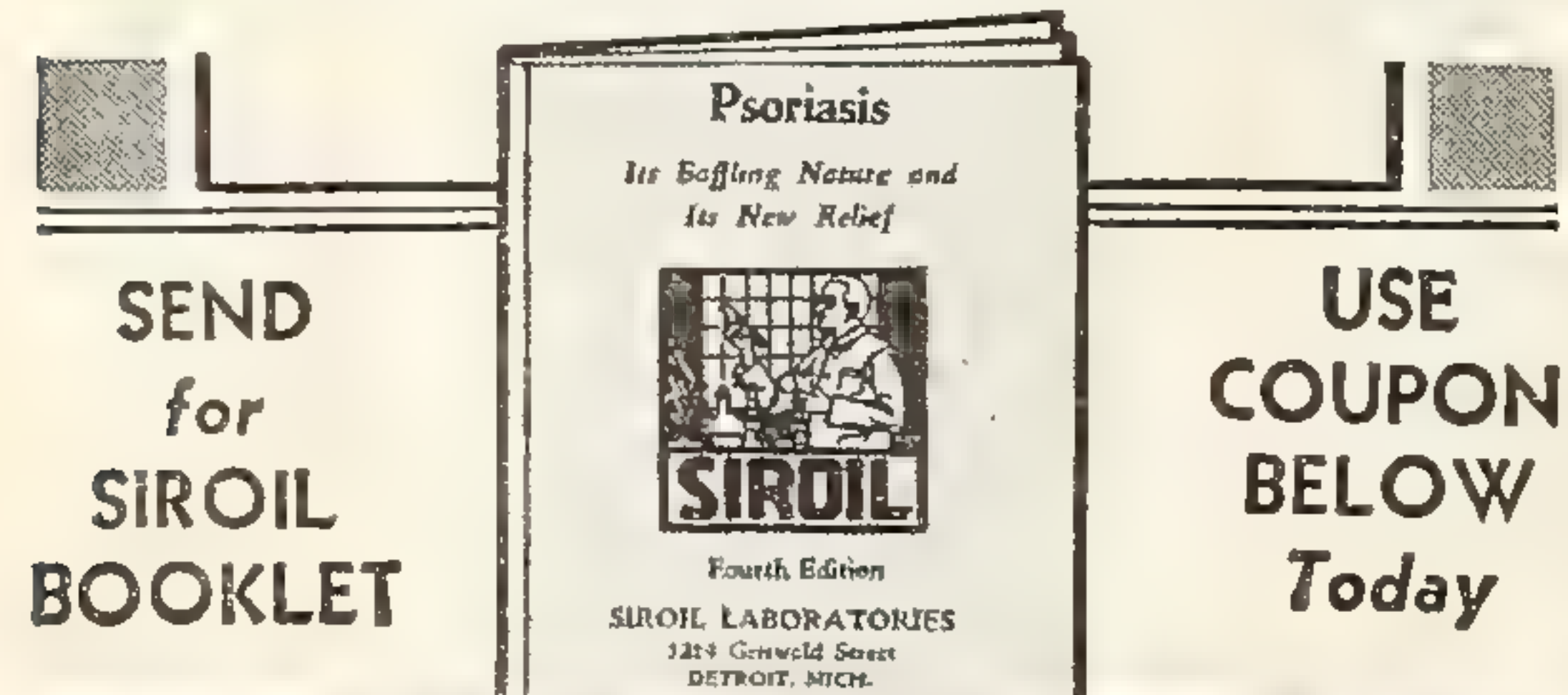
PERFUME, <i>purse sizes</i> , 28¢ and 50¢	FACE POWDER....28¢ and 55¢
EAU DE COLOGNE...28¢, 55¢, \$1	TALC.....28¢ and 55¢
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U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 11910 Brunswick Bldg., New York, N. Y.



"Mr. Temperament"

Continued from page 29

ably the way he masks his self-consciousness—as severe at times, though better disguised, than that of playwright Eugene O'Neill. The latter, they say, never went to parties because he couldn't accept an introduction without breaking out in a bath of perspiration, and stammering so hopelessly that it was painful to watch.

Claude Rains never goes to parties either. To Hollywood, despite his three excellent, if slightly over-dramatic performances, in "Crime Without Passion," "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head," and "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," he still remains "the invisible man."

He was born in London, November 10, 1889. This frank announcement of his age in the standard studio biography is Claude's admission that he does not intend, like most of our male screen stars, to become permanently rooted in the thirties.

No one could call Claude Rains even ordinarily good-looking. He is, thank Providence, one more proof that the commercial value of purely physical beauty is on the wane in Hollywood these days. His face is almost as extraordinary as his behavior. The eyes are agonized; at times they have a look of madness in their fixed intensity. The mouth is slightly distorted. Black, straight hair grows in an uneven thatch which swoops down over disheveled brows. And though that famously eloquent mouth closes over a set of uneven teeth which could never be used as a toothpaste advertisement, it encloses a voice with as much power to enthrall as Clark Gable's dimples or Gary Cooper's gaunt and melancholy beauty.

The same standard biography goes on to mention that he was "raised and educated in the British capital, and made his first stage appearance at the Haymarket Theatre as a small child of eleven years in 'Sweet Nell of Old Drury' . . ." No mention of parents or schooling. No mention of athletic honors at college.

His childhood was one of poverty, privation, and fierce discipline. He drove himself then and he drives himself now. And he makes the same superhuman demands of others that he does of himself.

Until the war, there was no life for Claude Rains outside his dogged ambition,

and two-a-day performances in provincial stock companies—first in dingy English industrial towns, later in Australia. The war called him back to England, and with his characteristic singleness of purpose, he threw himself into soldiering with such fervor and tenacity that the war office promoted him, stage by stage, from private to the rank of Captain, and decorated him with honors which, if you ask him about them, bring forth that weird whinney which passes for laughter.

Post-war days for Claude were marked by nothing but sock-and-buskin. Soon after his first appearance in America in "The Constant Nymph," he joined the Theatre Guild and stayed with them as one of their three most brilliant performers—(Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne being the other two)—until that "come-hither" from Hollywood where he first appeared in "The Invisible Man."

From that day on, he has been conscientiously cast in rôles that call for at least one murder, an occasional suicide, and the right to look agonized, which he does perhaps better than any other actor on the contemporary screen.

All of which dovetails nicely with his friends' theory that Rains is an Englishman only by accident of birth and heredity, and a Russian by temperament!

When I asked one of them how Claude spent his time when he wasn't creating one of those Rain-ish, electro-magnetic rôles, he replied: "He sits home among his pewter mugs and Jacobean four-posters, and broods."

Several years ago, Claude bought himself an old Dutch clapboard house at the nether end of New Jersey. That house and the farm on which it stood expressed a life-long dream. In it he stored his selection of antiquarian delights that cost a fortune, (nearly his entire one), and years of rummaging in dusty back rooms of crabbed dealers and in cupboards of English yeomen. Claude Rains lived there alone during the latter half of his engagement with the Theater Guild, cheerfully commuting two hours to and from the theatre, and in his spare time pitching hay, or brooding. Then came the catastrophe.

"This is the way he broke the news to



Wide World.

The Gables enjoyed themselves, judging by the smiles Clark and Rhea exchange as they leave for home after dining and dancing at a night club.

me," his friend related, "and it's typical of the kind of thing one comes to expect from Claude.

"At three o'clock one morning I was awakened by a long-distance call from New York. In a fog I took up the receiver. A booming voice at the other end thundered, 'Hello, James, this is Claude.' I said, 'Yes, Claude.' Booming voice at the other end, 'Did I tell you, James, that I intended raising chickens on my farm?' 'Yes, Claude,' this time more faintly, with a slight note of exasperation—(after all, it was three A. M.). Explosion at the other end—'Well, I can't!' 'That's too bad, Claude,' I whispered, asleep on my feet. Second explosion. 'Well, why don't you ask me why?' the voice blared irritably. 'Why, Claude?' I murmured, feebly—by this time the receiver had fallen out of my hand."

"'Because there aren't any roosters left, and the hens are dead, too! Well, what I mean is—the farm was struck by lightning last night when I was in town and it's disappeared. Demolished. Gone up in smoke. All of it. Not even a tree or a candlestick left standing!'"

"That's the way Claude springs things. Unexpected, like a natural cataclysm!"

But despite his fitful, Slavic moods, the English in Claude will out when occasion demands. In a crisis, he's as dependable as the Bank of England. I happened to witness an example of this "cricket side" to Claude's nature.

About a week before Christmas there was still some shooting to be done on the final sequences of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." One member of the cast, Frank Sullivan, an Englishman, had been counting for weeks on eating his plum-pudding in merrie old England. To reach his home on Christmas day he had to leave Hollywood by plane on a certain morning. But the day before there was still another outdoor scene to shoot, and to finish it meant working until dawn. It also meant an all-night session for Claude, the only other person in the scene. More than that, it called for a bit of difficult gymnastics from him—a jump from an eight-foot elevation.

The night was desperately cold, and this outdoor scene had never been rehearsed after dark. Miscalculating the distance because of the dim lights, Claude landed with his leg twisted up under him. Aside from a snort and a groan, what seemed to be a slight difficulty in rising, and a more than usual twist to his mouth, nobody noticed anything unusual about Claude.

The leap occurred at midnight, but the camera kept on grinding for three hours after, so that Mr. Sullivan could catch his plane early next morning. He did.

Later that same morning, Claude's doctor sent a message to the studio that Mr. Rains would be detained in bed for a week or more with a badly twisted ankle, caused, the previous night, by a fall which was giving Mr. Rains considerable pain. The doctor asked rather bluntly why Mr. Rains hadn't been permitted to go home after the accident occurred. Whereupon the entire staff fainted dead away, after proclaiming Claude a hero—and thereby adding another notch to Claude's self-consciousness.

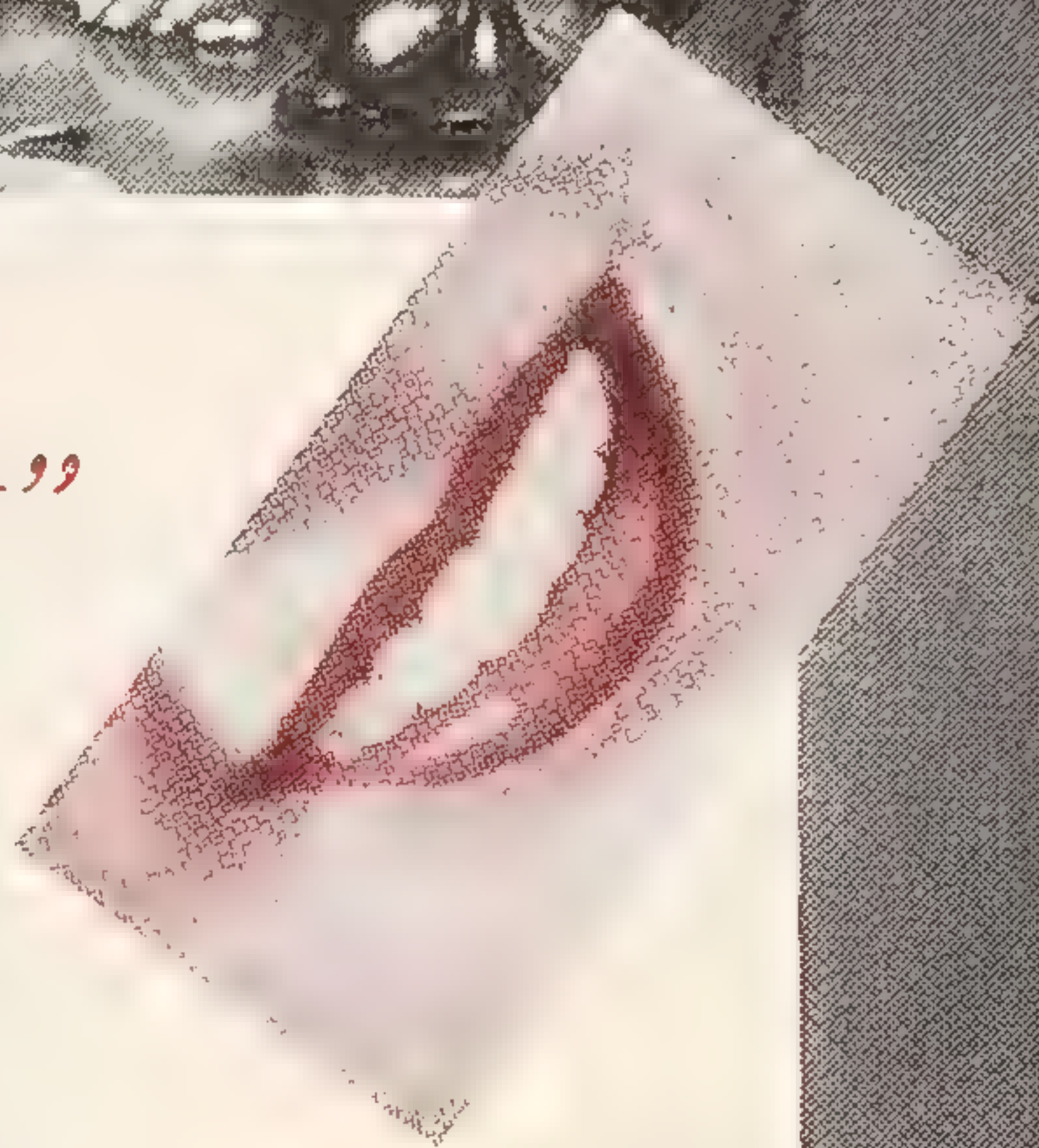
But Mr. Rains, being tough as a battering ram, and having the resilience of a punching bag, refused to listen to the doctor, and hobbled to the studio on crutches. Arrived, he discarded these encumbrances, finished the picture, and departed for the East. There he completed negotiations for another farmhouse, (this time of stone and in Pennsylvania), and then set sail for England—where he made a picture, and motored eighty miles an hour through Buckinghamshire, Devonshire, Dorset, Essex, Wessex and Sussex, in search, no doubt, of a Cromwellian egg-cup, or an Elizabethan feather-duster to hang by the lovers' nook at his fireside.



My dentist said:

"It's a fine health habit"

"Everyone should chew Dentyne," my dentist said. He explained that it gives the mouth exercise which it fails to get from our modern soft-food diets. It strengthens the muscles and helps improve the mouth structure. It helps the normal self-cleansing action of the mouth . . . and improves the condition of the teeth. You'll notice Dentyne's firm consistency that is so important in giving you these benefits.



Jack called it

"Wonderful gum"

Men who are particular always like Dentyne I find. It has that "different" taste — spicy, lively, and refreshing. After trying Dentyne, I certainly complimented him on his good taste. Notice the handy, flat shape of Dentyne — an exclusive feature, making it convenient for your purse or vest pocket.



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KEEPS TEETH WHITE • MOUTH HEALTHY

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Yes, you can have a lovelier, more alluring body. Easily! Quickly! Just add to your bath a sprinkle of Bathasweet, and make your bath a beauty treatment.

You might be bathing in rose petals, so soft and fragrant does Bathasweet make the water of your tub. Gone is all harshness from the water. Bathasweet softens it to a caress—softens it so that the water cleanses your pores as they would not otherwise be cleansed. The best evidence of this remarkable power to dissolve impurities and to keep them dissolved is that no "ring" is left around the tub when Bathasweet is used. No wonder skin imperfections disappear—and your body takes on a new loveliness. . . . Yet Bathasweet costs very little—50c and \$1 at drug and department stores.

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All 4 exquisitely packaged in unique Redwood chest. Send only \$1.00, check, stamps or currency. (Regular value \$2.00). An ideal gift.

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Smooth "Air-Spun" powder is Coty's latest gift to beauty.

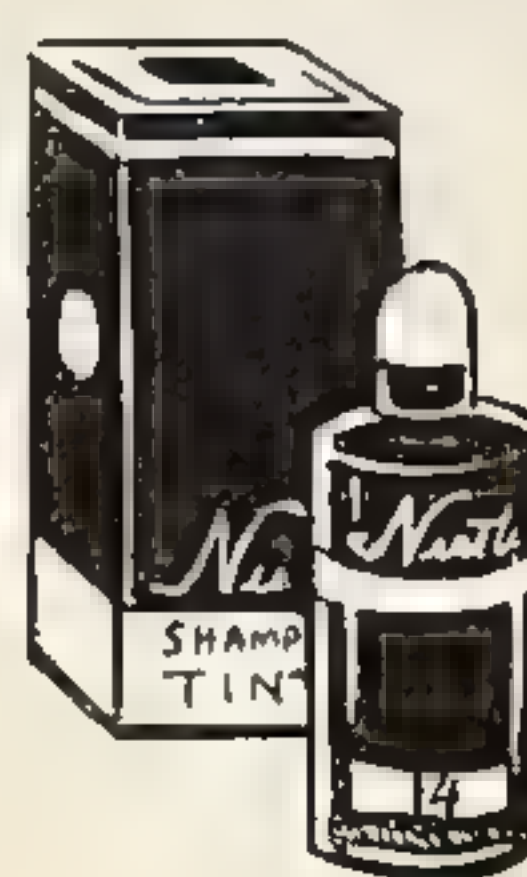
LOOK out for "Air-Spun" powder! It's on its way and we warn you it'll get you, once you've tried it. Coty has just brought out this face powder that's entirely new, made by a process that never even existed before. Instead of being sifted, "Air-Spun" powder is swirled at terrific speed through clear, pure air. The particles crush themselves against each other and are buffed to pearl-like smoothness and velvety softness. The smoother a powder is, the longer it clings. We can testify to the smoothness of "Air-Spun" because we've seen it under a microscope. It comes in a new and much larger gold-and-white "powder-puff" box with a permanent cellophane top and a bakelite base to keep the moisture out and the fragrance in.

PERHAPS you abhor the thought of having your hair dyed, but you want to do the right thing about its color nevertheless. Nestle's new Shampoo Tint is for such as you. It literally shampoos youth and color permanently into your hair, leaving it silky and lustrous without that obviously dyed look that makes men leave home. Shampoo Tint covers gray hairs one hundred per cent. And it's of a heavy consistency that makes it easy for any beauty operator to apply without danger of streaking or turning you out with hair a color you never dreamed of having.

THERE'S a lot of radiant beauty under your skin just awaiting its chance to come to the top. And Eunice Skelly's Brown Magic Mask is the thing to bring that hidden beauty out. You smooth it on—and up comes a warm glow of healthy circu-

Femi-nifties

Stars shine on
October beauty!



To dye or not to dye! Nestle Shampoo Tint has the answer.



Joie de Vivre, Ybry's enchanting perfume, draws romance your way.



Newest of the new—slim vanity by Houbigant for extra chic.

lation. Expect it to smart—it wouldn't be doing its job if it didn't. About ten minutes is the time you should leave it on when you first start using it. Then wipe it off quickly and smooth on a good big gob of nourishing cream. Lots of women swear by Eunice Skelly's chin strap for tightening up those under-chin sags, too.

YBRY presents a delightful new perfume—Joie de Vivre, or "Joy of Living" in just plain English. It's wonderfully fresh and delicate, yet with enough of mystery in it to make people ask: "What is that perfume you're wearing?" The fragrance is pure floral—an overtone of carnation with a soft blending of rose and jasmine. All Ybry perfumes are blended and aged like rare old wine before you're allowed even a sniff. We've tried Joie de Vivre on the nostrils of numerous men and the unanimous verdict was "Swell!" Bottled in crystal of a modern design and encased in a handsome deep blue and silver box.

HOUBIGANT has the trickiest new double vanity we've seen. It's a loose powder compact with dry rouge. An envelope of "Dull Finish" face powder comes with each one. The fragrance is that universal favorite, Quelques Fleurs. As for the case, it's dull patrician gold, smartly tooled, and oh, so gracefully slim. Naturelle powder comes with carnation rouge for blondes, and rachel powder with rouge for brunettes. Looks expensive, but isn't.

A GRAND new aid to hair beauty comes to us from 'out Hollywood way. It's called Star-Sheen Olive Oil Shampoo, and it's soapless. You simply moisten your hair with warm water. Start at the base of the scalp and apply the shampoo with your fingertips. Work it toward the top, thor-

oughly soaking the hair from the roots to the ends. Then give your scalp a vigorous massage. Dirt and dandruff flakes dissolve right out. After a good rinsing in warm water, your hair emerges soft and lustrous. Star-Sheen has a liquid temporary tint, too, that's making a name for itself!

EENTER Odorono's new deodorant powder! There's a box with a soft puff for after-the-bath and a shaker tin for traveling. Freshly fragrant and so soothing.

Merrily, She Rolls Along

Continued from page 21

sound stocks and bonds and not in jewels and fur coats. She doesn't own a big rambling estate, with thousands upon thousands sunk into it, and she doesn't want to own a big rambling estate. She doesn't want to be a chatelaine or a woman of property. She could be either at a moment's notice. She thinks it sheer folly to sink so much money into a Hollywood Versailles when something simple is far more chic and comfortable. Twenty years from now Miss Lombard will still be quite happy and carefree while her confrères who went into real estate in a big way will be wondering where the next mortgage is coming from.

Carole is accepted as Hollywood's best hostess and best-dressed star. Believe it or not, "Hollywood's best-dressed star" probably spends much less on her clothes in a year than you do, and certainly much, much less than the other stars in Hollywood. She does not go on a buying spree when she goes to New York and fill her closets up with dozens of this and dozens of that and dozens of things she'd never wear in a million years. She buys carefully and well. She has a decided flair for chic and she knows what and when to buy. Her wardrobe consists mostly of very smart sports pajamas, a few tailored suits, and several very lovely evening gowns. No jewelry salesman has ever been able to make a sucker out of Carole. Nor has any automobile salesman. That glamorous movie star has only one car, a very inexpensive coupé, which she drives herself, and the day I had the interview luncheon with her she didn't even have that car. It seems that the night before, her cook was having a birthday party and her maid, Ellen, wanted to go to the party, so Carole said, "Take my car, Ellen," and Ellen did and proceeded to run it right smack into a fire hydrant. It has been a long time since I have seen a movie star with nothing better than a cracked-up Ford.

Well, what the heck does she do with



Carole Lombard with Elinor Tennent, her tennis instructor, left, and Alice Marble, a court star.

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and not worry about*

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**REMOVES SMOKE STAINS
A SAFE WAY**

Special stain-removing ingredient in Pepsodent is not contained in any other leading dentifrice. Make the simple test that surprises smokers. Thousands find dull, ugly teeth become naturally white and sparkling.

If you smoke, you've probably noticed stains on your teeth, or an ugly yellow smudge. Now there is a way to keep the faintest smoke trace from showing on your teeth. This way is Pepsodent, the special film-removing tooth paste.

No matter what dentifrice you now use, switch to Pepsodent today and make the smokers' test. See how Pepsodent immediately "takes hold" to make teeth cleaner, whiter, more attractive. Let your mirror prove that they glisten with natural whiteness many smokers think impossible to attain.

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In Pepsodent is a special ingredient designed especially to remove the film on teeth. It is this film, not the teeth themselves, that smoke discolors. Therefore, this film must be removed if you want to escape that unnatural yellow color. It is film your dentist tells you to remove in fighting tooth decay and other dental troubles.

This remarkable film-removing ingredient in Pepsodent is contained in no other leading dentifrice. Not only does it bring out the

natural whiteness of your teeth, but it also polishes enamel to the highest brilliance.

In addition, this "Special Film-Removing tooth paste" has another major distinction: It is the softest . . . and therefore the *safest* . . . of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders as shown by scientific tests.

Try Pepsodent today. Not until you do can you know how beautifully white your teeth are.

Of 17,390 Dentists

3 OUT OF 4

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According to nation-wide investigation affirmed by unbiased Certified Public Accountants.

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Please send me FREE 10-day tube of Pepsodent, the Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste.

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Only one tube to a family

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—utterly different from all others—Contains NO SOAP—NO CHALK—Try it!



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A corn is hard dead skin tissue with a tack-like point. It can be just as painful—and just as dangerous. It should be removed quickly and safely by the modern scientific BLUE-JAY method.

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The tiny soft Blue-Jay pad lifts your shoe away from the corn. Brings instant comfort by removing shoe pressure from the sore area.

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CORN PLASTER

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ROLLS FAT AWAY**

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LOSES 23 Lbs.

"By using Rollette I have lost 23 lbs. the first month."
Anne Reilly,
Milwaukee,
Wisc.



Proving that a star and her leading man can be the best of friends! Shirley Temple and John Boles, snapped between scenes on the set.

her money, you ask? Surely she doesn't put it all in stocks and bonds? Heavens, no, a thousand times no. Remember that Carole is essentially quite mad. Where she got this sane Victorian viewpoint on money and business affairs we don't know—we're having a Senate investigation. But just to prove that she really is goofy she has this terrific gift phobia. She adores giving presents. I honestly have never seen any one get such a grand kick out of giving presents as Carole does. And there's plenty of that "personal touch" so lacking in Hollywood, for each and everything is monogrammed just so, and there can be no mistaking but that it was bought especially for you. Her Christmas list looks like the Los Angeles telephone directory. No one is too small at the studio to be overlooked. Believe it or not, Carole Lombard spends more than three times as much on presents every year as she does on herself! Her family and friends have lectured her about this outrageous extravagance, but Carole insists that it's her greatest pleasure, and that's that.

As you've probably read in the gossip columns, Carole and Bob Riskin are going places together these days and nights. Bob is a very talented writer in Mr. Harry "Columbia" Cohn's little workshop and screen-authored that all-round prize winner, "It Happened One Night." Bob is very good for Li'l Missy Carole. He has much dignity and reserve and keeps her from going off at loose ends—well, occasionally. Carole first met Bob Riskin at

Columbia when she made her first picture there about three years ago. Bob wrote the dialogue and the picture was called "Virtue." But Bob had something else on his mind in those days, and so had Carole, so they really didn't have a date together until one night less than a year ago they found themselves sitting side by side at the Zeppo Marxes. After dinner Bob took Carole to the fights, and then he brought her home and they sat and talked for five hours straight.

One of Carole's best friends is Walter Lang—yes, "Uncle Walter," the popular young director from Memphis. Quite innocently, well, at least with the innocence of a healthy cobra, I once took a swell anecdote about Walter, the smart crack and everything, and gave it to Carole in a story I was doing on her. When Walter read it he pretended to be furious, and he cut it out and sent it to Carole with "What would you do without me?" written across it. He never misses a chance to kid me about it. Whenever he sees me he always says, "Get your pencil ready. I am about to say something awfully cute for you to give Lombard." Well, I'm no fool. I now have him saying things for Colbert and Harlow too!

Well, folks, I give you the Carole Lombard of today. Divinely insane, and yet quite sane. Happy, ambitious, generous and alive. In fact the most vital person in our mad, mad town.

(Next Month: The Lombard of yesterday—and the day before.)

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 10

and 6 dried mushrooms that been soaked in warm water and chopped. Cook and toss over a hot fire until heated through and serve on a hot platter.

"Personally, I like Welsh Rarebit for these suppers, but people say: 'You shouldn't serve that so late at night—I'll never sleep a wink!' Which is all nonsense. I sleep like the dead after eating rarebit; it knocks me right out and I love it!"

"There's a Welsh Rarebit Soufflé that used to be served by a friend of mine—you might like to give it to SCREENLAND readers."

Welsh Rarebit Soufflé

Melt a teaspoon of butter in the top of a double boiler, add 1 cup cream, ½ teaspoon mustard, seasoning salt and paprika, and 1 cup fresh bread crumbs. Bring to a boil, stir in 1 cup finely chopped rich American cheese and stir until smooth. Add beaten yolks of 2 eggs, stir one minute, remove from the fire and add the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Pour over slices of toast on hot plates and serve.

"Chicken a la King is always a good bet—you can serve it in patty shells if you like. When I was in Paris, we used to go

to the Coque d'Or after the theatre for their famous pressed duck. It's terribly rich and gives you a tummy-ache, but oh, it's good! They slice all the meat from the duck, put the bones through a press, squeezing all the juice and marrow from them. Then they take this juice and make a sauce with white wine to pour over the duck. The stuffing is made from various nuts, chestnuts and others, made into a sort of paste.

"Of course you wouldn't dream of serving *cream of pea soup* for supper, but I must tell you about it! SCREENLAND readers might like to serve it for dinner or luncheon. Joseph, one of the five leading *maitre d'hotels* in Paris, told me how to make it. Purée the split peas. When you are ready to mix the cream with them, add also the white of an egg—more than one egg if you are making a large amount. It must all be done very quickly. Sprinkle a little cinnamon in for flavor.

"With your women guests you must be careful not to serve fattening dishes—that is you must have something they can eat without putting on pounds.

"The salad we have tonight is safe."

Vegetable Salad

Use fresh vegetables—peas, string beans, sliced carrots, asparagus tips, (white or green), kidney beans, (drained). Have the vegetables cold. Line your mold with a pattern of sliced pimentos, stuffed olives and sliced cucumbers with the peeling on for firmness.

To 1 quart consomme add 1½ ounces of clear gelatine. When the gelatine mixture is cool pour it over the vegetables in your mold and keep it in the frigidaire until ready to use.

Lemon jello may be used if preferred but be careful to add only ½ the amount of water the package states.

"Oh, let's put this in, too! It's really an *hors d'oeuvre*, but I serve it for supper, too. Take ground round steak—raw, not cooked, and scrape it with a spoon. Add little onions, chives, pickles—both sweet and dill—Worcestershire sauce, yolk of an egg, anchovy paste, paprika and stir it all up. It comes out almost black and it sounds awful, but it's the best thing you ever ate! I always serve it with buttered pumpernickel cut in tiny slices.

"Another *hors d'oeuvre* to serve at night, which isn't fattening, is simply slices of dried beef wrapped around cottage cheese.

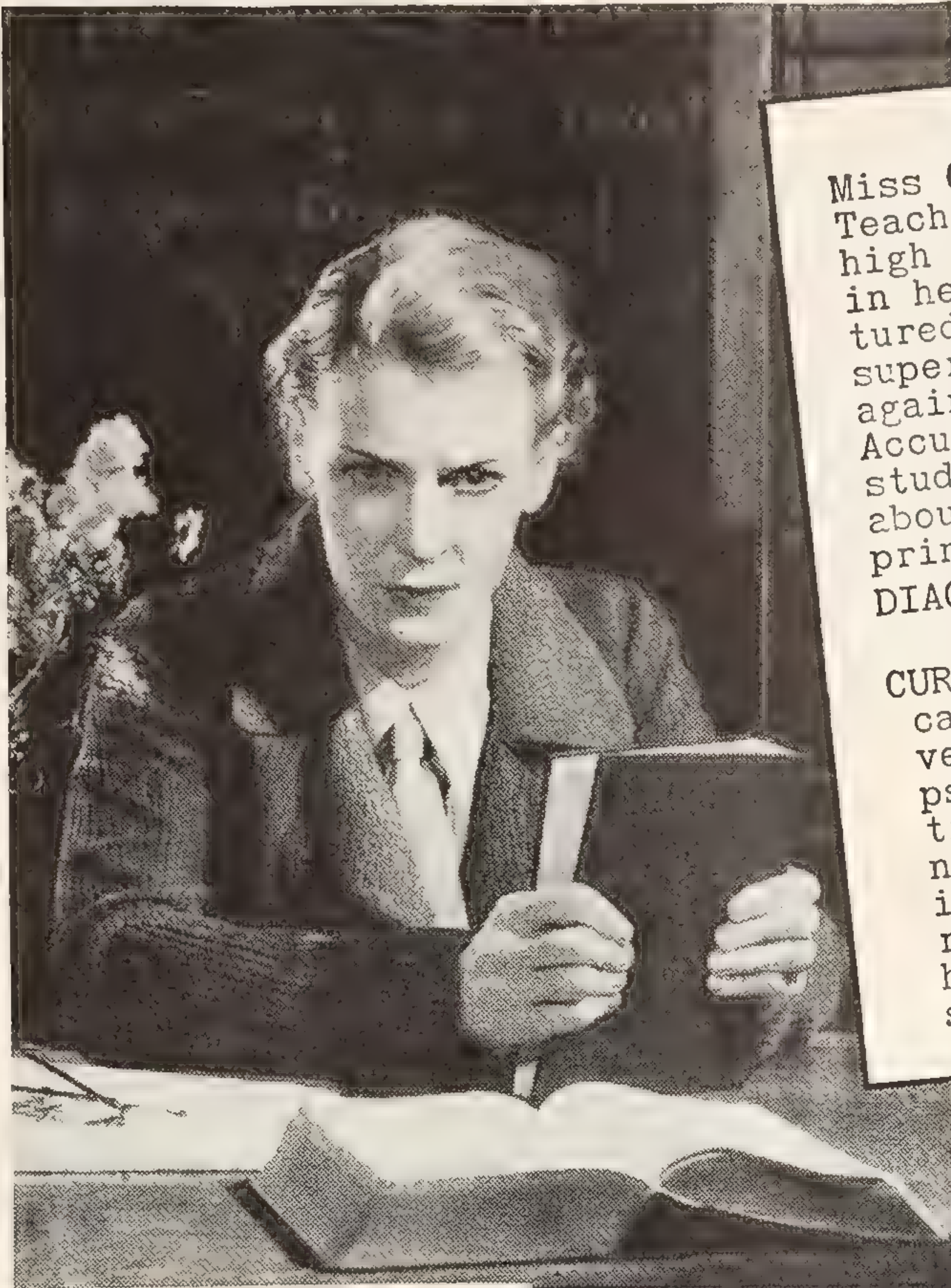
"There's one I've had in Russian res-



Our charming hostess this month, Jeanette MacDonald serves tea in the living room of her home.

Why do minds misbehave?

THE PSYCHIATRIST OFFERS TWO ANSWERS...



Case No. 296
Miss O.H.F. Age 29.
Teacher of English in high school. Successful in her work — but tortured by belief that her superiors discriminated against her maliciously. Accused her favorite student of telling lies about her to the school principal.

DIAGNOSIS: Paranoid suspicions.

CURE: Complete — when cause of fear was revealed in the course of psychiatric consultations. Her mental illness had its beginning in childhood, when quarrelling parents made her feel insecure, unsure of affection.

Case No. 432
Mrs. T.O.V. Age 31.
Frequently embarrassed husband by telephoning guests and withdrawing invitations. Offended her husband's employer by her inattention and preoccupation with secret worries during a dinner given in her honor.

DIAGNOSIS: "Accident panic" — the fear that the sanitary napkin she wore did not afford complete safety and protection.

CURE: Complete — when the cause of her fear was discovered and the fear ended by introducing to her a sanitary napkin ("Certain-Safe Modess") that was designed in a way to make "accidents" impossible.



N-O-V-O...the new douche powder. Cleansing—deodorizing... for the fastidious woman.

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taurants that you'll simply adore! Make a rich biscuit dough and roll it out ¼ inch thick. Cut it in circles, put in finely ground round steak seasoned with Worcestershire sauce and onion—if you like it—pull up the sides and make it into a roundish ball and bake. The juice of the meat permeates the biscuit."

We crossed the hall and went down two steps into the living-room, a long room with windows overlooking the lawn in front and the swimming pool and tennis courts in back. The place was full of flowers—Jeanette had just had a birthday and apparently all Hollywood had remembered it. Pale rose, lemon yellow, deep purple, they bloomed against the robins' egg blue of the walls.

Twin love-seats in pale green face each other across the hearth of the open fireplace, and a mulberry colored rug adds a rich note. Bob Ritchie's picture smiles from the grand piano.

Jeanette, behind the coffee urn, her bright hair glinting, remembered some more delicacies.

"You know those very tiny hot biscuits that are so-o-o good with chicken-king?" she said. "Someone served them the other night made with tomato juice instead of milk. She used a little cheese, too, and they were heavenly!"

"And let me give you my very favorite *hors d'oeuvre*! Take a slice of Virginia ham, put a slice of toast on it, then a slice of tomato. Bake them together and pour creamed mushrooms on top. No, I don't mean put the toast first—it goes on top of the ham!"

Presently we went down to the playroom, a big room with knotty pine walls, billiard table, card tables, comfortable couches and chairs.

"This is where we play when I bring in a crowd after the theatre," she explained. "The men like to play billiards, but the women usually play cards. But isn't it fun now that people are going in for games instead of making a serious evening of bridge?"

"I learned the craziest game of cards at Gloria Swanson's and now I try it on all my friends. It's called 'Thank you, neighbor' and any number can play, which makes it nice because there's so often an uneven number of guests dropping in after a show. Any number from three to twelve can play by using more cards.

"You take out all the aces, kings, sevens, threes and twos and deal the remaining cards. Everyone puts his cards face up and the dealer rolls the dice. If the dice shows the number of any card in his hand, he can throw that card in the center, the object being to get rid of cards. If he rolls a 7, a 3, or a 2, he has to put up a penny ante. When he rolls a number that doesn't match anything in his hand, and isn't a 7, 3, or 2, anyone holding that number is supposed to say: 'Thank you, neighbor!' and take the dice. The joke of it is, you get so excited no one ever remembers to say it—they usually shriek: 'MINE!' or 'ME' or 'GIMME' and snatch.

"All you really need for this game is a pair of good lungs, not card sense or anything. And it isn't like shooting craps—lots of people don't approve of that—my mother, for one.

"Nelson Eddy introduced a new game at my last party. The idea is that you can't answer six questions dishonestly. It goes like this: He pointed to my white lamp and asked: 'That's a green lamp, isn't it?' Firmly and untruthfully I said yes, it was. He asked two more similar things, then suddenly looked at his watch and my clock and cried: 'For heavn's sake, that clock's not right—twenty minutes past one—is it?' And I 'bit,' of course!

"Last time I took my guests to a bowling alley instead of to the theatre, and we had a marvelous time. We came back here for supper afterward and it was hardly any time before they went home, completely exhausted. I fell into bed and slept like a top. Next morning they all called up and bawled me out because they were so stiff and sore from bowling, but just the same they all wanted to go again!"



Jerome Kern, famous composer, plays some of the music he has written for "Love Song," Lily Pons' first film, for a highly appreciative audience of two, Mary Karmen and Pokey Champion, young screen actresses.

Dick Today

Continued from page 28

you put on a bathing suit and hie yourself over to the pool. She lives in it. She can even give an interview for Dick in the pool—and she isn't all wet, either. She can do fancy dives and swim along the bottom, coming up every time without having lost the thread of the conversation. Talented, that girl.

Naturally, when you conduct even an indirect interview in the Arlen tank, you encounter a few unique obstacles such as Bing Crosby, Dixie Lee Crosby, Helen Twelvetimes and Sue Carol having a water fight, while Rickey—otherwise Richard Arlen, Jr.—promenades up and down your spine, squealing with glee.

"What about Dick making a come-back in 'Let 'Em Have It?'" I shrieked, untangling a Crosby.

Joby made a sound like a female walrus protecting her young.

"Better not let *him* hear you say that!" she warned. "How can you make a come-back if you haven't been away?" That seemed logical enough. We climbed out of the water and dripped over to the bar alongside for a man's-sized coco cola.

"Well, have it your way," I complained bitterly. "I'm supposed to write a come-back yarn about Dick. If that's out, what'll I say?"

"Ho! Ha ha!" snorted the girl friend. "You know enough about that guy to fill a book. Why don't you just tell the truth?"

Strangely enough, that *did* seem like a good angle. New and novel. So brace yourselves, pals. (You, too, Dickie boy.) Let 'er go. We will now give the phenomenon known in the bosom of the family as "Ahlen" a good going-over.

He would never save a dime, if it were not for Joby. She handles the purse-strings, and a very good thing, too. More funny people can talk him into financing more funny things—racing cars and airplane flights and movie careers and the real estate business—until it reaches the moment where the little woman has to sign something. Then, boy, just try and get it: that simple little signature, so easy to write, 'Jobyna Ralston Arlen.' But she gets writer's cramp at the handiest times. Handy for the bank balance. That's why it balances.

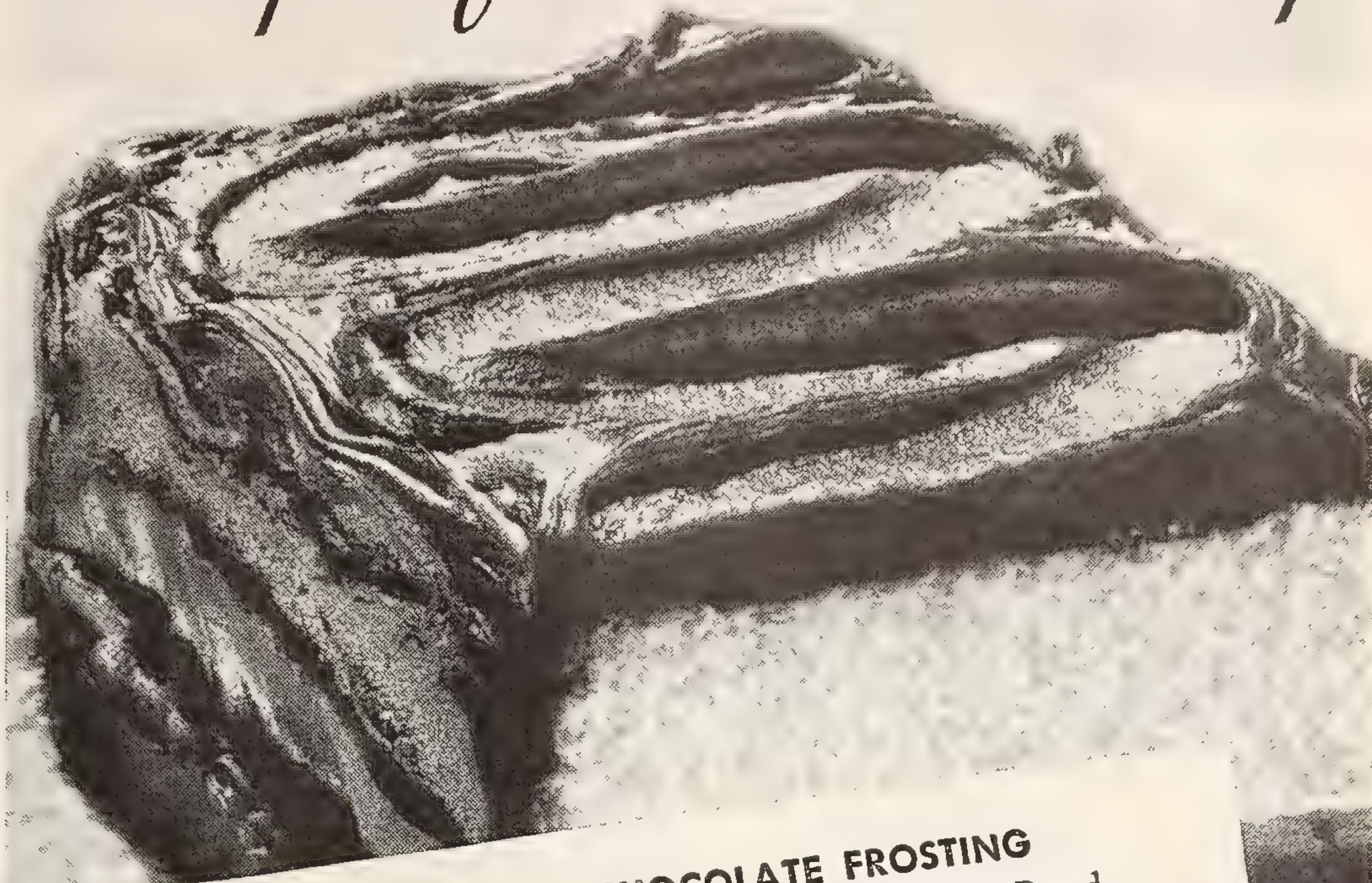
It's a good thing they have only one guest-room in that big rambling house. Well, there are really two, but the other is Joby's "mad" room, where she goes to count ten or something. Oh, yes, Dick can use it, too. The remaining room is permanently occupied by some lad who is having a temporary streak of bad luck. One of them stayed six months.

From four to ten and up, sit down to dinner at the Arlens—but Joby will remark to you, in perfect seriousness, "You know, we really ought to entertain. We *never* give parties." And she looks at you with blank astonishment when you scream at that one.

Dick has the most marvellous audience-sense of any actor in town. It's as if he prefaced his remarks, to himself, with a little soliloquy like this: "I've got to make this a good story because they expect it of me. Why let 'em down?"

So he never arrives from an airplane trip and sets you yawning with the simple statement that it was hot coming over Kansas. Everybody knows that anyway. No, sir, his sense of obligation to his listeners leads him to give it plenty of dramatics. The women fainted, the two little children climbed into the ice-cooler, and

Fool-proof Chocolate Frosting



EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE FROSTING
2 squares unsweetened chocolate 1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! Never too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls. ● But remember... Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



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W'GHT. 120 Lbs.
BUST . . 35 In.
WAIST . . 26 In.
HIPS . . 36 In.
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CALF . . 14 In.
ANKLE . . 8½ In.

NEW "7-POWER" YEAST ADDS 5 TO 15 LBS. QUICK

Richest imported ale yeast now concentrated 7 times with three special kinds of iron in pleasant tablets

AN AMAZING new "7-power" yeast discovery is putting pounds of solid, normally attractive flesh on thousands of "skinny," run-down people who never could gain an ounce before.

Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now scientists have discovered that the richest known source of health-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron in pleasant little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, are one of the many who need these vital health-building elements, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Indigestion and constipation from the same source quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and run-down you may be, try this wonderful new "7-power" Ironized Yeast for just a few short weeks. If you're not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap counterfeits usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot possibly give the same results as the scientific Ironized Yeast formula. Be sure you get the genuine. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2610, Atlanta, Ga.

the pilot was prostrated, but game. If he hadn't taken up acting, Dick would have been a knock-out dramatist.

There is a lot of the good solid American go-getter about Dick. He wants everything anybody else has, and by golly, he doesn't stop with wanting. He gets it. A swimming pool, a yacht, a Dusenbergs. Now he wants a ranch. He'll get that, too. But if you so much as implied that he wants a ranch because Bing Crosby has one, he would be highly indignant. Joby says that's the reason, and it must be, because he was positively not ordained by nature to be a rancher.

He can't bear to be alone a minute. His is the genuinely convivial disposition which has to share everything to enjoy it. Does he go away on long solitary cruises on his boat? He does not. He has it jammed to the gunwales with company, and if you don't have a good time it's your own fault. Everything is right there for it.

He boils with enthusiasm under the surface, which he has an idea he is concealing with a calm conversational manner. Whether it is a new picture, a golf tournament or teaching Rickey to swim, he tosses himself into it with the abandon of a youngster.

This business about the sure steady Richard Arlen who knows what it is all about, lives a serenely uneventful life, and has everything all mapped out on schedule, always gives me a fine laugh. Why, the guy's as temperamental as a prima donna. He's a lot more interesting than the dull Horatio Alger-boy he has been painted.

He has enough imagination for six men and I daresay he would be off on some crazy adventure tomorrow if the little woman didn't make life at home pretty exciting. She plays a better game of golf than most women twice her size—or bridge or badminton. She is ready to take a plane with him for Caliente any midnight, or go hunting in the mountains, or to cook up a mess of eggs. She also raises a nice child. I suspect she'll have Dick around for some time to come.

She still likes him, after all these years, which is certainly a lot in any husband's favor. Liking and loving are so different. She loves him—admitted it right out—but lots of women love their husbands who do

not especially like them, as you may have noticed here and there.

It's a happy home, the Arlen place. A nice aura of contentment hovers over, almost visibly. Rose, the prettiest little colored girl I ever saw, takes care of the domestic department and has never been seen without a smile. Sam, her husband, handles the chauffeuring and garden business, always looking as if he had just won something. Julie, Rickey's nurse, gets a lot of fun out of her job—as what nurse wouldn't with that handsome and healthy baby to enjoy. It all seems to run on wheels, and there are no complaints, which makes everybody glad to be around.

Any fine afternoon finds Rickey entertaining the Crosby youngsters, Virginia Bruce's little girl, Jackie Woody, Helen Twelvetree's son, young Al Werker and Sue Carol's daughter. A fence has been built around the pool to restrain adventurous little feet and a very nice time is had by all, including papa Arlen.

Rickey, who is two years old, wears a size five play-suit and talks a blue streak, takes command of the situation. He plays host until somebody gets too familiar with his favorite toy, and then he socks them on the button. After all, there are limits to the host-consciousness of a two-year-old. Father Dick sprints over, carefully points out to him the error of his ways, and returns to the grown-up group, grinning, I am forced to admit, from ear to ear.

To return for a finishing touch to that "come-back" line—which will undoubtedly put Dick in a state fit to be tied—he left Paramount after ten years because he did not like the stories they were giving him. He walked out on two thousand dollars a week, for a principle. He has chosen the parts he has played since, and he hasn't lost a dime by his move!

The "Let 'Em Have It" picture did seem rather in the nature of a return because it was the best part he has played in a long time. It was really the old Dick, back again.

And if he will insist on tooting about the country showing them what an actor can do to a golf ball, he'll just have to take what happens in his absence. This story included!

Radio Parade

Continued from page 62

dance halls," Frank said. "George and I entered all of the contests held at the old Danceland, and George, the so-and-so, used to win all the prizes."

"Find any difference in George when you met him in the Hollywood where he rates all the eminence of a star?" we wanted to know. "Not a bit," Parker replied. "He hasn't changed in the least."

Parker left the Jack Benny show shortly before it closed for the summer season, when the offer to play in "Sweet Surrender" came to him in Hollywood from the New York producers. He says he turned down the picture offer that was made to him two years ago, because "It would have interfered with my radio work. I won't quit radio, except for a vacation now and then, but I want to do pictures if I can get them on a basis that will permit me to keep up my microphone work."

Parker has been in radio work for about seven years, a very prominent singer throughout that time, appearing on his own programs and as guest artist on many special broadcasts. He joined the Revelers Quartette to replace James Melton, when

the latter left that famous group; and after a short time Parker too dropped out in order to avail himself of the many offers for his solo services, just as Melton had.

James Melton, incidentally, is making his first picture, but he had to go to Hollywood to make his bow before the cameras. It's risky business at best predicting that any actor or singer will score emphatically on the screen—too many factors over which the star has no control. However, this department has a hunch that Melton is going to register on the screen. He is a fine figure of a handsome man, a chap as big as Nelson Eddy, with a fine speaking as well as singing voice, and a very engaging amount of real masculine charm.

"G-Men" may have started a cycle in pictures, but look what it's started on the kilocycles! The same feverish activity to rush "G-Men" shows to the microphones ahead of competitors has been going on in radio as made the studios in Hollywood bristle with excitement to be the first to the screen with the melodramas glorifying

the government go-getters in the crime world.

Elevation of Margaret Speaks to stardom on the program on which Gladys Swarthout, Richard Crooks and Nelson Eddy alternated last season writes a success story not very common in the comparatively young radio industry. Miss Speaks, who carries a name distinguished in music—she is the niece of Oley Speaks, the composer of "Sylvia" and other works

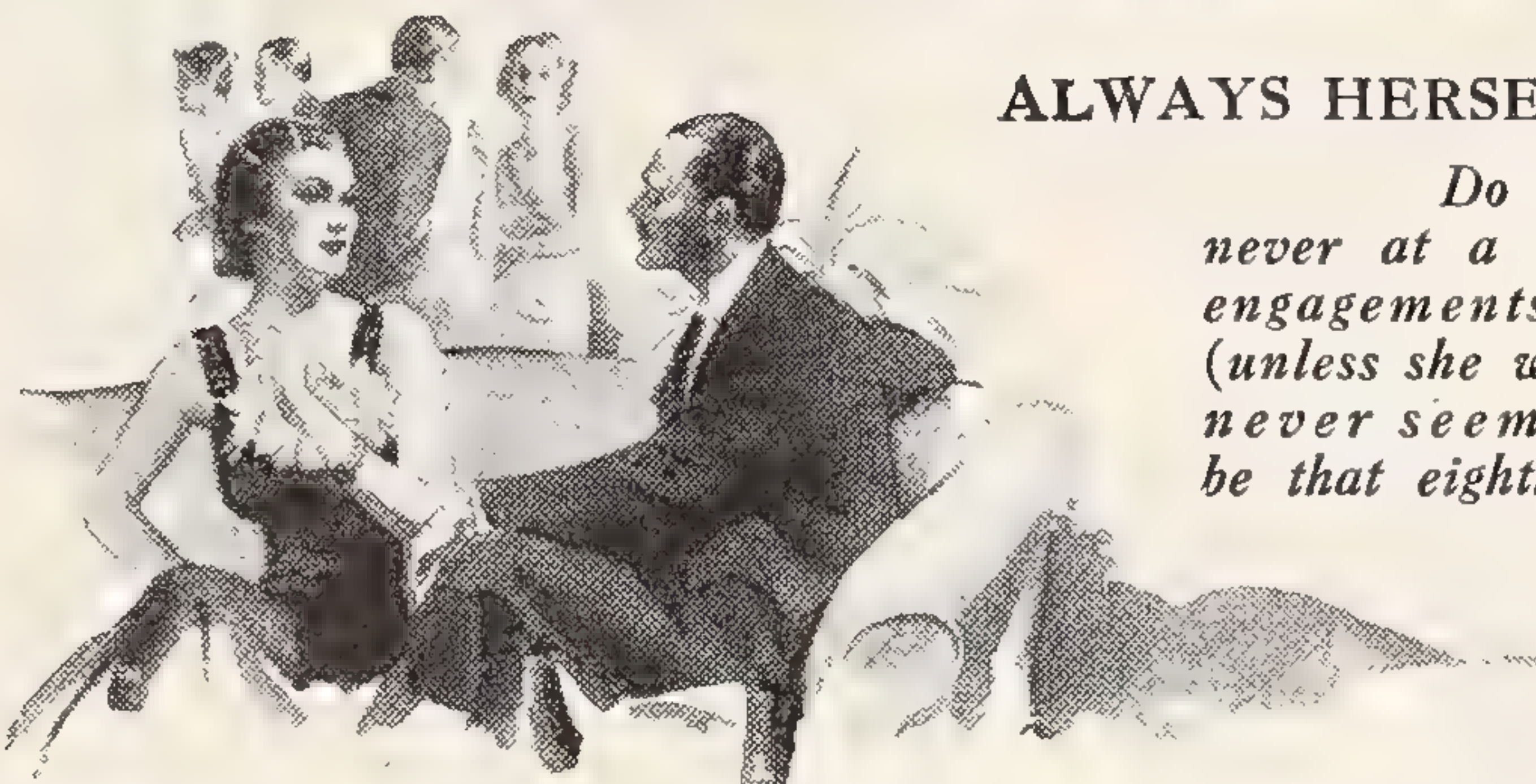


Lupe Velez as the star of "The Morals of Marcus," British film, enacting a scene with Ian Hunter.

which rank as American classics—knew precisely what she wanted to become when, or even before, she was graduated from Ohio State University. She'd be a singer. Immediately upon graduation, therefore, Miss Speaks went to New York and made the rounds of the theatrical agencies until she obtained an engagement in vaudeville, then later musical comedy, after which Miss Speaks appeared in joint recital with her famous uncle. Just a year ago, Margaret Speaks turned her thoughts to radio, obtained a place in the mixed chorus on the very program of which she is now the star.

One of radio's most popular comedy teams arrived on the air not through any deliberate effort to produce a radio show, but as the result of some friendly clowning between Mario Chamlee, former opera star, and George Frame Brown, an old hand at radio comedy. Chamlee and Brown have been pals for some time, and Chamlee, who has always harbored a desire to be a comedian, gave vent to his pent-up desires to create laughs by clowning with Brown. An act they did on a more or less impromptu basis at a Connecticut house party so amused their fellow guests, that the pair were induced to put on the act at a radio audition—thus "Tony and Gus," five nights a week radio feature, came to the networks. Chamlee who plays the Italian character and has an Italian-sounding name, is a native American whose father was British and his mother Bavarian. His right name is Archer Cholmondeley, and he was born in Los Angeles. Gatti-Casazza gave him the Mario Chamlee name when the tenor joined the Metropolitan years ago. He was the first member of the Metropolitan company to sing on the air.

The Serene Confidence of the 8th WOMAN



ALWAYS HERSELF

Do you know a woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never declines dances (unless she wants to!) and whose spirits never seem to droop? She is apt to be that eighth woman who uses Midol.

NATURE being what it is, all women are not born "free and equal." A woman's days are not all alike. There are difficult days when some women suffer too severely to conceal it.

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Doesn't the number of women, and the kind of women who have adopted Midol mean a lot? As a rule, it's a *knowing*

woman who has that little aluminum case tucked in her purse. One who knows what to wear, where to go, how to take care of herself, and how to get the most out of life in general.

Of course, a smart woman doesn't try every pill or tablet somebody says is good for periodic pain. But Midol is a special medicine. Recommended by specialists for this particular purpose. And it can form no habit because it is *not* a narcotic. Taken in time, it often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day.

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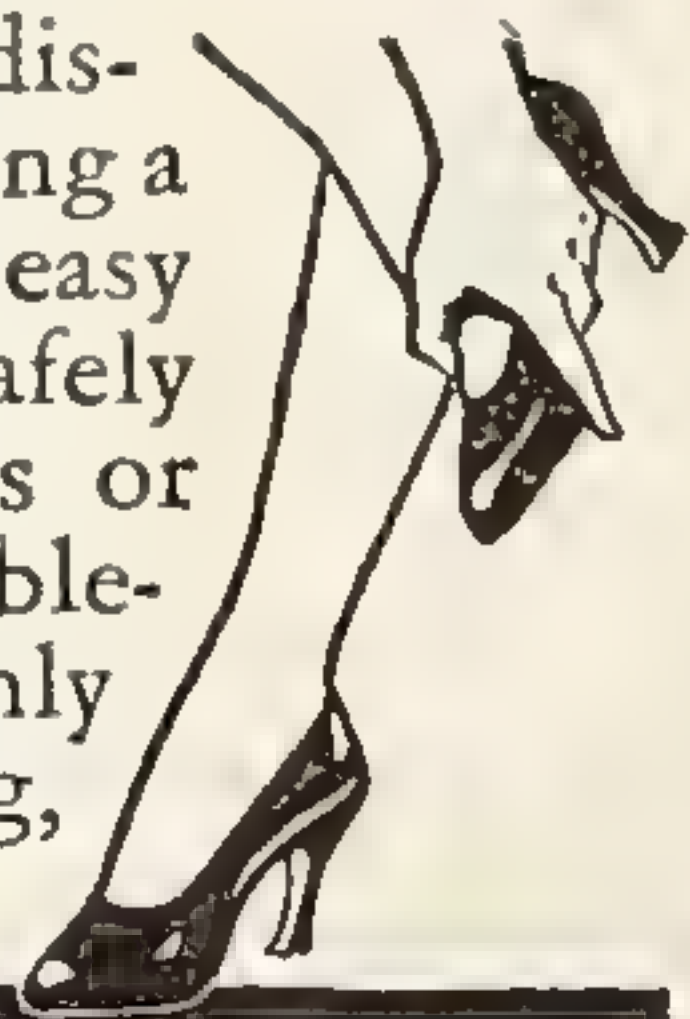
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On the Trail of Traveling Stars

Continued from page 27

or scratching her nose, or standing pigeon-toed like a gawk, and can get the resulting picture published in the papers, he is happy for weeks! No one can ever know how many hundreds of such brutal news photographs have been caught and killed by watchful film companies before they saw print. I have a private collection of such camera monstrosities—not, I hurry to add, for purposes of blackmail, but for the enjoyment of my cruel, sadistic friends.

Naturally, the film companies watch their arriving and departing stars like hawks. One or more press agents are always on hand when the Century—or the Ile de France—pokes into New York with a star aboard, both to greet the actor and to watch the tricky Fourth Estate. For all this ceaseless vigilance, Things Happen.

Old-time reporters are fairly safe. They are bored, or weary, or suffering from acute hangovers, and accept the routine handouts with a grunt. It is the starry-eyed cub, all rosy with the glory of being a real, sure-nuff newspaperman, who causes deprecatory coughs and awkward pauses.

Such an eager lad, not long ago, cornered the screen's greatest male dancing star as the Century came to a stop in New York. "Is it true," asked this sterling youth, before he could be knocked unconscious, "that your partner, Miss—, is not up to snuff, and that you would like another?" You never saw such silence! The porter could be heard grunting three doors away! The star met the debacle like a gent and a scholar. "She's fine!" he said. "She works mighty hard, and has surely made good!" The world breathed again.

The size and fuss of these frantic functions vary. A great, all-wool star will draw twenty cameramen, reporters and things. A young newcomer, fighting her way up, will get a company photographer and one press representative. It is these youngsters, on the other hand, who are most eager. They will stand on their heads and sing "Mother Machree" if asked—while the old-timers merely stand and snarl.

But—and here's a funny thing—they all have an audience. Whoever the star, she is sure of a crowd. As regularly as the New York sun rises, twenty or thirty boys and girls are waiting pop-eyed at the outer gate when the Century pulls in at nine. They gape and gawk, vivid with joy. Ah, my friends—these are movie fans of the stern old pioneer breed, who will go without sleep or coffee on the off chance of seeing their Dream Girl with her lipstick on crooked and a cinder in her eye!

It's more fun to meet the stars who loom by water. The actors like it better, too. If the star be a man, he dons one of those swell English suits he picked up in Bond Street. The girls, bless 'em, always have a scrumptious little something they found in Paris. There's dignity, and a party air, when a movie ship comes in!

The newspaper boys go down the Bay on a revenue cutter to meet the ship at Quarantine, and clamber aboard with the immigration inspectors. Wise veterans—a Swanson, a Dix, or a Crawford—know the proper gestures. They greet the press in their fancy cabins, pour glasses of wine or mugs of beer, discuss their trips and even crack jokes. Of course, if a star has a divorce or a new sweetie to hide, there may be a regular comedy chase. Garbo, I needn't say, will be down in the engine room disguised as an oiler.

On shipboard the camera boys get most

of their beloved leg-pictures—which are called "cheese cake" in the secret lingo of their strange trade. Full of the freedom of the sea and things, few indeed of the cinema sisters refuse to sit on the taffrail or spanker-boom, showing their knee-caps and waving at the dear old Statue of Liberty, who always waves back. Even when the maids are modest, there's usually a helpful breeze!

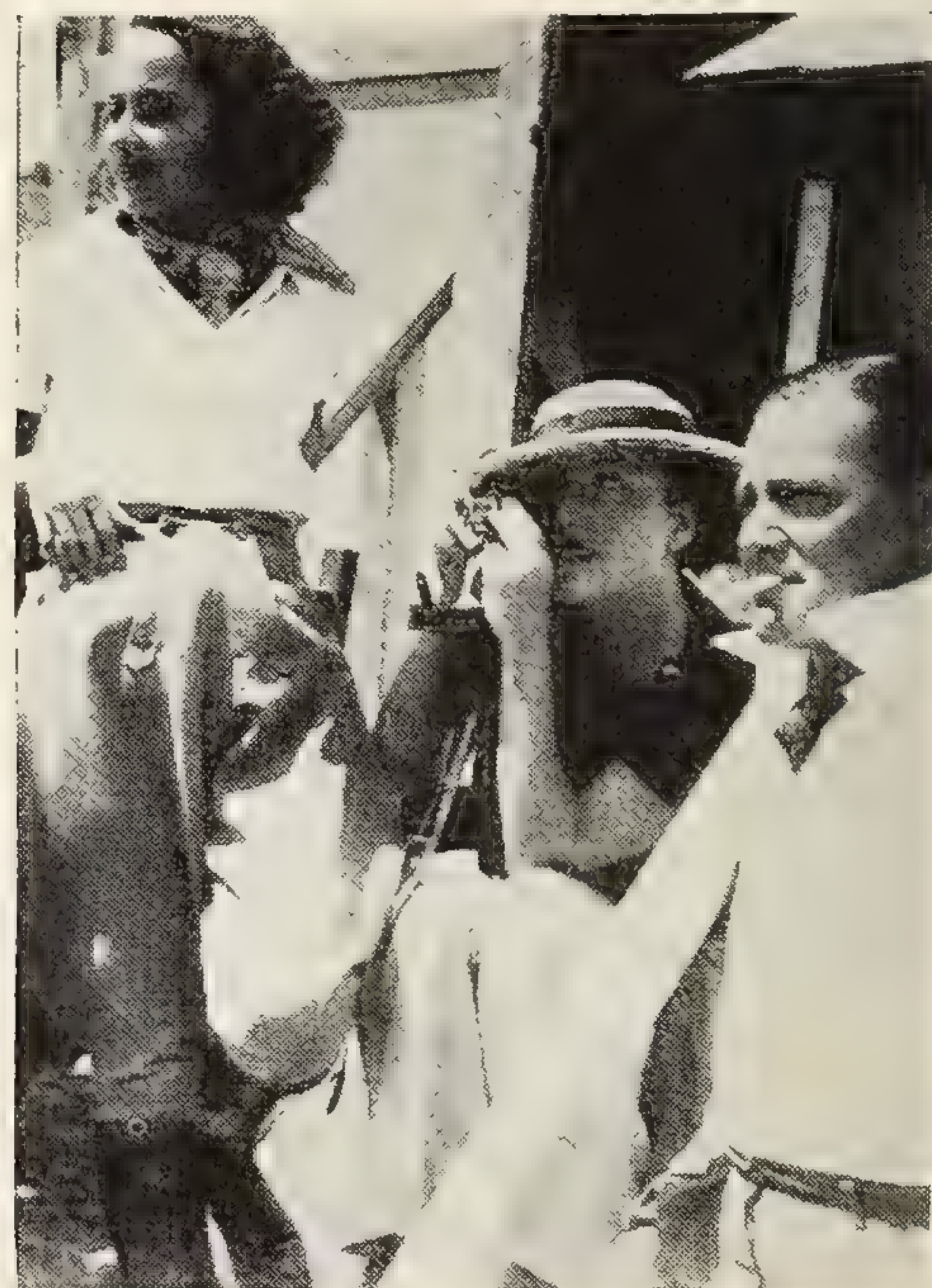
And here's a hot tip that can't miss. If you *never* see a leg-picture of a luscious film star on shipboard, you can practically bet your autographed photo of Baby LeRoy that the lady has more to hide than a run in her stocking.

But if these comings-in by land or sea are either desperate or dismal, goings-out at the Grand Central Station mix the majesty of a cathedral service with the dither of seeing Junior off for Camp Hoo-cheekoochee. In fact, if you have never seen the Twentieth Century Limited leave New York, star or no star, you have missed the most sublimely comical—and comically sublime—ceremony in the mottled life of your beloved country.

At thick plush carpet reaches from gate to golden train—whose name is emblazoned on the rear of the observation car in bright electric lights. Pompous, pouting trainmen, brass buttons gleaming, tiptoe around whispering in awed tones and nervously consulting gold watches big as turnips. Then stick a star into this, and you have one of the world's wonders. I shall not forget the departure of Lily Pons, little sweetheart of the opera on her way to Hollywood, on the gallows.

Her entrance was superb. Flanked by press agents, surrounded by family and adoring friends, followed by a platoon of porters with the imperial baggage, these ninety-eight pounds of nightingale swept beaming down the deep plush pathway.

Flashlights played upon her like heat-lightning. Someone thrust three dozen flaming roses, each as big as a head of cabbage, into her arms. Mama, secretary, singing teacher, forty screaming Gallic friends surrounded her, kissed her hands, kissed her cheeks. She beamed, laughed,



Gloria Swanson took her own snapshots when she visited Herbert Marshall and Merle Oberon on a set for "The Dark Angel."

kissed back. Cecil DeMille and Ernst Lubitsch, headed home to Hollywood, passed unnoticed. Name of a pipe! Was not the great little Pons going into the movies?

She stood up, she sat down, she waved, she kissed her hand for the snapping cameras. The majestic conductor frowned at his watch, raised his hand. The train moved. "Au revoir! Bonne chance! Mon Dieu! Kees Papâ!"

Hysterical, we all ran beside Lily's car as it slid away. We waved, we screamed, we kissed our hands, we fell unconscious. The century was gone! Pons was gone! Everything was gone!

Stars going. Stars coming. Legs, dance-steps, waves of greeting, muttered farewells, scowls, grins, lights, music—CAMERA! Day after day, week after week, year after year, New York greets our movie pals and peeves—sends them away in a blaze of flashlights and hoorays.

Oh, sure—Hollywood may be sublimely cuckoo. Hollywood may think it has a corner on merriment. But when the Normandie pokes her majestic snout through the Narrows down the Bay—we simple New Yorkers have our share, and more, of fun and fuss and folderol.

Their Own Worst Critics

Continued from page 19

of backhanded imitation of The Great Stone Face.

When the picture was over he was met at the door by that inevitable usher who insists on shoving one of those The-Producer-Is-Just-Dying-To-Know-What-You-Think-Of-This-Picture-Please-Write-Suggestions-On-Back-Of-This-Card-And-Mail-At-Our-Expense, cards at all and sundry. Very suavely, Mr. Montgomery accepted it. Bowing politely to a little party of friends, he retired to a more or less quiet corner and began to write on his card.

Now if it hadn't been for someone who is not above looking over a gentleman's shoulder while he is writing, what Mr. Montgomery put on that card would have been lost to posterity. But there are such people in the world, (thank goodness), and so the Montgomery criticism is given to you exactly as he gave it to himself. On the address side of the card he wrote his own name and address. On the comment side were these few simple words:

My dear Mr. Montgomery: You are too damn smart for my money. Cordially, Bob Montgomery.

In fact, "No More Ladies" was a sort of field night for Million Dollar critics, at large.

It was none other than Joan Crawford, herself, who pulled the perfect retort on a Glendale housewife who occupied a seat near her, directly in front of the roped-off pre-view section. At the end of the second reel, the lady began to yawn. In the middle of the third reel, she began to complain to her husband. During reel four she gave him a nudge in the ribs: "If we knew how this thing was going to end, we could go home," she said in one of those carrying voices.

But the voice behind her was even clearer. It was *la belle* Crawford's own low contralto, "It ends just like all other Joan Crawford pictures,"—a little sigh—"there are no surprises in this one!"

In spite of the fact that "No More

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powder. Notice how it refines large pores—helps nature heal ugly pimples—helps make your face smoother, clearer, more attractive.

If your hands are red, irritated, use Noxzema for quick relief—to help make them soft, white and lovely. Use Noxzema for burns, itching, baby rash and similar skin irritations.

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Men! The news is flying around—if you are troubled with shaving irritation, use Noxzema—it's marvelous. Apply Noxzema before lathering. No matter how raw and irritated your face and neck may be, note what a quick, cool, comfortable shave you get shaving this new way.



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Ladies" went forth to mop up at the box-office, Joan still insists that "you couldn't see the sets for my collars—and when I didn't wear a collar, my hair was in the way!"

I once attended a pre-view of one of her own pictures with Jean Harlow. I'll never do it again. Our friendship wouldn't stand the strain. In the first place, I thought the picture was very good—(it was "The Girl From Missouri")—and I wasn't trying to return the compliment for the delicious dinner we'd enjoyed at Jean's house earlier in the evening when I told her I thought it was the best thing she had done since "Red Dust" and "Red-Headed Woman."

"Oh, shut up!" quoth Miss Harlow, and then gave way to one of the wettest fits of weeping I've ever watched. And I mean, weeping! She sat over in a corner of her elegant town car, her feet curled under, and went through three handkerchiefs, including mine. It sounds like a gag—but it isn't. Jean thinks she is terrible on the screen. She has never seen one of her pictures, even the best ones, that didn't make her blue for days. She invariably hates herself thoroughly until the box-office returns start to come in. If they're no better than average, she still hates herself! But if they're sensational, and the critics are enthusiastic, she becomes mildly reconciled and concedes that maybe it was a little better than she thought at first, but that's all!

Her gentleman friend, Mr. William Powell, doesn't weep over his lesser performances, he just makes you weep over his burlesques of them! Bill is no self-effacing, modest violet where his work is concerned. He knows as well as the next one when he has given a good performance. But he knows much better than the next fellow when he has given a mediocre one.

There's no describing Bill Powell's imitation of William Powell in "The key," because it's one of those things that has to be seen to be believed. If you remember, Bill played an English officer in that

film, and he did a lot of heel-clicking, saluting, and coat-tail-swishing. When Bill does it in his drawing-room he does everything but "take off!"

Sometimes there are technical faults in a picture that have nothing to do with the steller performances—only you and I don't know it! For instance, it is frequently necessary to tighten the story by eliminating certain sequences entirely, and this sometimes throws the star performers on the screen too often. In "Broadway Gondolier" Dick Powell is on the screen almost constantly; he is in practically every frame of film. Through no fault of the actor, this frequently leads fans and critics to believe a star is "hogging the show" and getting his face in the camera too often. But, apparently, no one was more of this frame of mind than Mr. Powell at the time of the Hollywood pre-view.

After he had smiled, sung, acted and "pepped" through every scene so far in the running, they suddenly switched to a close-up of Joan Blondell in which she asks: "Where have you been?" or words to that effect to an off-screen character—(that is, not yet within camera range).

The next scene is a grinning close-up of the Deb's Delight, Mr. Powell, himself. "Gosh," groaned Dick in his preview seat, "haven't I been there all the time?"

They tell the story out at Fox Hills of Loretta Young, sitting in the projection-room, watching a few reels of "The White Parade" run off. There was a certain sequence in which the hero turns to Loretta, the nurse, and tells her he is going to give her a kiss if she doesn't stop looking so pretty. The following close-up was not one of Loretta's most flattering. The camera angle made her slender face look even a little thinner.

Suddenly there was a loud, and rude, giggle from Loretta. "I look like what I need is a meal—not a kiss!"

Ginger Rogers insists that the only thing funnier than W. C. Fields on the screen, is Ginger Rogers in a hat—any hat!

"I just haven't a 'hat face,'" she swears, and it's a fetish with the gal. "Every time I appear on the screen in a hat, I nearly curl up from embarrassment. I've never seen myself in a hat that I haven't wanted to stand up and sing: 'Where did you get that hat?' Half the time I have to shut my eyes until I'm hatless again!"

Personally, I'd never suspected Constance Bennett of a sense of humor about *herself*, until the night I sat next to her at the pre-view of "The Outcast Lady," née "The Green Hat." Now Connie has one feature of her face which she does not admire, and that is that determined little square chin of hers that goes around just looking for a good fight. When the first bad camera angle on her chin flashed on, Connie merely grunted. When the second bad angle came, she shook her head. But after the fifth or sixth flash of that double-dare-you feature, she laughed: "One more thrust of that chin, and they'll have to hang a red lantern on it!"

By this time I hope it is pretty clear that the Hollywood stars can not only take it in salaries, fame, and fortune, but they can also dish it out to themselves as no one else has ever dared to. But in case the point is still in dispute, consider the story they tell on the hell-raisin' Miss Hepburn.

Not long ago a very smart, but caustic magazine, ran a cartoon depicting two large-eyed, gossipy-looking horses with their heads together over their stalls, tossing their enormous orbs in the direction of another horse, with her nostrils in the air haughtily ignoring them. The caption under this picture was very funny, but far from flattering to Katharine Hepburn. Everyone was going to no end of bother to keep the offensive picture from the tempestuous Katie.

But one day the "Break Of Hearts" company came back from lunch and found their illustrious star practically rolling on the floor, clutching her sides and howling with mirth.

The picture she waved in her hand was *the one*, and she fairly rocked as she read and re-read the caption:

Ever since they told her she looks like Katharine Hepburn, you can't do a thing with her!



Bill Powell in a scene from "The Key," a part he burlesques so unmercifully and wittily for the amusement of his friends.

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Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 61

A RECENT Hollywood marriage that didn't surprise the picture colony was that of Ernst Lubitsch and Vivien Gaye. This is one of the more recent romances of our town, but from its beginning it seemed one destined to lead to the altar the director and production chief who has often before been reported "on the verge," as it were. Vivien Gaye, you remember, was the Randy Scott romance back in the old days (last year), when Cary Grant and Randy kept bachelor's hall, and a very grand time was had by all.

MAYBE you will be interested to know that picture production has reached a peak in recent weeks, with Columbia having so many in action they had to rent space in a neighboring studio. And the extras are having a field day. *Nine thousand* were employed in one week!

THE socialistic trend in schools and universities was bound to show up on the screen sooner or later—and now it's sooner. Universal is touching on it in "Offside," a football yarn. And the lead—guess who? Charlie Farrell, your old pal of the popular Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell film series.

THE actress shall be nameless, but the actor in this off-screen comedy is Frank McHugh, who was doing an important scene with the lady, when the director said: "Frank, I want you to give this everything you have." "What!" cried Frank, "and be the star of the picture?"

DURING a slight outburst of temper over a missed putt during a golf tournament, Richard Arlen broke a club across his knee. Next day, when he played with another opponent, Dick was presented with a new putter on every green—eighteen in all—and was his face red?

REDUCING continues to be the private problem of most Hollywood gals. It's especially the bane of Mary Carlisle's life. Whenever she inspects a new bunch of "stills" her first glance is for her figure. Then she hastily observes whether her cheeks are thinner.

Poor Mary was quite depressed when Marlene Dietrich confided that the cameramen could make anyone alluring—"if you're important enough!" The conscientious ingénue wonders how many years she'll have to suffer before she can quit calory-cutting and let a photographer scheme with angles and shadows.

IF YOU have been wondering what happened to Baby LeRoy, here is good news. He has learned to talk and is coming back to pictures. Had to take time off, because you can't learn talking and memorizing lines all at the same time. Baby LeRoy is now three years old, and continues his career in "From Little Acorns," the working title of a story about the C.C.C. camps.

IMAGINE Verree Teasdale playing a hard-berled gal! And just fancy her being tickled to death about it. But of course, there's a reason. Adolphe Menjou is also in the picture, and the missus has never made one with him. It's "The Milky Way," Harold Lloyd's latest.

AS SOON as Joan Bennett arrived at Columbia Studio for her picture with George Raft, Director Tay Garnett, took her aside and whispered the news. "We want you to look like yourself and act like your sister Connie. That's the kind of a girl this one is!"

IN NO other business in the world could such rapid strides be made as in pictures. Three years ago, George Cukor was a dialogue director on "All Quiet on the Western Front." In that space of time he has become the ace director in pictures with a salary, under his new contract, of \$6,000 a week. Well, his "Little Women" and "David Copperfield" were great pictures.

A LOT of people saw Janet Gaynor off to Honolulu, but there didn't seem to be one—one in particular—who was most concerned. If there was, she told him goodbye earlier. Harold Anderson flew down from Boulder Dam to say his farewells. Janet wore Ramon Novarro's gardenias. But neither is a romance, according to Janet. Her sister arrived unexpectedly from New York, by 'plane, just before sailing time, and went along. Mrs. Gaynor and Margaret Lindsay also are present. This makes the three biggest Fox stars off the lot while the re-organization of Twentieth Century goes on. Will Rogers took off for Arizona, and Shirley Temple preceded Janet for Honolulu by two days.

LITTLE Marjorie Keeler will remember her opening night at the Cocoanut Grove as long as she lives! Sister Ruby made it "one beeg" occasion. Everybody was there—including, naturally, the entire Keeler clan, which is quite a crowd all by itself. Sister shakes a mean hoof and does right by the family name.

UNLESS the unexpected happens—and it will have to be something important, you may be sure—Bing Crosby will be among the owners at the gay Saratoga track who watch their colors march to the post during the August meet. Bing plans to vacation in the East, but particularly to take at least two of his racers to run for money and glory at the Spa.

THE autographing situation has become acute in town, and steps are being taken to preserve the life and limb, to say nothing of their clothes, of our popular stars. At a preview the other night Clark Gable, with cops and publicity men running interference for him, had the sleeve of his coat ripped out, and barely made the entrance, though Clark smiled through it all.

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RAMON NOVARRO is on a perfectly amazing diet which has the Ponce-de-Leon effect of making him look just the way he did when he first entered pictures! It is largely vegetables, with no salt, butter, bread or alcohol. Okay girls—one, two, three start! M-G-M actually asked him to make another "Pagan" but Ramon said no thank you, he was grown up now, and didn't fancy dashing about in one of those tropical sunsuits.

THIS month's show-must-go-on item: Joan Bennett had to go to the hospital for three days' medical observation. She waited until Paramount's schedule for the new Bing Crosby picture, in which she's the gal, allowed her that much free time all at once. The director never knew she hadn't been idling at home.

KATIE HEPBURN is such a will-o'-the-wisp these days of quick and simple transportation, even her studio cannot find her. She hops on a plane for New York with the least possible fuss, seldom recognized, using a different name every time.

IS IT a plain case of homesickness or just the necessity of business that is at the bottom of Doug Fairbanks, Sr.'s reported decision to return to Hollywood? In New York, Mary Pickford said that Doug would come back to work with his business partners, the heads of United Artists, of which Mary is one. Friends of Doug's say he'll be back because he's homesick.

FREDDIE MARCH is going to be "Anthony Adverse" for the Messrs. Warner, hurrah, hurrah! But he is taking a month off before the picture starts, to rest up at Laguna—and finish his book.

ALL the while she was in Hollywood, Lilian Harvey pined for the handsome Willy Fritsch, and there was some mutual pining involved in their separation, you may be sure. Well, Lilian is in Europe now, making a picture for UFA, and her leading man is—of course, friend Willy.

MICHAEL BARTLETT literally is singing his way into the heart of Hollywood. At Claudette Colbert's party, the engaging Mike obliged by lifting his beautiful voice in song for every "request," and there were many.



It's just too, too amazin' Evelyn Poe thinks—and we do, too, Evelyn—the way Betty Grable and Hermes Pan defy the laws of gravity in this bit of terpsichorean trickery, arranged by Dance Director Pan himself.

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**Murder
Man**
—
M-G-M

Spencer Tracy and Virginia Bruce head a fine cast and have a story that gives a very different twist to the murder mystery angle of newspaper reporting. It is a strong and punchy melodrama, with a really grand piece of characterization by Tracy and a most appealing and touching one by Miss Bruce. But unless you can take your melodrama straight, unhappy ending included, the ending will not be pleasing.



**We're
In The
Money**
—
Warners

This is a howl from start to finish, and you can't miss on it. Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell are process-servers for a delightfully nutty lawyer, Hugh Herbert, and the methods plus results of these three will have you rolling in the aisle. It isn't smart, it isn't sophisticated—just crammed with down-to-earth belly-laughs and the tempo that tells. The dependable Warner stock players fill out the cast. Laughs!



**The
Raven**
—
Universal

Aside from the title, and a torture contraption based on his "Pit and the Pendulum," there's little of Poe here. It all seems too mechanical in its straining for the horror note to be entertaining or exciting either. Bela Lugosi plays an eccentric surgeon who makes a fetish of "The Raven" and longs to torture people, exercising his desire when a pretty girl refuses him. Boris Karloff is impressive as usual.



**Don't
Bet On
Blondes**
—
Warners

Warren William as a Broadway gambler who turns from book-making to "insurance." He writes a policy for a Southern gentleman, played by Guy Kibbee, guaranteeing that his daughter, Claire Dodd, will not marry for three years, thus insuring the "hospitality" the Colonel enjoys living with his daughter, who is a stage star. It is light, pleasant, and thoroughly enjoyable fiction with good acting to boot.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53



**Paris In
Spring**
—
Paramount

A dazzling display of acting, handsome staging, clever writing and deft direction, but a film lacking the vital spark that makes for great entertainment. The dynamic and extraordinarily gifted Mary Ellis plays to the very hilt her rôle of Parisian star who gets into complications that are not naughty but very zestful when she tries to make her Italian suitor jealous. Tullio Carminati and James Blakeley score.



**Front
Page
Woman**
—
Warners

Bette Davis hunts headlines instead of men as an ambitious newspaper reporter who is in love with George Brent, ace newsman of a rival paper. You've guessed it—Bette gets both her headline and the man she loves. This is a very sprightly and entertaining picture—pure fiction as to story, but with snappy dialogue and fast action, and mighty clever performances by the Davis-Brent team. You'll enjoy it.



**Lady
Tubbs**
—
Universal

Easily one of the most completely enjoyable and boisterously funny films of the season. Alice Brady has a part worthy of her talents, and scores one of the most emphatic personal hits registered in some time. It's about a cook at a railroad camp who inherits a fortune, and proceeds to live up to the social position her wealth warrants. In a fine cast, Alan Mowbray and Douglass Montgomery are outstanding.



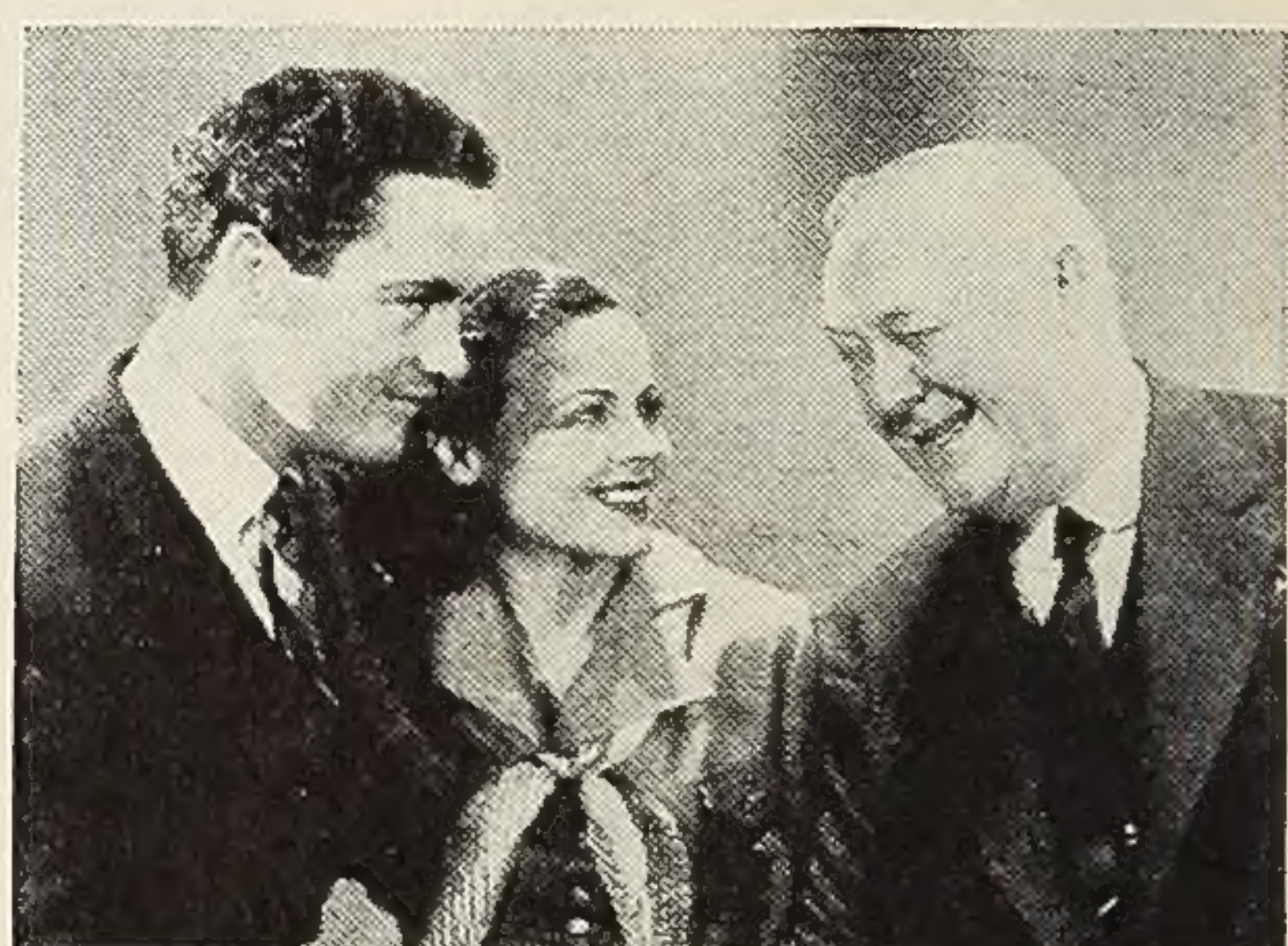
Alibi Ike
—
Warners

Here is probably the funniest Joe E. Brown comedy, regardless of whether you are or are not a baseball fan. You'll laugh at Joe's hilarious characterization of a small-town pitcher who gets into the big leagues, and has an alibi ready for every error. The baseball scenes are hilarious, and the film is notable from another standpoint—it gives you your first glimpse of Olivia de Havilland, charming newcomer.



**Hooray
For Love**
—
R-K-O
Radio

A back-stage story with musical and dance interludes, very pleasantly acted by Gene Raymond as an ambitious young song writer and producer, and Ann Sothorn as a singer getting her first big break in the production that almost brings financial ruin to Raymond. A dance specialty by Bill Robinson is one of the hits of the show. It has the virtue of being unpretentious and engaging, but the fault of being slow.



**Old Man
Rhythm**
—
R-K-O
Radio

You never saw a college like this one, but the kids in it have such a good time, who cares? Buddy Rogers heads the big musical cast, as the college boy in love with Grace Bradley, the wrong girl. So his dad, George Barbier, becomes a freshman—actually!—to keep sonny out of trouble. Barbara Kent is papa's choice, and she wins. There is a lot of grand nonsense by Eric Blore and Erik Rhodes.



**Smart
Girl**
—
Paramount

Old-timer Joseph Cawthorne and newcomer Pinky Tomlin steal this picture with laughs that tumble over each other. It's about Ida Lupino and Gail Patrick, wealthy sisters who lose their fortune. Ida goes to work for Cawthorne, Gail marries Kent Taylor whom Ida loves. There is also a big business mix-up which takes Cawthorne out of the hat business into the oil game, and will put you in stitches.



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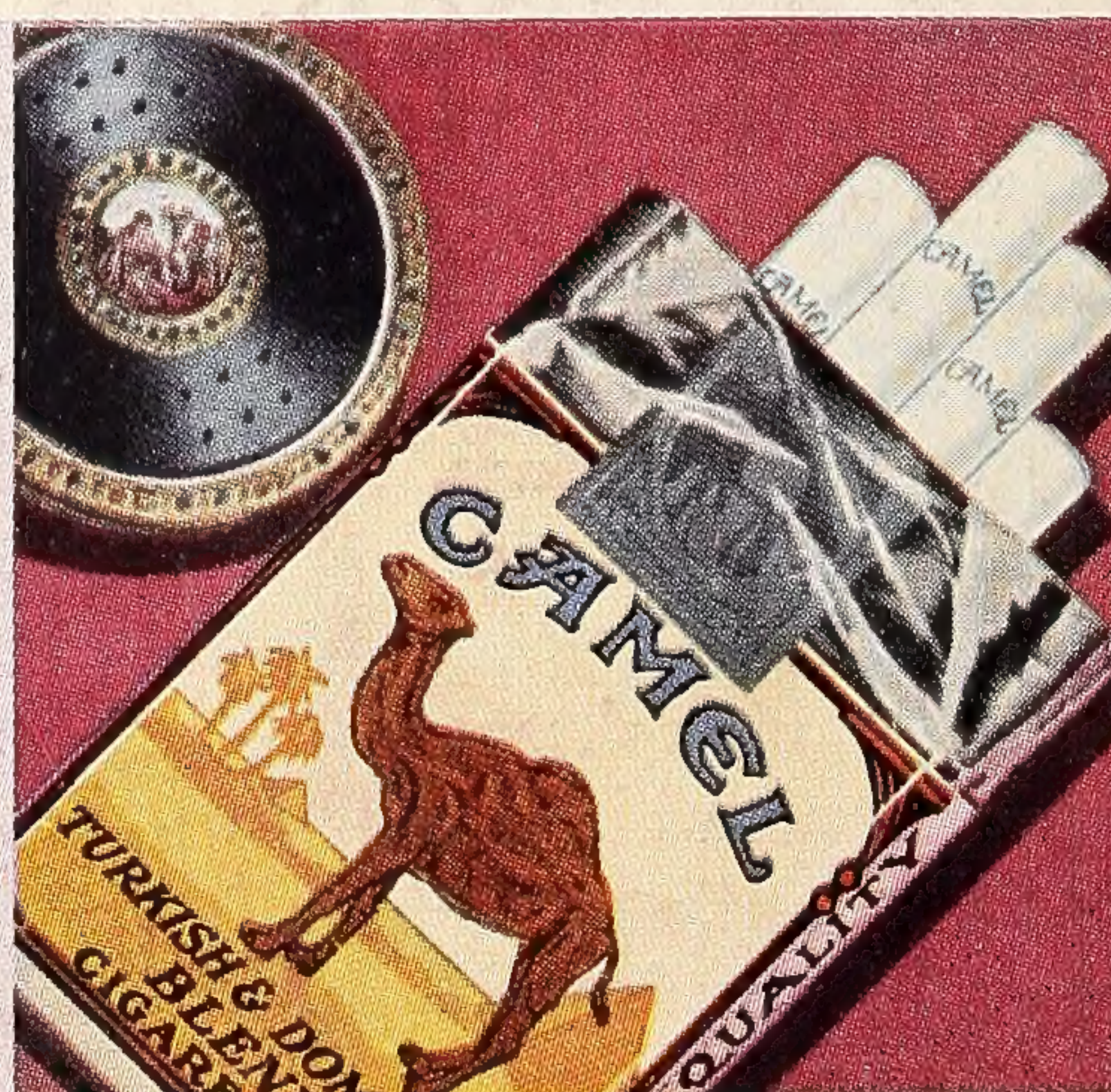
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